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**AUGUST, 1940**  
**OUTDOOR ISSUE**

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR**  
**CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

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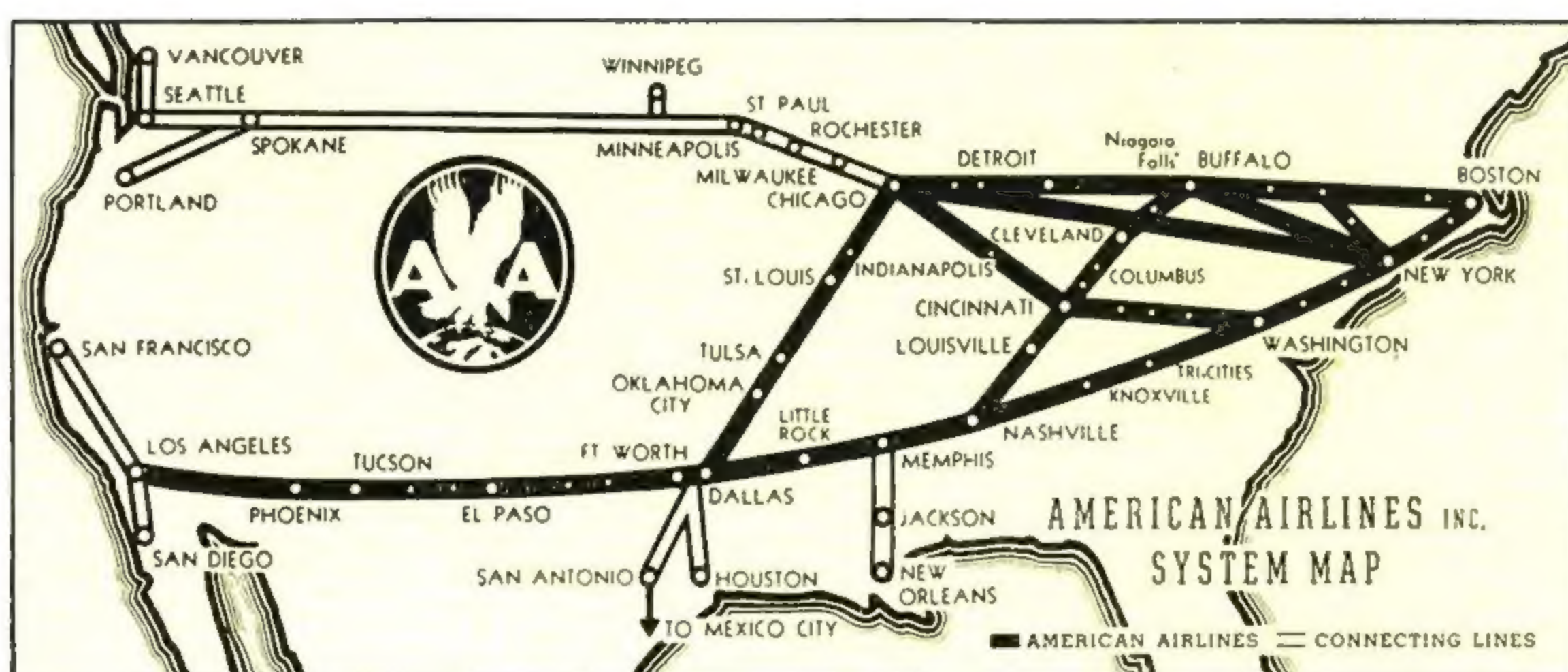




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Edited  
by  
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Esquire  
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:  
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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

**The Advent of a Good Influence**

It has for several months been our intention to devote this space in this issue to the gratifying privilege of introducing William Lyon Phelps, who will take over Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf, effective with the September issue.

As the time for making this presentation has drawn nearer we have been increasingly perplexed by that proverbial problem of how to introduce someone who needs no introduction. In seeking a solution to this we were hardly helped by recalling the words with which Professor Phelps concluded the telephone conversation covering this very point: "I don't know whether you've made a happy choice in adding me to your family of contributors, but I do know that you've succeeded in finding the one man whose appearance in your pages will cause equal consternation among the godly and the ungodly!"

For a time we toyed with the notion of digging out the notes we used a couple of years ago in introducing William Lyon Phelps to a lecture audience. Though we had known him in print for virtually as long as we've known how to read we had never once, before that day, "seen him plain." Finding those old notes only served to remind us, however, that on that occasion (he had then just turned seventy-three) we had been so struck by his ebullient and effervescent *youthfulness*—as much of appearance and manner as of mind and spirit—that we awestrickenly ad libbed a wide detour around and away from our obviously inadequate prepared remarks.

That, as we say, was over two years ago. From that day on we have coveted him for an Esquire post. Until now, contract obligations on both sides have precluded that possibility. Now, at long last, Yale's beloved Billy Phelps is ours, and yours.

In the meantime, the Oxford University Press has published, with best-selling success, his *Autobiography With Letters*. Out of its pages he can introduce himself, far better than we could ever hope to do the job:

"I am amused when I see myself described as one

who likes everything. Here is a partial list of things I hate: Musical comedies, over-long novels in the shape of trilogies, free verse when it is not poetry, all forms of simplified spelling, especially, thru, female legs in the daily news, personal items from Hollywood, hypocritical enthusiasm from radio announcers, books written by 'tough guys,' biographies where the author feels more important than his subject, night clubs, postum, buttermilk, cauliflower, parsnips, vegetable marrow, panatella cigars, good meat plastered with thick gravy, paint on young faces, pageants, the pronunciation of Joan with two syllables, the spelling Vergil, the substitution of hand-me-down words for thinking, such as complexes, mother-fixation, defence-mechanism, escapist, wish-belief, accenting of positively and evidently on the third syllable, and the following words: Angle (used inaccurately), message, gubernatorial, pools for eyes, wailed for replied, contact as a verb, wistful (for Charlie Chaplin). I particularly hate the word gotten. I was pleased when a man telegraphed his wife 'Have gotten tickets for the theatre' and the telegram was received 'Have got ten tickets for the theatre' and she showed up in the lobby with eight eager friends. And I hate the whole group of novelists whom I call the Medlar Novelists—the Medlar is a fruit that becomes rotten before it is ripe.

"Furthermore it is possible that readers who admire consistency may think I am either superficial or insincere in my admiration for writers of antagonistic and irreconcilable views. But intellectual curiosity annihilates consistency. How is it possible to be consistent in such a tragi-comedy as this world where God Himself seems so inconsistent? I love authors who give me stimulation and delight. Strong convictions should be accompanied by tolerance for other views and keen interest in them. Intellectual excitements like other excitements gain by variety. Some of my favorite modern authors are Browning and Schopenhauer, Barrie and Strindberg, Hardy and Chesterton, Housman and Francis Thompson, Dickens and Emily Brontë, Henry James and Dumas, Stevenson and George Moore, Swift and Emerson, Ibsen and Rostand, Goethe and Dr. Johnson, Mill and Carlyle, and in reading works of genius I am perhaps a little like Emerson's yellow-breeched philosopher, leaving the chaff and taking the wheat.

"It is fortunate there are people of adventurous, pioneering, exploring blood, who love to go into deserts, trackless forests, appalling jungles, and mingle with savage or primitive races. They write, and we share their adventures without danger or inconvenience. I suppose there is no one who has less of the frontiersman in him than I. If I had all my expenses paid and a salary in addition, nothing would induce me to visit equatorial Africa or Mary Byrd Land. I have no desire to climb hitherto unclimbed mountains. Instead of being the first man up a mountain, I had rather be the last one; the mountain does not interest me particularly until it has had human associations. I agree with G. K. Chesterton who said, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills but I will not lift up my carcass thither.' Fleet Street gives me a keener thrill than any lonely heights. Hot jungles and trackless snows may be beautiful, but to me they are not so beautiful as the Grand Central Station illuminated, or the North River by night, or Fifth Avenue by day or Fleet Street before sunset. I am a man of the city, and I like theatres, music, newspapers, and cultivated men and women. It may be that savages have admirable traits, but I am sure they are not so agreeable or so trustworthy or so interesting as any number of men and women I know in New Haven, Connecticut, and Huron County, Michigan.

"It does not disturb me that the body grows old. But when does one himself grow old? I think I can state accurately the exact moment when a person passes into old age. It is the moment when in solitude one's thoughts regularly turn more to the past than to the present or future. In the matchless Shakespearean phrase, the stealing steps of age overtake our slowing bodies; but they can never catch up with an alert mind."

Beginning next month, then, we give you the musings of the alert mind of William Lyon Phelps, a yea-sayer, whose affirmations will balance the negations of such established nay-sayers as, for instance, George Jean Nathan.

Last month there was some tangential debate, in this space, over Esquire's rating "among the nation's notable influences for good." In that important respect, score one for our side, when Billy Phelps comes to bat!



# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## THE THINGS THAT ARE HIS AND HERS

May I come in this late and whisper something in the ear of Mr. Vincent Horan, who, away back in your November issue, objected to your allowing us women to comment on *ESQUIRE* in its pages? The day that we make *ESQUIRE* none of our sweet business, that's the day the sales'll drop off. Don't kid yourself any longer if you think we gals aren't buying *ESKY* for our very own amusement and *LIKING* it, too. Oh yes, I can see your manly nose go up at *THAT* remark. There's a little crab



in all of you men folks so you don't like us gals to enjoy the things you do unless Papa says it's all right—yes?

But, seriously, Mr. Horan, you are quite right about not wanting us precious lambs meddling in "for men only" affairs and arrangements. There's a time and place for everything—including women. Yes, and including men, too. I sincerely believe that *ALL* little girls should be taught well and early in life that there are sacred spots in a man's life and they should be *KEPT* sacred. I don't care if it's an old clay pipe, a pet fishing rod (including the liberty of using it *ALONE!* if so desired) two sacred lodge nights a week, a night at the theatre with the secretary, a yen for whittling willow whistles, or *WHATEVER* it may be. If it is sacred to him it should be *KEPT* so. As you say, we have grabbed your pants and snatched your cigs and matches and drinks (and *WHAT* a disgrace some of us are to the human race in our bum management of the two latter—ever noticed? !!?) Even if he likes to rubber at other and trimmer ankles than our own particulars. Maybe we aren't just so open and frank in our admiration of other hairier chests than his'n, is why he, poor darling, puts his foot in where we don't—yes?

Anyway, whatever is sacred should be *KEPT* so.

But wait a minute. I'm not through yet. This goes for you fellas, too. You see, you've never taken the trouble to learn that we, too, have sacred spots in our lives. You couldn't be bothered with anything so silly. You laugh off our heart aches by calling them womanish whims—sometimes. But there are sacred spots that you trample through. You see, our sacred spots are different from yours. Yours are "manish"—ours are "womanish." I think that if we understood you better and you understood us better you wouldn't find us galloping unceremoniously and "nosily" through your sacred pastures, and you would refrain from being bulls in our little china shops. (We'd even refrain from commenting upon *ESQUIRE* if you'd let us just peek over your shoulder ever so quietly, too).

(Mrs.) DOROTHY WARD  
Cataumet, Mass.

## AN ODE TO NATHAN

Without a doubt, George Jean Nathan has remarkable control  
Of language and sentence construction,  
But month after month of his desecrating fol-de-rol,  
Is apt to send any self respecting playwright to self-destruction.

Why the Hell doesn't he write a few plays in the Nathan manner,  
Fill them with all the theater lacks to-day

And then at least he could carry someone's banner,  
And listen to what some brother critics had to say.  
He sits at his desk a few hours each



day and harasses  
All the intelligent playwrights  
As though they were sentimental moronic asses.

On new and exciting playnights  
He comes in late, yawns, and looks sophisticate,  
Not because he really feels that way,  
But because the dinner he ate  
Has practically been the ending of his perfect day.

Of course most everyone understands  
It is smart to be different from everyone around you,  
And so he damns with a pen in his hands  
And mighty seldom a good word will he sound you.

It's not very often an individual is so true  
In his judgments everytime  
That he does not often go askew  
Just as I have done in this rhyme.

Ocean City, Md. BETTY SMITH

## FOR FASHIONS THAT LIVE

Thank Gawd somebody finally came to their senses and photographed men's clothes on a living model. I never could figure out who'd buy anything you put on those drawn monstrosities you picture.

Sincerely,  
Northridge, Calif. LARRY BRENT

## McCOY ON SAILORS

Regarding your recent article on "Donald McKay of the Clippers"—There is lots of good data—and some that I know is wrong—which I will proceed to explain—

Page 43—you say—"And the habit of counting the full sixty miles to a degree in the 'Roaring Forties'—where a degree is about forty-five miles became too common for comment. Now as an old navigator—I would like to know how a man can



keep track of his ship if he navigates that way—? And furthermore—there is a full sixty miles to a degree of *Latitude* in the Roaring Forties—

Page 165—you say—"Samuel Eliot Morrison the only historian of that age to be fully trusted says bluntly 'our Clipper ships were in fact manned by an international proletariat of the sea, vagrants with an attitude cursorily similar to that of the casual workers in the West today—'"

Please glance at those tall spars and clouds of canvas on the "Sovereign of the Seas"—I have been aloft there many times when before the mast (in Yankee fullriggers) furling and reefing sails—black nights—icy rigging—and it takes a man to go there—casual workers (Hoboes) would never leave the deck—

Now I was shipmate with John Riley—who was first Mate on the Black Ball line of North Atlantic packet ships—That was in 1892—Riley was then sixty—so you see it puts him right there—Mate at the age of twenty-three. On our watch on deck—he used to tell me of the hard times in driving the Mail packets to the Westward in the winter times against the icy Nor Westers—His men were mostly Liverpool Irish with a small percentage of Dutchman—meaning—Norwegians—Swedes—Danes—Germans and Hollanders. They were known as Western ocean men—and Riley told me he always picked his men—and always plenty to pick from.

It took men of iron muscles, strong hearts, and quick thinking to be an A.B. on a square rigger. Why these C.I.O. deck swabs would surely stage a sit down strike if ordered aloft to the main royal yard on an icy night. But

God help them if old John Riley was Mate. A belying pin in each boot was his law and he held court *right there*.

Sincerely,  
CAPT. BILL MCCOY  
Palm Beach, Florida

## PROSE PICTURES

I can't draw the proverbial "side of a barn," but I have an idea to submit that I hope you'll like, and you, no doubt, have some one to draw it. The idea is this:

My daughter and I were sitting in the living room, she perusing the latest *ESQUIRE*, and I going over my mail. She got up and came over to my chair, chortling with glee, to show me the cartoon (June issue—pg. 81—heavy set lady buying sweater for husband). I asked, kiddingly, "Is it safe for me to see this one?" because often she'll say, "Here, Mother, this one's safe for you to see."—Picture her, slim brunette, age 21, 5 ft. 3, weight 112 lbs.—picture me, gray-haired, age 44, 5 ft. 4, weight 148 lbs.

Since then, I ate my lunch, and eating alone, and wanting something to read and to look at, foolishly took the *ESQUIRE* to the table, with the result that I almost choked. *ESQUIRE* is definitely not safe to read while eating, and you can draw that idea, too, if you wish. In case you're interested, it was the idea on page 32, "She's marvelous with the children, too."

Sincerely,  
FLORENCE M. COYKENDALL  
Detroit, Michigan

## GETTING A LOAD OF AND WITH ESQ.

You'll find this a funny letter, I think. No mental acrobatics, no story criticisms, nothing to offer save loads of thanks for a good mag that fills empty hours in such out-of-the-way spots as this.

One criticism, perhaps. I find my excess baggage charges on the Pan American Airways reaching astronomical proportions on relatively short hops, and I am just wondering if it will be OK for me to deduct these amounts from my next subscription, as I'm quite positive you are entirely to blame. Why don't you use lighter paper, etc, etc?

Anyway, perhaps if you're very nice and continue to serve such succulent fare, perhaps I will do you the favor of some day sending in a series of really breath-taking articles on anywhere you wish to name from here North to St. Kitts. All free of charge, of course, except there'll be a small fee for mailing.

Take care of yourself and carry on the good work.

Yours very truly,  
T. H. O. NEWMAN  
Cayenne, French Guiana

## STUART'S DIALECT IS STRAIGHT

*ESQUIRE* is, and should be, the synonym of good reading; But what th'ell happened to the June issue? Nothing printed in the whole copy deserved a "ding-bat," unless it was Morris Kantor's paintings and Frank Nagy's sculpture. All Over Hell's Acre is the biggest load of rot ever printed in one magazine. The plot was silly, the dialect phony and it was all together badly written. Oh well, I guess we pay in June for that excellent March *ESQUIRE*.

Sincerely,  
Pine Bluff, Ark. CHARLES LESLIE  
P.S. The Bedside *ESQUIRE* is my dream book; it's a ditty.

## LOVE AMONG THE AUTHORS

In the June issue of *ESQUIRE* George Jean Nathan writes on "refugee manners." "Regrettable manners..." he calls them. He should know. I am sure George Jean Nathan is an expert on manners.

The generalization "refugee manners" is enough to demonstrate that. Mr. Nathan writes of "refugees seeking our good will..." and he repeatedly speaks of "guests." Why should anyone seek Mr. Nathan's good will? And what does he mean by guests? Has he invited the refugees, do they live on his money?

Maybe, oddly enough, they are trying to live on their work or the little money they have brought with them, and not on Mr. Nathan. But no, Mr. Nathan knows better. He sternly denounces them as "refugees living off the American theater..." Really? And what does Mr. Nathan live off, may I ask?

He speaks of "the refugee guest... who needs a lesson in manners." Maybe this need isn't restricted to refugees.

I must hasten to add that I hardly know the gentlemen attacked by Mr. Nathan. I am not writing these lines in their defense. To be sure, they were denounced for speaking about the American theater, not for their manners. Perhaps what they said was all wrong. And everybody, including Mr. Nathan, has the right to challenge statements, no matter who makes them. Even if Mr. Nathan makes them. But nobody can be attacked just for speaking his mind. That, my dear Watson, is censorship. And that is exactly what Mr. Nathan is practicing.

His furious attack against refugees who dared to say what they thought is disturbingly reminiscent of another gentleman. Just replace the word refugee by the word Jew, American theater by Aryan theater, and you have a genuine Goebbels.

The facts: Erwin Piscator, former stage director in Berlin and movie director in Moscow, recently expressed some opinions on the America theater. Why shouldn't he? He was interviewed. The *New York Post* had asked him to comment.

The other "case" is Gottfried Reinhardt, son of Max Reinhardt. He has been here for the last seven years and has not, as Mr. Nathan states, "recently landed" in this country. This young man deplored the bad reception his father's work had got in New York. He did the deplored to some friends in a night club. A gossip columnist, being what he is, rushed to print it. But can't a man paying for his drinks utter his private opinions? In Berlin, I am sure, he wouldn't dare, knowing that a Gestapo agent is hidden under every table. But how was he to know that Mr. Nathan is hidden under every table?

"The ignorance regarding our theater..." is what upsets Mr. Nathan. Erwin Piscator is attacked because he made statements on the New York theater of 1925. According to Mr. Nathan, he knows nothing about it. Perhaps he doesn't, since he wasn't here at the time. I was. And at that time I still read every line Mr. Nathan wrote. He used to be fond of commenting on the European theater, and I was often amazed at his ignorance. But since, luckily for him, no refugees were in New York then, nobody could prove him wrong. He could go on writing nonsense. He still does. Only a few years ago he wrote a piece on Miss Elisabeth Bergner's private life and art which was all hoey.

But none of the refugees would write on Mr. Nathan under the heading, "American ignorance of the European theater." Generalizations are not only idiotic, but also, I must repeat, "extremely bad manners."

New York, N. Y. CURT REISS

Continued on page 152





## *Off the deep end*

IT DOESN'T, OF COURSE, surprise you that we who make Four Roses think it the most magnificent whiskey ever bottled. Nor is it hard to understand—once you have tasted this matchless whiskey—why so many others sincerely share our enthusiasm. In short, we venture to say that if you are not among those who consider Four Roses the finest whiskey in America, it's simply because you haven't tried it. In that case—won't you?

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# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

## Handkerchiefs

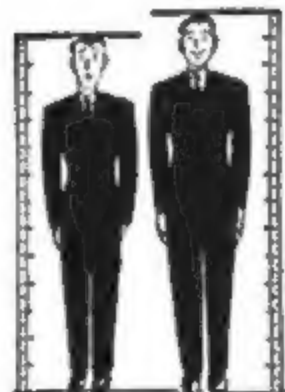
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## Aviators Sportsmen WEAR A Forstner IDENTIFICATION BRACELET

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A Forstner Identification Bracelet is just the thing for active men! Most jewelers can supply the Forstner bracelet... any jeweler can engrave your monogram, name, address. If not available at your jeweler's write to us. In 1/20-12K gold filled, \$6.00; sterling silver, rhodium finish, \$5.00.

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I am interested in Forstner Sportsman's Identification Bracelet... model... finish

Name

Address

**SWING.** Summer's not much of a time to be working the elementary kinks out of your golf swing, but if you're behind schedule in your practice routine, we'd suggest a look at a device-for-the-home which will help put your stroke in the called-for groove. It's a large green rubber mat with a semi-hollow rubber ball on a tee at correct height. After you've driven the ball, it automatically returns and re-tees itself, ready for another sock. It should help out in perfecting rhythm, timing and stance, is being used both by neophyte and advance players. A good way to get some exercise on a bum day, can be used both indoors and out.



**YOU GOTTA GET UP.** One of the best ideas we've unearthed in some time is unfortunately incorporated in one of life's minor instruments of torture—the alarm clock. It's a honey anyway, a handsome clock that needs winding only once every eight days and rings every morning at the hour you set, passes up the corresponding hour at night and rings again the next A. M. This goes on for eight days and starts your secretary wondering how come you're in the office so early. The clock, the only one of its kind in this country, has a 15 jewel movement, white silver, pink or black dial, radium hands and comes in several fine leathers. They've recently made a highly successful debut in the Swiss Pavilion at the New York's Forty Fair.



**PACING THE SUN.** We trust you know all about the unusual properties of polaroid because we haven't space to go into it and our mind doesn't run to technical descriptions. Sobeit, there's a polaroid sunglass just out that's fairly sensational. By maneuvering a small button on the frame, you can regulate the amount of light coming through lens to the eyes, the glasses being adjustable to your own prescription for eye-comfort. On sunny days for eye-protection you keep them dark and vice versa, this arrangement keeping you prepared for all the vagaries of the elements. All you do to keep up with the sun, in other words, is push a button. Transparent, louvered side shields are thrown in for good measure.



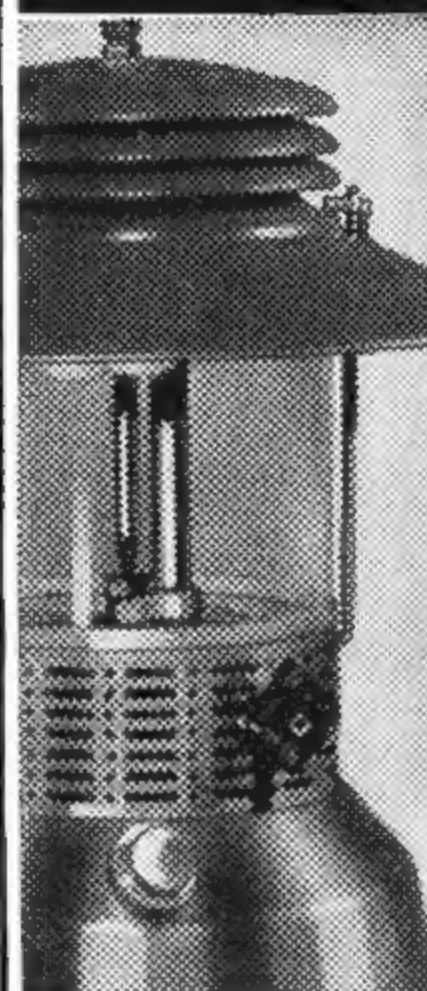
**BRUSH, BRUSH AND BRUSH.** Not the name of an acrobatic act but the sound advice scalp specialists have been giving men these many years. Now someone has come along and taken all the work out of the process by means of the first power-driven scalp brush. Its power-driven bristles work up something like a total of five thousand vitalizing strokes per minute and get through the hair to the scalp. Should save the masculine population a good deal of time for it's claimed that a three-minute treatment is all that's needed to produce fully beneficial results. Besides the stimulation and vitalization it effects, it helps out in keeping the scalp in a healthy, clean condition. The portable home model comes complete in a case similar in appearance to a home motion picture projector.



Ranger

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FOR EVERY  
OUTDOOR USE

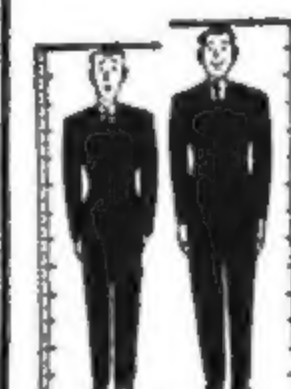


The sensational, new Diamond Wickless lantern burns gasoline or kerosene... gives instant light at turn of valve. Burns 22 hours on a filling with bright, white, non-flickering light. Up to 20 times the light of old wick lantern at a fraction of the cost. Ideal for camping, hunting, fishing.

### 30 DAY TRIAL

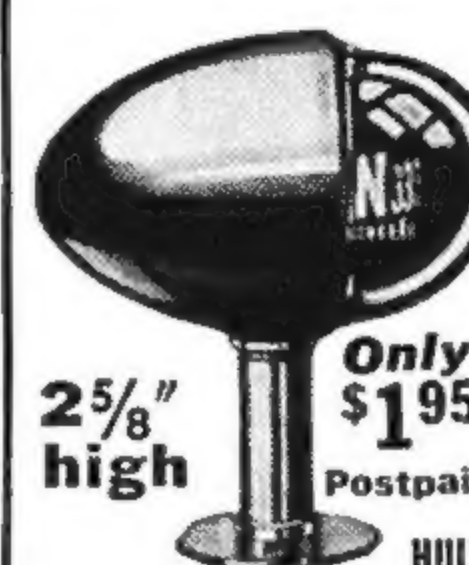
Enjoy this amazing lantern for 30 days at our risk before deciding. Packs easily, safely—can't leak in any position. Wind, storm and bug-proof. Write for free particulars of our special low price introductory offer.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO.  
748 Lantern Bldg. AKRON, OHIO



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## A Compass For Your Boat

Whether yours is motor boat, sail boat or other small craft—you'll find this modern Streamline Marine Compass useful. Doubles the fun of boating. Tested and approved by U. S. Life Saving Service Research Bureau. Genuine sapphire bearing. Chrome or polished brass. Free Circular. Dealers write. HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-MG8, Warren, O.



## 10 LESS STROKES

Two-thirds of the game is played on or near the green. The Short Game, by P. A. Vaile, easy to read and follow, has helped many golfers cut scores 10 to 15 strokes. Sent for 10c... Worth its weight in gold.

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"The best all-around boot in the world"  
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Waterproof. Genuine Pac Moccasin. Hand Sewed. Made to measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support.  
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FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

Rubber  
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## BLONDE EMBRACE FOR EVE

Does the tempest in your own private teapot yearn for lynx? Ah, she must be a *woman*. And you must be her prey. Do you not now know that Nature's own statutes assigned you to *her* as personal loot?

For she, too, must be lynx-like in instinct . . . cast into the mould of cunning female corsair by fierce, feverish forces fateful as herself.

So, deliver not this tawny tornado in fur to placid matron or tepid maid. Seek out, instead, your velvety vixen, your true kin of Eve for its blonde embrace.

Licked and lashed by this furious fur, be man enough to yield to Destiny's silken-savage daughter . . . it is her clean-cruel caress that transfixes you now!

Squirm, if you will, but what shall it avail you? Have not you helped to make this vignette of Venus? Are you not, and how pleasantly, love-locked in lynx?

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*America's largest furrier  
fifth avenue, new york*

*boston*

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*hollywood*

*paris*



*The lynx jacket photographed is \$795*



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**WILL NOT SLIP**

**HEELS**

**and Cord-on-End SOLES**

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**Scientific Smoking at Low Cost—\$1.25**

• Now enjoy best in pre-cooled pipes. We have tested them all and find **Eastman** the best buy on the market. Airplane aluminum shank condenses juices, cools smoke; patent draft control; no bitter back bite; no soggy heel or strong pipe aroma; split-second cleaning. Corsican Briar bowl; smart modern design. **\$1.25 postpaid.**

Send for catalog and colored chart of unusual pipes.

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**AROMATIC BLEND**

**30c JOHN MIDDLETON**

Contains the World's 7 Finest Tobaccos

Sold by your dealer. If not, write direct to John Middleton (generous sample FREE). 1211 Walnut St., Phila., Pa., Dept. E-8.

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Wear **Staturaid** height-increasing shoes. Chosen for smart appearance by thousands of well-dressed men. **Improve posture.** Select from 50 smart styles, many leathers, for sport, town, country and university wear. **Staturaid** are made-to-order, are hand-lasted. One week delivery. You can be taller by 1, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2½ inches as you specify, in all styles. **Built-up feature does not show.** Send for free illustrated catalog, sealed in plain wrapper. Write Department 30.

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with 5 chromium plated rings holds 20 ties, rippled black simulated leather. Sent postpaid for 10c, with FREE portfolio of colored pictures of the famous Haband Ties (7 for \$3.15). Sold only by mail. Tie pictures alone sent FREE on request. Write Dept. 13.

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Whiten shoes quickly with **HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS WHITE SHOE SOAP.** Cleans, also penetrates; keeps leather soft, lengthens life. No painted look. No ugly streaks. (DOES NOT RUB OFF.) **HOLLYWOOD** costs no more. 25c, 50c, \$1. At your shoe store, or: Flagg Bros. (in principal cities), Kitty Kelly, Nihil Shoe Stores, Page Shoe Stores, D. M. Siff Shoe Co., Or direct from **FRENCH CHEMICAL CO., 107-33 Van Wyck Boulevard, Richmond Hill, N. Y.**

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(Not for goody-goody)

Album No. 2 of songs by Dwight Fiske rivals our famous first album. Songs saucy, sophisticated, wickedly clever! Titillate your friends with: The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird, and the Last Cure. In Special Rabson Album \$5.00 (4-12" records). Dwight Fiske Album No. 1, containing 8 slightly scandalous ditties on 4-12" discs, \$5.00. We Pay U. S. A. Postage.

Free—Write for Party Record List

**RABSONS MUSIC SHOP, NEW YORK**

111 W. 52nd St. near Radio City

**BOOTS.** August being the month in which Esquire editorially dedicates an issue to the great out-doors, we hereby do our part by once again calling the attention of sportsmen to the all-purpose boot that's long been a favorite with many of the fraternity—the famous "botte sauvage." Built for fishing the lakes of Northern Michigan, hunting in the Ozarks or riding the Montana range, it's good for any call of the wild that happens to come your way. The fine detail of its construction—hand sewn, lock-stitched waterproof seams, combination of leathers—are too many to enumerate. Suffice to say that it's reliable in heat or cold, light in weight, always comfortable . . . and you probably own a pair already.

**THE PLASTIC DECK.** If you're looking forward to long and energetic summer evenings of bridge, poker and other insidious forms of gambling, it might be a wise move to lay in a couple of packs of those robust plastic playing cards which confound card-sharps because they can't be dog eared. They retain their snap and slip no matter how much bottom-deck dealing your partner does and are no whit conscious of normal wear or tear. They won't soil and because of a triple finish, can be washed with the greatest of ease.

**FOUR CORNERED DRINKING.** If you're partial to a fine drink that's recently been shooting up the scale on potable popularity charts—Vermouth Straight—you probably have reserved some space on your bar shelves for that new square glass, made especially for vermouth drinkers. It's one of the more distinctive pieces of glassware to come from American furnaces in some time, is the first square glass, in fact, on record. An ancient, wooden square tankard unearthed several years ago in an Irish peat bog is its closest counterpart. It's practical too. Built along strictly functional lines, it has a firm wide base, tapered body and can be gulped from on all sides and four corners with no splash, no spill, no drop wasted.

**HONE IN THE HOME.** A large concern that's been manufacturing industrial blade sharpeners for years has just hit the market with a home knife sharpener built to put a razor edge on your carving weapons, hunting knives and other instruments of the kill. It will mount easily in your workroom or kitchen for permanent installation, has a fine baked enamel finish that makes it an attractive machine to have around the house. Guide slots automatically hold the blade in position for correct sharpening and it can't mar or scratch the finish on the best of your stainless steel cutlery. Solid all-metal construction.

**ICE DEVICE.** Summer nights mean tall drinks and tall drinks mean a man-sized supply of ice. An ice supply sometimes means a struggle to separate cubes from your refrigerator, but we have a better idea for this stage of your drink-making. It's an ice cube pan with a patented grid (fits most boxes) which neatly ejects two, four, six or a bucketful of cubes without recourse to hot water or customary strong arm methods. Popping up the ice is a simple task and the device is all aluminum and consequently fast-freezing. It's designed to take a beating and should be good for several years of fast potation pouring.



## HAIR RELIEF without the grief!

Yes, with your own muscular fingers you could give your scalp the same stimulating massage that Vitalator does. You could, that is, if you were a trained Swedish masseur. But you're not, so you need Vitalator and its baby motor.

### THE HEALTH WAY TO GOOD LOOKS

Vitalator stimulates circulation in any part of the body, works out soreness and fatigue, helps you get that sense of well-being which comes when tension relaxes. Get a free demonstration and see!

In drug and cosmetic departments of stores everywhere or write The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

**GILBERT Vitalator**

Chrome finish \$8.95

Plastic: maroon or ivory \$9.95

**Increase HEIGHT**

Wear **Staturaid** height-increasing shoes. Chosen for smart appearance by thousands of well-dressed men. **Improve posture.** Select from 50 smart styles, many leathers, for sport, town, country and university wear. **Staturaid** are made-to-order, are hand-lasted. One week delivery. You can be taller by 1, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2½ inches as you specify, in all styles. **Built-up feature does not show.** Send for free illustrated catalog, sealed in plain wrapper. Write Department 30.

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**WEAR IN YOUR OWN SHOES**

Don't be embarrassed by shortness. Easy to appear taller—INSTANTLY! Amazing **HITE-BUILDERS** fit into your own shoes—make you appear TALLER! Comfortable—posture improving—COMPLETELY INVISIBLE.

No Stretching or Exercises! No Costly Shoes!

Nothing shows—no thick soles or heels. AND THEY COST SO LITTLE! SEND NO MONEY—just your name, address and shoe size. Pay postman amount **CONFIDENTIAL**, plain-wrapped package. (Or send money now, and save postage.) If not delighted return in 5 days for refund of money paid us.

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of every month is the day to look for the new **ESQUIRE** on the newsstands

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Frankly, cameras are "first love" with many men...but all you need to get my new **FREE Cine Bargaingram No. 245**... or my current **Still Camera Catalog** of values...is a postal card or letter. I answer immediately. Write Dept. ES

**Bass CAMERA CO.**

179 W. MADISON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



## ALL JOKING ASIDE . . .

A LOT OF PEOPLE REALLY READ ESQUIRE!

SOMEONE once asked Ty Cobb whether the constant ribbing he was getting from the left-field bleachers didn't bother him. He answered that it was when the ribbing *stopped* that he would begin to worry.

For much the same reason, when Bob Hope recently quipped that nobody *reads* Esquire . . . inferring that everyone *looks* at it . . . we got as big a kick out of the gag as anyone. But our conscience rebelled. According to its dictates, everyone of Esquire's half-million readers should take out all the money's worth that we put into each 200-page issue. Therefore, to ease our conscience, and on the chance that there actually are people who pay 50c each month just to *look at* Esquire, we hasten to correct this false impression.

And we couldn't pick a better time, either. Because, within recent weeks, Esquire's *other* side has earned two very special distinctions . . . neither of which has the slightest thing to do with the new double-size gatefolds, the ever-increasing number of cartoons per issue, or even the up-to-the-minute fashion pages!

First of all, *The Bedside Esquire*, a prose anthology of 77 short stories and articles selected from past issues of Esquire . . . appeared to the accompaniment of a barrage of praise such as is seldom accorded a book of this type.

No less sapient a critic than Sterling North of the *Chicago Daily News* wrote "At least 30 of these 77 articles and stories reprinted from Esquire contain intimations of immortality. It is time someone mentioned the fact that historians of American literature will need a complete file of Esquire!"

Second (chronologically only) of Esquire's newest editorial honors arrived with our copy of O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1940*, just released. Its editor, Edward J. O'Brien, has for the past quarter century been accepted as the world's foremost judge of the short story.

Now . . . for the fourth consecutive year . . . Esquire leads all other publications in the O'Brien listing of short stories of distinction published in American periodicals during the past year. As a matter of fact, Esquire, with 74 "Distinctive Short Stories" has almost *twice* as many as its nearest competitor.

Actually, critics have long known that Esquire is good to *read* as well as to *look at*. Now . . . with the publication of these two new, popular-selling prose anthologies, they are finding occasion to say so in print. That is why, today, critics everywhere are pointing out what the legion of Esquire's addicts have known all along: *Esquire is even better to read than it is to look at!*

And that is why we're asking you . . . all jokes (and gatefold cartoons) aside . . . do *you* really *read* Esquire too?

*Esquire*  
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**THE LARGEST SELLING 50c MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD**



# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Ludlum Smith

LUDLUM SMITH says: "I'm thirty-one, and haven't done a whole lot—no wild oats or anything. RCA pays me to be a sort of radio engineer in its transmitting station at Bolinas. That's on the fog-bound coast of California just north of San Francisco. If my picture makes you think my wife married for money, let me say that such was not the case. Either that or it was one on her. Before working for RCA, I was a radio amateur, and still am, technically. I'm quite a hobbyist. Now it's mostly photography, archery and pizzle-shooting." His story, *Safety With Firearms*, is on page 52.

WALTER MCCALLUM says: "The fishing bug reached up and bit me when I was around eight years old in Boston, where I had a chance many times to go on the mackerel schooners and once in awhile on a commercial sword-fisherman out of Gloucester. My Pappy was a commodore at the Winthrop Yacht Club and naturally the atmosphere was more or less deep water. At that time no one thought of catching broadbill with rod and reel; no less the giant tuna, which they called horse mackerel and caught with harpoon and a barrel. They weighed around 1,200 pounds. Around fifteen years ago, before sport fishing got going good



Walter McCallum

around Florida, I started down there. I guess my record of 200-odd tarpon has been beaten by many men, and probably many men have caught more than the 30-odd sailfish I have been lucky enough to catch. Or has it? At least I've had more than my money's worth of fun, though I haven't yet landed a blue marlin, which I'll do some day. At forty-five a fellow gets quite a thrill out of any kind of jumping fish. Have been on the *Washington Star* for twenty-five years, doing everything from the morgue to sports, including the White House."

The author of *Roll Your Own*, CHILSON D. ALDRICH, was born in Detroit, in 1876. He was educated in Detroit, Chicago and Minneapolis, specialized in architecture at the University of Minnesota. He began the practice of architecture in Minneapolis in 1900 and continued in fine residence work there until 1916 when he was commissioned to take over the building of cantonments for the World War. After the War he turned his entire attention to building cabins, camps and vacation homes of logs, making his former avocation of preaching simplicity in building his vocation and full-time profession. Being, so far as can be discovered, the only fully accredited architect devoting himself to this specialty, he is able to incorporate the essentials of comfortable homes with fine log construction. As a memorial to pioneers of Minnesota, he built the replica of a pioneer cabin now erected in the building of the Minnesota State Historical Society. In 1928 Macmillan published his informative book, *The Real Log Cabin*, now stocked in most universities. Several of his designs are included in the book, *National Park Structures* gotten out by the Department of the Interior.

EDWIN L. PETERSON says: "At eight years of age, I held my first fly rod, a glorious, feathery, three-ounce wand that I still own. Later, when someone decided it was time for me to earn a living, I chose teaching—which, next to fishing, is the pleasantest activity I know. I'm in the English Department at the University of Pittsburgh, where I teach a variety of classes."

RICHARD TOOKER had a story in *Esquire* a year or so ago, called *The Gay Dude Banditeer*. He comes

from the Dakota plains, tarried awhile with Fawcett magazines, joined the Marines and went to Haiti, now lives in Phoenix, Ariz.

HOLLING CLANCY HOLLING was in the army during the last few months of the World War, having just turned eighteen. After that he studied at the Art Institute, graduating in 1923. For a time he worked as taxidermist in the Field Museum in Chicago, studying anthropology with Dr. Ralph Linton. He also held positions in advertising studios, doing paintings, world cruise books, etc., and has written and illustrated books for children. In 1925 he married Lucille A. Webster, also an artist, and together they have written and illustrated many juvenile books. The Hollings like to travel, have four complete camping outfits for hiking, canoe trips, pack trips with horses, and automobile trips. They usually spend their summers in the wilderness near Hudson Bay, or in the Canadian Rockies. They have found time to design a Dude Ranch in Montana, a restaurant in Chicago, and to paint murals for a Texas hotel.

JACK O'CONNOR has lived most of his life in the Southwest, has hunted since the time he acquired his first .22 rifle, and, for the past eight years, almost exclusively for big heads. He has contributed to many magazines and has written three books: *Conquest*, *Boom Town* and *Game in the Desert*.

Concerning his new biblical series of stories, MANUEL KOMROFF says: "The name and character of Ben Shaba is invented, but the picture of Herod, the names of Herod's wife and son, the picture of the Greek arena, are all from history. I have written *The Death of Herod* because it furthers the picture of the times and also because it is an event not in the Bible but still *In The Years of Our Lord*. Also because it will set firmly in the reader's mind that the Herod of Christ's birth is not the Herod of his death."

DONALD HOUGH lives in White Bear Lake, Minnesota. When he was forty-one he quit business (sound insulation) to write. He had previously done a lot of non fiction, outdoor magazine material mostly, up until 1929, when he took a fling at commerce. His



Donald Hough

stories have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Esquire*, *Coronet*, et al. His current contribution to our pages is *The Parlor Car*.

DAVID LAVENDER (*Take Down Your Rope*, page 47) was born in 1910, in Telluride, Colorado, at one time a rip-roaring gold camp boasting 26 saloons and no church. When he was fifteen his stepfather, a cattle rancher of the old school, decided he'd better learn not to jump whenever an automobile honked and sent him east to prep school (the Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, Academy). After that, Princeton, where he was graduated in 1931. A year of law school at Stanford convinced him he had better try other fields and he began knocking around, working in the Colorado gold mines and as a cowboy in Colorado and Utah. After his marriage, he decided to settle down. He wrote advertising copy in Denver, but the sagebrush called, and he went back to ranching. The livestock business being what it was in '35 and '36, he began editing a trade journal for fur farmers. For the past eighteen months he's lived with his wife and four-year-old son in Los Angeles, with occasional forays back to the cow country and the mountains.



David Lavender





Accessories courtesy of Abercrombie & Fitch

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# GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

**NEW OCEAN HOUSE**

SWAMPSCOTT • MASSACHUSETTS

Where the New England coast is most picturesque... Convenient to historic points... Ideal seaside and country environment... Private bathing beach... All recreational features... Cuisine includes many sea food specialties... Booklet CLEMENT KENNEDY, President

WINTER RESORT  
Vinyo Park Hotel, St. Petersburg, Fla.



**JUST EAST of RADIO CITY**

A truly fine hotel for those who prefer an atmosphere of quiet ease and the extra comforts that make for pleasurable living. Living rooms average 22' x 12'; bedrooms 17' x 12'. Serving pantries, too, where you can fix a snack or mix a drink. It is located just east of Radio City; one block from Park Avenue; close to theatrical and shopping districts. The restaurant, cocktail lounge and bar are air-conditioned.

RATES . . . SINGLE from \$4  
DOUBLE from \$6 • SUITES from \$8

**THE Beverly HOTEL**

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Plymouth, Massachusetts  
One of New England's Finest Resort Hotels. Famous Cuisine.  
Cape Cod's Glorious Scenery  
Private Beach, Pool, All Sports  
5½ Hours from New York  
via Direct Trains



**There Is A Thrill in Touring When You... Take-**

**MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY**



Last month New England, next month California, but this time round we're putting you down in green pastures that lie in between. For the Atlantic and Pacific have imposing inland "rivals," landlocked "oceans" that long have been stamping grounds for cognoscenti in the art of vacationing. It's no other than the Great Lakes and their bordering territory, as versatile and rugged a country as any man might desire. A case in point, Michigan.

Ever since the days when potent Paul Bunyan lent his fabled strength to logging off Michigan's vast pinelands, the state, in work or play, has been a masculine domain. It's a man's job to make automobiles—look in on the factories at Flint, Pontiac, Detroit or Lansing for one of American industry's greatest shows. Man's job also is riding the country's largest racing boats over the waters of Lake St. Clair in the Gold Cup races. Up north at the pivotal point of Michigan, Huron and Superior is famed Mackinac Island, no automobiles, no hay fever but all the pleasanter aspects of a leisurely holiday existence. Farther north to Keweenaw Land in the copper country on the Northern Peninsula waits a fine combination of civilization's comforts and untrammelled rugged country. A short stretch across Superior is Isle Royale, the youngest of our national parks, over a hundred thousand acres of outright wilderness. And there's the huge Ottawa National Forest in the Iron District, presenting the motorist with one of the middle-west's handsomest scenic backdrops. The Edison Institute and Greenfield Village at Dearborn, Henry Ford's imposing tributes to the inventor and America's past, should not be missed.

Headliner of all Wisconsin's many attractions is her fishing, which is highly spiced with variety. There's wading for trout in the northern interior streams, plunking for muskies on her lakes and flowages, and deep-trolling for lake trout on Michigan and Superior. All told, Wisconsin has some seven thousand lakes and her 10,000 miles of trout streams grade down from the picturesque Brule and Peshtigo to woodland runs known only to local guides. The "deep sea" fishing revolves around the beautiful Apostle Islands in Lake Superior. Pike and black bass are everywhere, with such waters as the St. Croix River and the Door country bays famed for their small mouths. Nor should the newly dammed Mississippi be overlooked this season. The flooded lands are riding a fishing boom but will get back to normal within the next five years. Wisconsin's versatile streams serve another purpose. Running the fast waters in a canoe has had a rapid, recent growth in popularity and special accommodations are ready for you along the Flambeau and other wood streams. You fish in the lulls between rapids.

Minnesota was one time tagged "The Land of 10,000 Lakes" and has vigorously attempted to set the record straight ever since—the figure is 11,007, a considerable margin ahead of all competition. She has a lot to offer sportsmen. The St. Croix and Mississippi below Minneapolis and St. Paul are familiar waters to boat enthusiasts. The Spotlight region in the central and south central section of the state is well-shot with exceptionally good golf courses and fish-full lakes. Northward and eastward is her territory of pine-fringed lakes where you'll find the smart muskelunge, notably in the waters around Walker and Cass Lake. North by east again brings the sportsman to the Arrowhead section of Minnesota, heaven for the hay fever-cursed, with its gateway at Duluth, extending up the lovely north shore of Superior to the "border without bayonets" at Pigeon River. Within the Arrowhead country lies the Superior National Forest, largest remaining wilderness area in the United States. It's a vast expanse of over three million untamed acres and is spotted with thousands of lakes, river-connected, that constitute a near paradise for paddlers. But travel light and leave the car back home. Superior National Forest can be entered only by canoe or pontoon-equipped plane.

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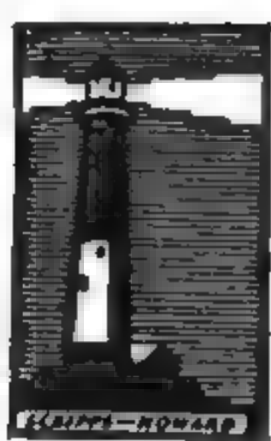
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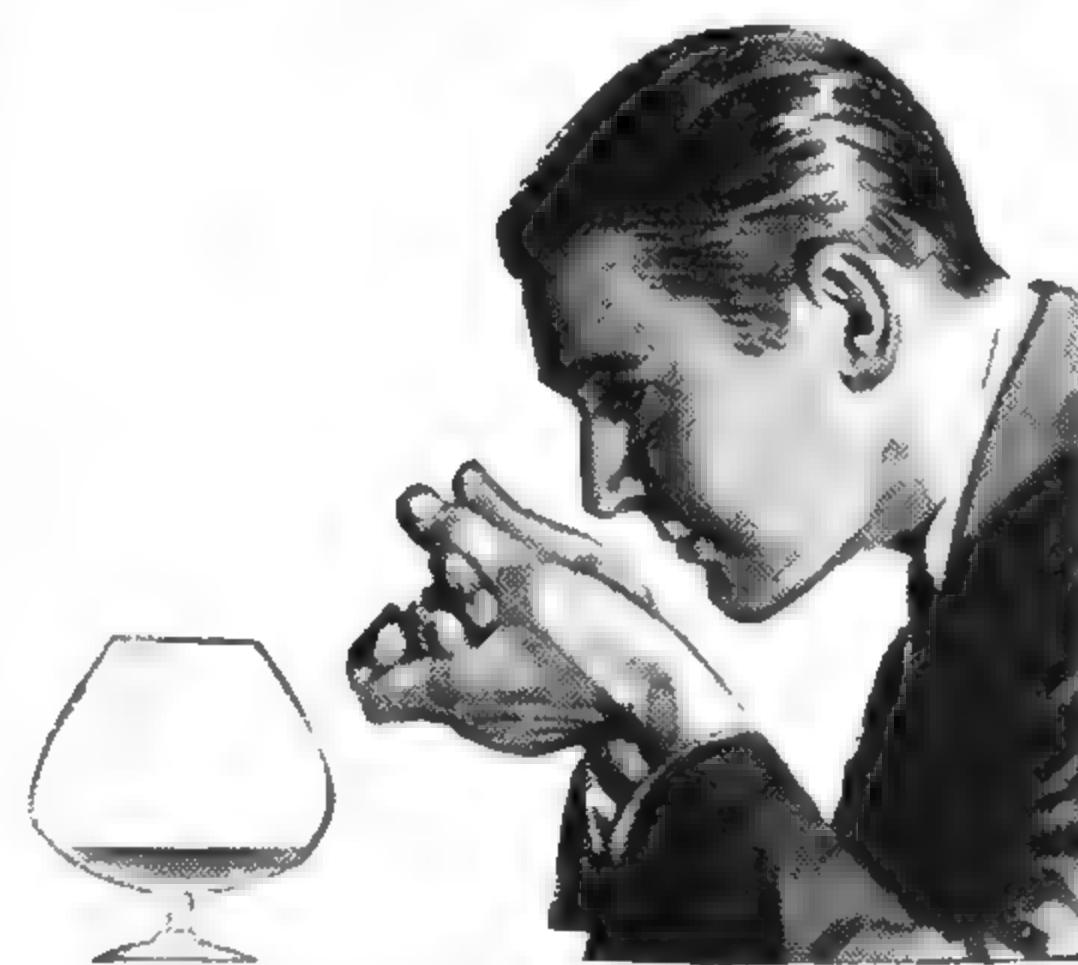
ONE PINT

AT ALL LIQUOR STORES

That tradition-hallowed Broadway haunt, the Hotel Astor Roof, now sophisticatedly modern in décor, is further smartening its evenings with the music of tall Hal Kemp . . . Sky horticulture atop the towery St. Moritz flourishes to Eddie Varzos's maistroing and violin scintillation, with food and a floor show tossed in . . . Southamptons and Newporters shake a nocturnal hoof genteelly at Vince Astor's Viennese dream-roof of the St. Regis where edible-looking Mary Parker and partner lead a Circus assisted by Starlets (fem.) . . . Ben Marden, entrepreneur of the crystal-cased Riviera located where George Washington crosses the Hudson, has flung the works on Chester Hale-picked pulchitruide (24 of 'em), assorted headline entertainers (some imported from Latin America), and the orchestra of Leo Reisman in full finesse. It's a whale of a place, and no small evening . . . Park Avenue's sole roof for dancing, namely, the Starlight upper realm of the Waldorf-Astoria, sports its sparkledom as a pilgrimage spot for visitors and a handy enchantment-dispenser for the regulars. Gabriel Lugot, grand marshal of the kitchens, sends up meals . . . Name-band appeal, varied ever and anon, keeps popularity going aloft in the Biltmore while politics is dished weightedly at the Bar downstairs . . . Lunchers and diners at Hampshire House are regaled in the ingenious upstairs Cottage ensnugged in its air-conditioned



"brick-walled garden of espaliered fruit-trees in blossom." Katish is the word . . . No, Elmer, those aren't tightrope walkers you see coming out of the Beachcomber. They're glad graduates of Monty Proser's college of potable knowledge . . . Jimmy Dorsey's overheated clarinet and sultry sax alternate with each other at the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof with fresh breezes to cool them off . . . In the McAlpin's open-windowed attic it's Johnny Messner who mixes the melodies, toying with midget pianos for diversion . . . To get down to earth, there's Central Park's Tavern-on-the-Green for al fresco refection catered by Savarin . . . Belmont-Plaza festivers soothe their whistles with a Glass Hat Cooler served in a moulded ice likeness of the glassy topper itself . . . The ceiling of Leon and Eddie's booms-a-daisy dell chummily moves over to let the moon in for a peek at the gals and a happy hearken to Eddie's lyrical notes and comments . . . The hors d'oeuvres barrow at the handsome new Champs Elysée (25 East 40th) serves notice of the epicurean bounty in store for you—prepared under the spoon of chef Eugene Bouvier whose Breast of Chicken à la King Albert of Belgium won him a medal from that grateful monarch. Having sampled said dish, we'll say the King was right. Service amenities have the guidance of exemplary Jimmie Chamos who is by Divan Parisien out of old Delmonico's . . . Songster-bandster Ray Heatherton is in personable charge of the music at the wide-horizoned Rainbow Room, to which dancers Gower and Jeanne have romped back for fresh loads of well-manicured applause. Elvira Rios voices Love's wear and tear becomingly . . . Crow's-nested across the river, the Marine Roof of the Bossert remains unbeatable in its overlordship of Father Knickerbocker's watery front yard. To dine and dance here in the twinkling gloaming is a top-flight experience indeed . . . What a click the Holland House Taverne in Radio City has scored! . . . And this year's Ice Show at the Hotel New Yorker! . . . If you are a fruit loving person, a bright red apple hollowed out and filled with an apple brandy concoction to which you have straw access, is served as the theme drink by Drury Lane—neat new spot at 47 East 49th. Featured foods here are country style beefsteak, chicken pie, and so on. Homey simplicity for sophisticates is the cheery idea . . . All chintzed up and green-hedged, the sumptuous Essex House is inroaded nightly, thanks to its Promenade and its Casino-on-the-Park, where Bob Chester weaves his rhythms. Sheer lure.



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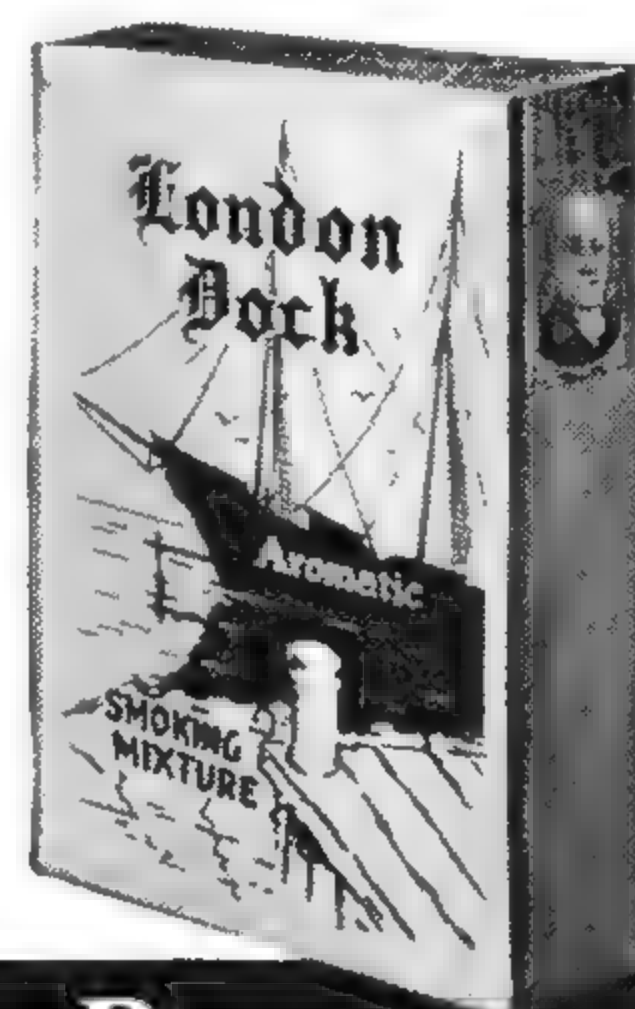
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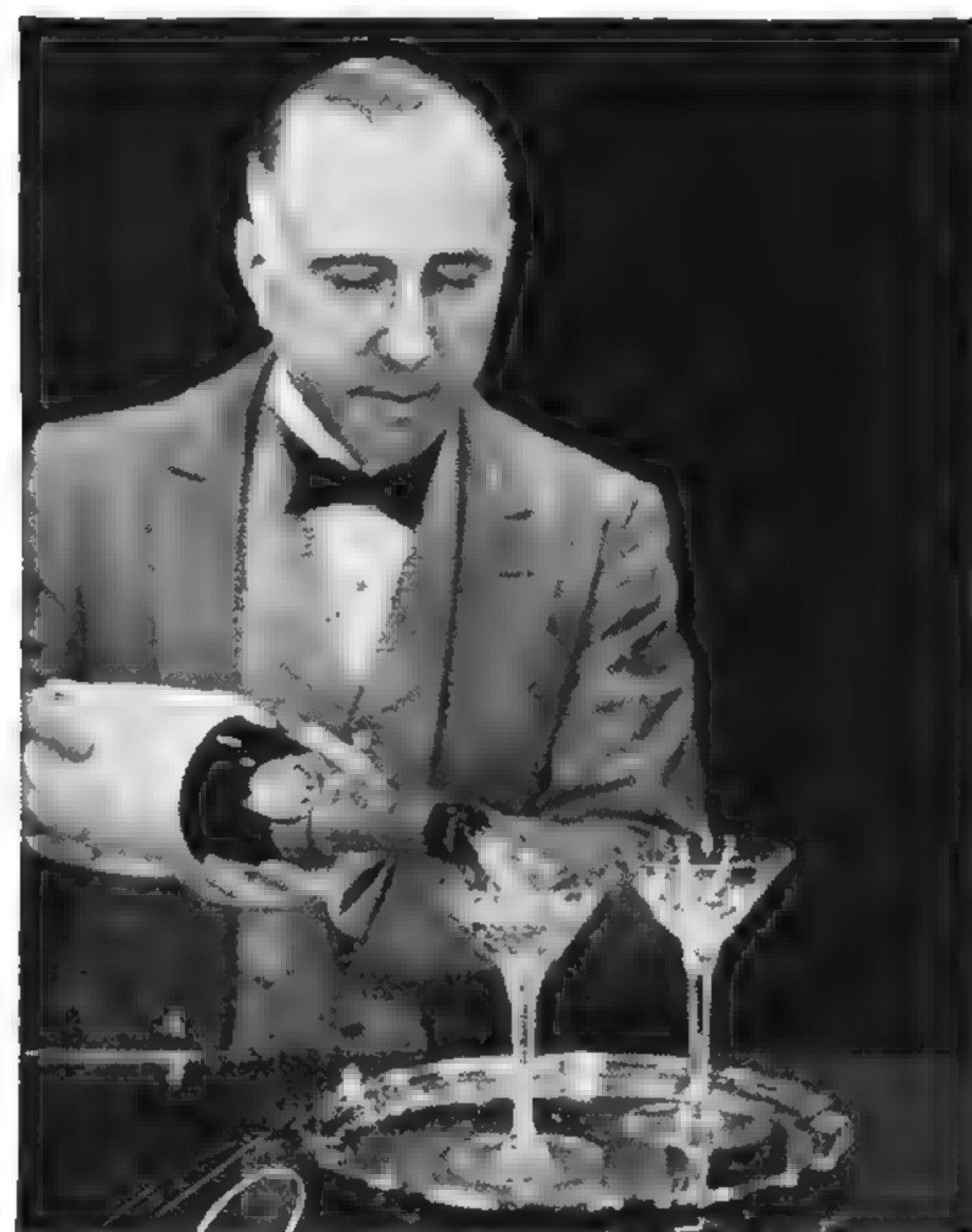
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**on Page 14**

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**TRAVEL EDITOR  
ESQUIRE, INC.**

366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Human cravings, which yesteryear's World of Tomorrow in Flushing Meadows didn't exactly snub, are this year kowtowed to with reckless lavishness... As the summit of smartness and official grandiosestand for watching the squirted symphony of the Lagoon, Le Restaurant Francais feeds its pampered flocks and affords slakeage on its café terrace below... Tea (or something stronger of the same color, from a Scottish bottle) is rited at the in-and-outdoor Buttery in Britannia's lee, with garden trimmings... Sweden's celebrated revolving stage of toothsome tidbits is rotating under the auspices of the Swedish American

Line, which has chartered the entire pavilion for pleasure cruises to managing director Lundbeck's land of sociable gastronomy. Schnapps work for all hands... Czechoslovakia bulges with brave hospitality in its back yard, ducking and roast-goosing you... Polka-tootling

Poland spreads its abundance around its little casino and rustic bar... The small, gayly colorful Hungarian Restaurant serves goulash such as you ne'er dreamed of, paprika chicken, and pork chops of fascinating intricacy. Its strudel is epic. And wait till you try ye Puszta Cocktail and that Muskotaly wine... Neat Finland puts you aboard spiritual skis with an Arctic (Finnish brambleberry juice, gin, Cognac)... Handsome marble Roumania House, with its romantic textiles and furniture, has tasty native specialties and American eats if you prefer. Service by Statler. House cocktail: Roumanian plum brandy, Roumanian vermouth, twist of lemon. Wines are King Carol's own... Cheese-proud Switzerland garnishes its good eats with yodelry, folkprancing, and cowbells... Norway has open-faced sandwiches in the open air, plus bar items against chill... Beer palazzos, villas, and gardens are spotted strategically... Schaefer Center marks an important crossroads of thirst, dispensing food and brew in a big way... Schlitz's Palm Garden is fondly redolent of Milwaukee... Sundry Brass Rails are lined with Trommer applicants... Ballantine's is a-sluc in its circus-sized Three Ring Inn... Pabst spurts in a garden spot beside Liberty Lake; also in Canterbury Inn and the Rondevoo... Rheingold cools the picturesque Winter Wonderland where skate-gals swirl and ski-jumpers hurtle... Heineken's is dramatized in a slice of Holland with windmill on top... Sensational is the click scored by Michael Todd's Gay New Orleans where you dine terraced in command of a swell revue performed in a Watson Barratt setting of the Creole Days down Souf, with large-numbered vivid costumed, sepia and white casts alternating. Hassard Short paced the show; Ruppert supplies the beer.

On the food side, chef Pierre Berard, one of the Crescent City's most gifted, tosses up Pompano-in-the-sack, Shrimp Remoulade, and so on, not to mention inflated *pommes de terre*... Willing to compete with himself, young massa Todd operates the Dancing Campus for swing-bugs, across the street, and a condensed version of Broadway's "Streets of Paris" at the aerodromish Music Hall... Billy Rose, starring the Holmbody beautiful in his not unknown Aquacade, has this season added a spectacular water curtain and other colossal fixin's at tidy expense... Morris Gest, seemingly sated with bigness, has mustered an army of midgets, housed in their own tiny metropolis and performing pertly... The World's Fair management makes a sporting offer of the super-enormous American Jubilee with 350 participants and almost as many stars as there are in Old Glory.

Chicago, without a Fair at the moment, is devoting comparable enthusiasm to its new Beachcomber with the original Don from Hollywood in command. Atmosphere is tropical of the tropical, and service soft-footed. Drinks noble, boasting their brands.



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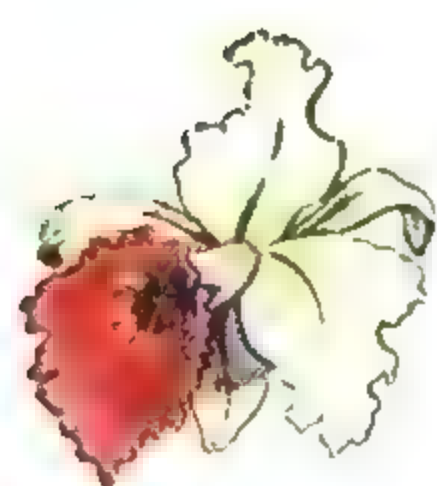
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# Calling the Wild

**Though birds and beasts have a keen sense of smell, sight and sound, a hunter can make suckers of them all**

**by HART STILWELL**

• SPORTS •

R

**E**VEN though I am convinced that a lot of cunning attributed to wild animals and birds is simply a false impression created by the fact that the modern man in quest of game is not ordinarily a woodsman, I will admit before we go any further that wild game is pretty dog-gone tricky at times.

I don't think its mental processes are nearly so complicated as many are inclined to believe. And I hold to this view in spite of the fact that some wild game is proving itself a match for hunters today even with their long-range guns.

Yet such things as a buck doubling back on its tracks, or going through water to lose its pursuers, or a coyote deliberately taking the dogs away from its mate when she is carrying young, demonstrate a certain conscious use of the higher mental faculties.

And in view of this, there is one thing that continually astonishes me about wildlife—it is the manner in which most game will respond to a call.

Now I will eliminate calls which appeal to the sex instinct in wild animals, such as rattling antlers to bring in deer. You can't blame a buck for being a sucker for big brown eyes and a trim ankle. Even a thinking human being will face known danger in response to such a lure.

So we'll take the calls which bring in the animals or birds for other reasons—for food, for protection of other members of the tribe, or for pure sociability in the case of animals which move in flocks, coveys, herds, and the like.

One might expect wild animals to answer calls which are made properly. But it is the manner in which they so often respond to them, and what they do after they hove into sight—into plain sight of the human being sitting there calling—that puzzle me.

Let us start with that supposedly wise old bird, the crow. Now all kinds of mechanical crow calls are turned out by that ingenious creature, man. Some of these calls are fine. But, just as in the case of most other calls, none of them can quite match man's own voice box for pure effectiveness, if he learns to use it.

I have a friend who can call crows. And if there are any crows within a mile he always gets results. Now nobody could say that crows are dumb for simply answering the call and looking things over, then flying away when they see a man sitting there and no other crows around. But that isn't what happens. The crows come right on in, hover overhead a few feet off the ground, then if nothing happens they'll drop on down and at times try to alight on the gun barrel. They just let go all holds and run wild.

My friend shoots them with a .22 rifle as

they stand hovering overhead. When he shoots and one falls, you'd think the others would be smart enough to see what was going on, if they're as clever as they're cracked up to be. They ought to fly away after a shot or two. But do they? No. They keep coming right back for more. If a crow has any mental processes while all this is going on, they certainly must be of an elementary order, and are hardly to be classed as evidence of cunning and wisdom.

Furthermore, the crow is hunted with calls all over the country, and one can hardly say that this is new to him. And wherever a good caller turns out, the crow is simply a sucker for the bait.

My friend with the crow-calling throat can call the same flock of crows back to the same spot day after day and continue to work them over—wise old crows.

Now let's move on to the case of what is supposed to be one of the most cunning of all wild animals—the coyote. And along with him we'll take a whack at the sharp-eyed hawk, since they respond to the same call.

I know a ranchman who has some coyotes on his place. He insists they've immigrated there, contending he's killed off the original stock long ago. But at any rate, he has coyotes. And he has a system of hunting them. It works this way.

He uses a call. If he does the calling, he simply takes one of those little whistles such

as you will find in a whistling rubber doll. He goes down to a heavily wooded spot near a water hole where coyotes gather early in the morning and late in the afternoon to wait for rabbits. Then he blows his whistle.

To a coyote, cunning or no cunning, this whistling sound carries the message of a rabbit in distress, and nothing is more pleasing to the ears of a coyote than the sound of a rabbit in distress.

Here comes the coyote. And he doesn't swing around in a circle to work upwind on the chance that the sound might be a phony. No, he comes headlong to the sound, and at times will approach to within twenty or thirty feet before he gets his mind off the rabbit long enough to notice the man sitting there blowing that whistle, holding a rifle in his hands.

Then the coyote will throw everything in reverse and just slide for a while, and when he stops sliding the man shoots him.

This ranchman has been doing this for years. Sometimes the coyotes don't come up so close. But if there are any of them around, they always answer, he says.

One can only wonder why a coyote doesn't give some thought to the matter. Certainly the least he could do would be to make a small circle and see if he winded anything that had no business being there.

And an even better coyote call is that of a Mexican cowhand who works for this ranch-

*Continued on page 111*



**"You haven't been looking well lately, Hobson—how would you like to spend a few weeks in the travel bureau?"**



# Dude Ranch Manual

**If your mount gives you the horse  
laugh, just turn his head around  
and look him straight in the eye**

**by RICHARD TOOKER**

• SATIRE •

THE guest or dude ranch at its best is the modern synthesis in cellophane for the call of the wild. Adventure de luxe, with some of the glamour left in and all frostbite and agonies at water hole left out, is available for a price in the lands of eternal summer from New Mexico to California. Like painless dentistry, it does not always work as perfectly as anticipated. For want of a little correspondence coaching, the pleasures of playing cowboy are often grossly and even gorily disillusioning.

Of course one can't develop epithelial knee sheathes immune to stirrup leather galls by reading a manual of directions, but there are innumerable little pitfalls that may easily be avoided by the earnestly studious adventurer upon the dude ranch scene.

Our first lesson does not deal with the technique of infatuating the rancher's pretty daughter, for most dude ranch apprentices are already graduates in this. Nor does it apply to six-shooters and old-style rustlers, whose modern problems are found only in horse opera. It does deal with a most obviously important phase of commuting "back to the wild," namely, the art of "forking a brone" as opposed to posting a pancake with martingales on a bridle path in Central Park.

It is expecting far too much that a paid-in-advance ranch guest should amaze his host and guide hands with both willingness and ability to saddle his own horse on the first morning out of the bunkhouse. One must have time to settle a rather heavy breakfast and differentiate the zestful breath of sage from the assertive exhalations of warm stables and the brush-grubbing goats' corral. Exertion of initiative on the part of the guest is not necessary until a grinning cowboy ex-

tends to us the reins of a hammer-headed buckskin, whose long face and lax lower lip epitomize unutterable boredom, and declaims with a Texas drawl straight from Hollywood's dramatic schools:

"She's all yores, pa'dner."

At this crucial moment in the neophyte dude rancher's career he is confronted with the latter half of pseudo-reality. It is acutely embarrassing, to say the least, that one should be helped, and even piled, onto a patiently forbearing crowbait by three or four struggling guide hands and hostlers. The fact is that no matter how expansive one's corporeal dimensions, or how indulgent his breakfasting, he can mount almost any horse under stock saddle with practical efficiency by following a few simple directions.

Take the reins from the hostler with an air of easy familiarity born of communion with these lines. A confident demeanor is important, for a horse is quick to detect uncertainty in a temporary master. Look the animal in the eye indifferently, keeping constantly in mind that the horse should never be permitted to lose sight of its *noblesse oblige* even to a gasoline-degenerated heretic.

Now, with the horse to the right of you, grasp the cheek of the bridle with the last three fingers of the left hand, threading the reins, lapped over behind the horse's ears, through the thumb and forefinger. Take the stirrup in the right hand, turning it for convenience, and insert the left foot to the in-step. Raising the right hand to the saddle horn, pull and step simultaneously, swinging the right leg over the cantle. As you seat yourself let go the bridle cheek with the three fingers, keeping the reins continuously tight as you draw them to you with a full grip.

Maintaining a firm grip on the bridle cheek as one mounts not only steadies and directs the sensational rise into the saddle, but what is more important, it enables the rider-to-be to force even the most fractious horse to turn in a tight circle of which said rider-to-be is a constant and controlling center. If necessary pull the horse's head around and look it in the eyes again. It isn't surprising at all that a horse should be singularly helpless with its head turned. Go out in the back yard and attempt to run through a gate while looking backwards. An impetuous collision with the grape arbor will convince the most doubting of Thomases just why a horse is so cautious with its head turned. And a horse's caution is the tenderfoot's salvation.

The bridle cheek grip is used by all skillful western riders when mounting a strange or fractious horse. It is probably the only insurance the neophyte has of not tumbling gracelessly off the opposite side of the horse when mounting. It also forbends other probable miscalculations, such as forking down by mistake behind the cantle, which a western horse is likely to consider an insult worthy of violent resentment.

Having negotiated the preliminaries, one cannot sit there indefinitely as the guaranteed trustworthy guest horse usually prefers. However, by all means refrain from calling upon your vocabulary for synonyms of the verb "go." It is not only useless but bad form, as irritating to a western horse as soup slumping to the head waiter at the Sherry-Netherland. The western horse starts with a prudent kick of the heels, by no means an attempt to punch holes in the flanks with one's spurs. Over-zealous spurring at the start all too often results in an unhappy coming out for



*Oh, there's nothing like a fortnight  
On a Dude Ranch in the west . . .*



*Where the cowboys, tall and virile,  
Welcome every paying guest . . .*



*Where the scen'ry and the bronchos  
Pack the lustiest of kicks . . .*



the debutante dude rancher. A mere thump of the legs is enough to start the horse. After that, if one feels communicative, he may utter absently any combination of "Giddup, speup, speup," or "Come on, boy." It is all of a piece to the horse.

It is now necessary to steer the beast. Do not pull wildly on one rein in the direction you hope to turn. Any self-respecting and traditional western horse is likely to express his disapproval of this method by exercising a set of hay-honed incisors on the calf of one's leg. Western horses guide by neck reining. With reins held firmly in the left hand (you may need your right to slap at mosquitoes, if not to ply a quirt or practice with lariat), press and pull in the direction you hope to achieve. The rein opposite the direction turned to performs the desired overcoming of equine inertia.

To stop, pull back on the reins firmly, without yanking or sawing, and pronounce distinctly the interjection, "Whoa!" This is the only occasion where it is considered good etiquette to speak to a western horse. The horse, for a fact, always considers the desire of his rider to stop as being too good to be true. Consequently, any loudly spoken expletive is usually enough. Whatever you do, avoid the grave error of shouting at the top of the voice, for then the horse concludes that you are kidding him, and more often than not, far from stopping, he exceeds the speed limits of decent dude ranch riding form, not pausing for breath until he has rubbed off his rider on the horseshoe hanging over the stable door, provided said rider has maintained equilibrium that long.

One's first rational venture in equestrian speed should be the trot or jog. This is attained by lifting the reins a little and at the same time tickling the flanks of the horse with the spurs, much the same procedure as starting off at a walk. Already walking, the horse can do nothing upon added incitement except advance to second speed.

Unless one knows the principles of riding at a jog, he speedily develops incipient appendicitis and devoutly deplores the fell fate that inspired him to dabble in dude ranching. Or, to ease the hammering of the saddle tree at his tender, untried loins, he stands in the stirrups until he develops a condition that may be aptly termed post-marathon legs. The art of riding at a jog is an adroit repetition of stand and sit, stand and sit. The more

one can sit the better, up to a certain well defined limit, better discovered by actual experience. One stands as the horse lifts its weight on two of its feet, sits as the weight reaches the peak of pitch and subsides.

By all means do not post while trotting, especially with elbows extended like the wings of an overheated crow. Posting may be fine form in a riding academy, but it gets one nothing but a horse laugh on a dude ranch. Moreover, a stock saddle has bucking rolls or lumps on either side of the horn, and the excess of knee action attendant upon Ichabod Crane riding is likely to cause rheumatism of the joints due to bumping these immovable bucking rolls between hops. The only riding form that a western horse respects is that which stays close to the saddle. An expert western rider, even at a trot, rises so little from the saddle that one never sees light under him. To all appearances he is a part of the horse. But, do not be deceived, he rises imperceptibly in the stirrups, for he doesn't enjoy the symptoms of appendicitis any more than an easterner.

The lope or gallop follows after the trot on the equine speedometer. To attain it on a lazy mount, use the spurs urgently and fortify with vigorous applications of quirt or rein ends. At a lope one stands and sits the same as at a trot, but at longer intervals. Support the weight slightly in the stirrups as the horse strikes the ground between leaps, your knees acting as the cantilever shock absorbers. At first one tends to stand in the stirrups at a lope, but after a few miles of gully riding such military ambitions suffer a setback. Probably the most fatiguing exercise in the world is the attempt to stand for any distance with the legs spread and bent around the body of a plunging horse. Speaking of riding a barrel!

Oddly enough, the dead run is the easiest gait to ride. The trouble here seems to be that the unskilled rider at such a speed concentrates on the ground and not on the horse, which, for the nonce, is his sole source of support. Do not look at the ground, but concentrate on the trail far ahead, which will assure one that after all part of the good, old earth is still stable and not afflicted with alarming seismic convulsions. We may lose our new 10-gallon hat at a dead run or full gallop, but we should by all means retain possession of our heads. At this speed enjoy the breeze, scented with sage and sheep sign fertilizer as it whips into the nostrils. Note the swift

gradations of accelerated atmospheric change from pole-cat to orange blossoms.

If, at a dead run—though most guest mounts are not geared to this ratio—one's horse steps into a badger hole and turns a somersault, do not plunge precipitously into the air, struggling froglike with stiffly spread arms and legs. Dive laxly and leisurely, rolling as you strike the turf and easing the imperiled body supplely around any boulders that may obstruct uninhibited deceleration. Although you may obtain a botanical collection of cactus spines and Toledo blades of Spanish bayonet, unavoidably, the art of being unhorsed successfully lies solely in assuming an artificial (you hope) condition resembling a Dutch burgher at the climax of a beer bust. Relax! Relax!

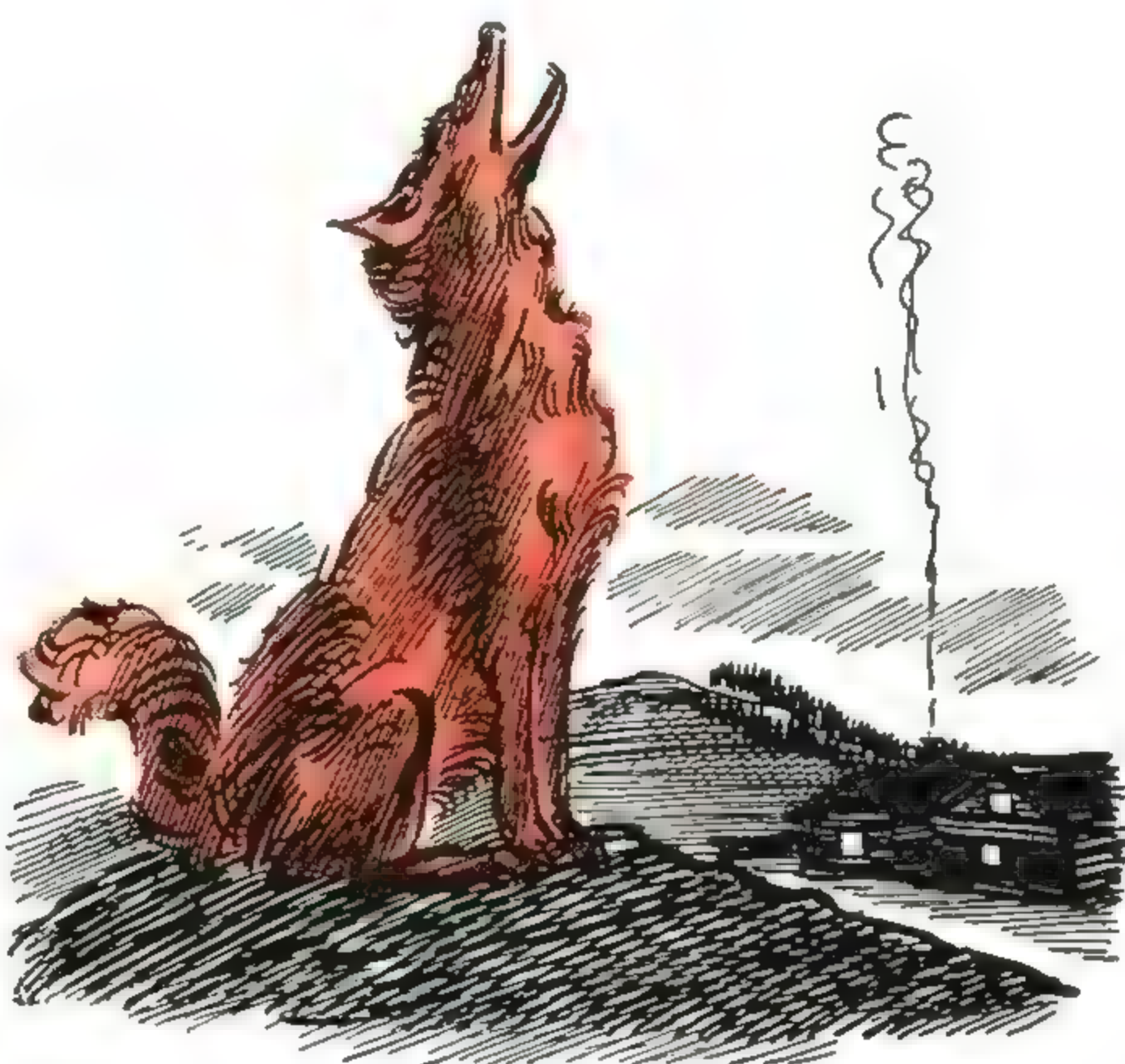
Granting that one has survived his first lessons in the saddle with nothing worse than a profound conviction never to subject himself to such bodily torment again, he reaches the ranch house yard wondering how he will be able to get off the horse without completing the demolition of his blistered and pain-racked anatomy. Nothing is simpler. Retain presence of mind resolutely and reverse the process of mounting. Extend left hand to bridle cheek, sliding the reins tight through thumb and forefinger, as last three fingers grip the cheek strap. Take horn in right hand firmly. Rise in left stirrup, steady weight with both hands and swing right leg over and down, down, down to terra firma, once more, thank God, again!

We may stagger and wonder if our legs have not died separately and unwittingly, but the horse cannot upset us in process by breaking for the water trough while we are in midair, as long as we retain that grip on the bridle cheek, pulling to us as much as may be necessary to quell the horse. Let that grip on the bridle cheek be our first and last master grip on the horse.

Keep in mind faithfully from the first of our dude ranch adventuring, "Life is what we make it, and think what it is costing us to develop saddle calluses between the knees." Good things always come high. Also there is free air even on a dude ranch. The bill will be presented weekly in advance unless we bear letters of credit, or better still, of marque and reprisal. Our revenge is assured when we invite the host and guide hands to a free ride in the subway during the six o'clock rush hour. ##



And each Play Boy from Manhattan  
Has a notion he's Tom Mix...



Yes, the west is loudly calling  
And you ought to try and make it...



All you need is the Mazuma—  
And a Fanny that can Take It!

—PHIL STACK



# The Parmachene Belle

That first day of fishing was more  
than a day, it was manhood, muscles,  
the sudden rush of a trout upstream

by **EDWIN L. PETERSON**

• FICTION •

R

*"Nevertheless, here I must part with you; here in this now sad place, where I was so happy as first to meet you; but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place."*—IZAAK WALTON

OLD Solomon was a fisherman and a fly tier. He was a gunsmith, too, and had traveled with Buffalo Bill on the Keith Circuit. To the boys, he was a romantic figure, dim and heroic as Robin Hood and Jesse James. Our fathers used to say that no one in the country could tie artificial flies better than Solomon. Sometimes when you looked at them, it seemed as though they would take wing and flutter into the dusty air of Solomon's shop.

My mother did not quite approve of Solomon. Few mothers did. They said he was "given to drink." One afternoon, though, when my mother and I were downtown, I coaxed her until she promised to stop at Solomon's shop. I was seven then, and I wanted her to see Solomon in all his glory.

A bell above the door tinkled as we went in. The air smelled of Hoppe's Number Nine and varnish and dust. There were old chairs and tables covered with revolvers, shotguns, and fishing rods, and there were four or five bicycles, too, for Solomon repaired our bikes as well as our fathers' guns.

We stayed at the door awhile. Solomon pretended he did not know we were there. He sat hunched over a bench, an electric bulb above him throwing a pyramid of dusty light

down on his long, white hair. I went over and watched him. He was tying flies. My mother stayed close to the door.

"What you doin', Sol?" Of course I knew, but it seemed proper to ask.

"I'm liken to make a Yellow Sally," he said, without looking up from his vise.

"Gee, she's a pretty one," I said.

"Sure she's pretty, but she ain't no good," said Sol.

I heard my mother cough, but I did not know why. The cough meant that I should come to her.

"What's that one?" I asked, pointing to a fly on the table. It was best, I thought, to ignore my mother's cough.

"Thaten?" said Sol. "That's the Parmachene Belle." His voice stopped, then went on. "She ain't no good either."

The name stuck in my mind. It was mysterious and significant, like the Rocky Mountains and Queen Aliquippa and Lief the Lucky.

"Why you like to make 'em, Sol, if they ain't any good?" I asked.

Then he looked up at me. His pale blue eyes looked through my head, looked back through the years. "They're fer old-timers," he said slowly, "old-timers like me an' yer dad. Someday, mebbe you, too."

"Huh?" I said.

"Folks buy 'em," he said, looking back at his vise, "jest 'cause they're purty."

Once again I heard my mother cough.

I pointed quickly and asked, "What's that one, Sol?"

"Her? Next to that Lord Baltimore? She's jest a Flight's Fancy."

Then I heard my mother's voice. "Son!" it said. It said other things, too, by implication.

"Guess I gotta be goin', Sol," I said, but he did not look up.

The bell tinkled again and we were outside.

"I never did think much of that man," my mother said. Her voice was grim.

I felt unhappy and started to tell her what a nice man Solomon was, but she only said, "Humph!"

When we got down near the hardware store, she said, "Who was he talking about?"

"Talkin' about? No one, Mother. Honest."

"No one honest, is right," she said contemptuously. "Where'd he get those names if he wasn't talking about anyone?"

"What names, Mother?"

"Humph!" she said.

"What names?" I persisted.

"Lord Baltimore!" she said.

## II

But that was not the end. By the fifteenth of April, I was eight years old. In the cold before dawn, we were speeding along the highway towards Shade Creek. I was in the back seat. Between me and the misty blur from the headlights were the blackness of Solomon's big hat and the red glow of my father's cigarette.

The car swerved from the highway, and we bumped over the rocks and ruts of another road. Soupy Campbell had caught a trout once, but it was just an accident. They had been on a picnic and he had used ham for bait. That was not right. That was something I should never do. My father had explained it all.

When we got out of the car, it was still dark. We put our rods together and threaded them. I leaned mine against the car. This was important. What if I should put the reel on backwards? Solomon would laugh, and my father would be ashamed.

"All ready, boy?" my father asked.

"Yes sir," I said, and we started down the logging road.

They walked ahead of me: Solomon six feet two; my father six feet one, heroes against the vague horizon. The stream roared and whispered to our left. Solomon, Buffalo Bill, Indians, my father's face when he gave me my rod at Christmas, my mother's doubtful enthusiasm, Queen Aliquippa, stones rattling from our feet down to the stream. Everything was cold and big. Sometimes my father would say something to Solomon. If I had

*Continued in center of page 119*



*"It's for you, Mom. Somebody wants to talk to the head of the house!"*





"Mother always makes me write it five hundred times before I go out with Mr. Parker"





*“Gad, Milton, can’t you sing anything besides ‘Seated One Day at the Organ’?”*



# Boy, Another Stengah!

**George pictured himself in the pith helmet, calmly hacking his way through the steaming jungle**

**by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY**

• FICTION •

HARRY and Edy had brought it with them when they came back from that round-the-world cruise. George had a theory about it. He believed that Edy had bought it for Harry to wear, and that Harry had refused to wear it or even have his picture taken in it. Harry had a mind of his own, and when he didn't want to do a thing he just wouldn't do it. But Edy would not throw it away because she never threw anything away. When they got back (according to George's theory) they found they didn't have enough souvenirs to go 'round, so they gave the pith helmet to him and Gracie. It was a funny sort of present—not a thing you could put on the mantel, for instance—but after all it did come from the other side of the world.

"I wish they'd brought us one of those shawls, like they brought the Kennetts," said Gracie in a voice only mildly cross, while her eyes wondered what vegetable she ought to get for supper tonight. "I could have used it to throw over the piano."

George, however, was delighted. It was a man's gift. Unexpectedly, it fitted him. Not that he would ever be likely to wear it—though you couldn't tell—but anyway it fitted.

George kept it in the bedroom closet. Gracie was after him all the time to put it up in the attic. It took up a lot of room, and kept getting knocked down, and she could not understand why he didn't put it in the attic, or better yet, give it to the Salvation Army.

"Well," he would say, "it might come in handy sometime. Somebody might want to borrow it for a masquerade party or something."

"You could still go up in the attic and get it, if they did."

He could have, yes. But he did not put it up there. There was no mirror in the attic.

It was very large and all white, with a pleated band for which there was probably some special name, and the lining was giddy scarlet silk. The label said "John Little, Raffles Square, Singapore." The first part did not mean much, but that "Singapore" fascinated George. It had always seemed to him one of the really exciting words. Singapore, Bangkok, Penang, Calcutta—words like that made him sort of jump to attention inside, the way some kinds of music will affect certain people.

The fact that it fitted seemed enormously significant. You couldn't tell: he might yet drop into a terrace chair at the Gall Face Hotel in Colombo, and clap his hands, calling "Boy! bring me a stengah!"

Or he could wear it in the city it came from, and order a Singapore gin sling. George had never had a Singapore sling. Ellis Landis

sometimes made what he called one—he'd got the recipe out of a cocktail book, and it took him a long while to make, and he used to put in just about everything but the kitchen sink—but George did not believe that it was a real Singapore sling. Not the kind you'd actually get in Singapore, anyway. *Boy!*

The way it looked best was with one of those plain white shirts with collar attached, the two top buttons undone, and of course no necktie. George only had two of those shirts. Gracie didn't like them; said they looked sloppy. But with the topee they looked wonderful.

A pukka sahib from the land of the blood-red rubies. You saw him there sipping his pahit, with half-closed eyes watching the rickshas roll by. But in the jungle it was different. This man immaculate in white drill, looking languid, bored, he could hack his way for weeks through tangled undergrowth such as they never dreamed of at home. He could meet poisonous snakes, cannibals of the uncontrolled areas, tigers; and he would always have that same half-stern, half-amused expression; his mustache would always be neat and stiff, his topee spotless. A lesser man would collapse after an hour in that steaming stinking swamp. *He* laughed at it. Laughed—and returned to tell them over whisky-sodas at that little hotel in Kuala Lumpur (you drank a lot down that

way) about how for a moment there he'd thought it was all up with him, but—well, he'd been lucky. Another spot? *Boy!*

George did not have a mustache. He had started to grow one once, but it had come out wan and lank, thin too, not in the least resembling a toothbrush; and everybody kidded him about it; so he shaved it off. Just the same, the helmet fitted. Turning his chin a bit . . . letting his eyelids sink . . .

Oh, it was silly, and he knew it was! But what the hell. Women spent half their lives looking into a mirror, and there was no reason why a man shouldn't do it too now and then if he wanted to.

Gracie told him once that Joe Schleck was thinking of borrowing the topee for an outfit he was getting up to wear to the Halloween party the Stevensons were giving. George started, spilling coffee.

"I don't want to lend him that! He'll get tight and there's no telling what he might do. He's likely to bust it or something."

She looked at him, astounded. She seldom looked at him these days, though once she had done so all the time, paying attention to everything he said. Nowadays she seemed always to be staring into the immediate future, a bit troubled, a shade vexed, wondering what she ought to wear to the Wests next week, or what kind of meat she ought to order for dinner tomorrow, or whether they could afford to have the living room rug

*Continued at top of page 153*



*"I had planned a strategic approach and had maneuvered the belligerent party into position, when suddenly she repulsed my advance and bombarded my puss with a hard left hook"*



# The Fanning Smell Theory

**John decided fish were allergic to him but he was never one to give up without a stiff battle**

**by HART STILWELL**

• SATIRE •

I HAD finished loading the car, with the help of Pedro, when John showed up on the scene to superintend personally the loading of his chair.

John's chair is an institution.

It has been carried over thousands of miles of country and has been planted solidly on hundreds of beaches. There are many anglers here and there who know it intimately and have a warm personal feeling for it.

So John carefully directed Pedro in the loading of the chair. "Easy there now," he would say, "watch that corner or it will rub. Tie those ropes again, and be sure they're tight."

This difficult task was finally finished to his satisfaction, and we were off for the beach. No sooner were we there than John again took personal charge of the unloading and setting up of his chair on the beach. Of course Pedro had done all this hundreds of times and it was pretty much of a routine to him. But just as an anxious parent might want to be on hand and give suggestions when his child undergoes an operation, so John was there to see that things went right when his chair was handled.

When the chair was placed to suit him, he then started fishing.

Here is the way John starts fishing. First Pedro catches some mullet for bait. Then he rigs up John's two fishing outfits and baits them. He then walks down into the surf and casts out one bait, returning with the rod and placing it in a holder attached to the arm of the chair. This rod is John's "spare."

Then Pedro proceeds to cast out the other bait, returning with the rod and handing it to John.

John then starts fishing. His part of the operation is to hold the rod. He does a nice job of it. At times he even performs this outstanding bit of work so well that he drops off into sound slumber, and it takes at least a five-pound redfish to wake him.

I recall once when a small fish took the bait. It had no chance at all. John simply could not be roused. Finally Pedro brought the fish in and deposited it at John's feet. When John eventually came out of his slumbers, he looked down and was delighted to see the fish. "I'm doing right nicely," he said.

Another time two good-sized reds took hold of the two baits simultaneously, and that time they woke John in a hurry. All was confusion for seconds, as John tried to decide

which fish he would handle. He was on the point of getting out of his chair to meet the emergency, but he thought better of it and finally had Pedro hold one rod while he landed the other fish.

Thus does John fish.

On our present excursion to the beach, John was sitting in his chair, busy with his fishing, and I stood beside him holding my rod, watching the rollers pile up on the second bar and then ease gently over the nearer one, just beyond which was my bait. We had picked a little pocket where the returning tide water had washed a hole, and the prospects looked good.

"John," I said, "at times I am forced to admire you. I feel you are a man of genius."

"Yes, I know," John said. "But I've heard those remarks about my fishing before."

"I believe for sheer ability to get fish on

Therefore, I have worked out a system of fishing to fit the conditions."

Well, I had heard of people being anti-administration, and anti-Nazi and a few things on that order. But I had never before heard of anyone, especially a man who fishes, having a grudge against the fish, and I told John so.

"That's not the idea," he insisted. "It's the fish that don't like me."

"Perhaps you think fish have a sort of undying affection for me?"

"You are still missing the point," John continued, but at that moment a redfish took hold of his bait, and he had to give up the theory in order to handle the emergency.

He did it manfully. He held onto the rod while the fish made a few runs in the surf. He looked solid and formidable there in his chair, and radiated satisfaction as he played the fish.

He worked the redfish slowly in over the second bar, which it had crossed on its first run, and then brought it across the first bar. There it lay flopping in the shallow water.

Whereupon Pedro waded out and caught the leader, bringing the fish on in to John's chair. Pedro then took the fish off the hook, baited up again, and, as before, cast out into the surf. He then brought the rod back to John, who settled deep into the chair and proceeded serenely with his fishing.

"As I was saying," John continued, "you miss the point. Fish find their food as much by smell as by

sight. Some of them even find it by feeling, but I am not concerned with such fish.

"Now since the fish does locate his food by smell, you must realize that he has a highly developed sense of smell, and will at once notice any unusual odors on his food. Here is where the angler comes in. Every man who touches a bait imparts some body odor to it.

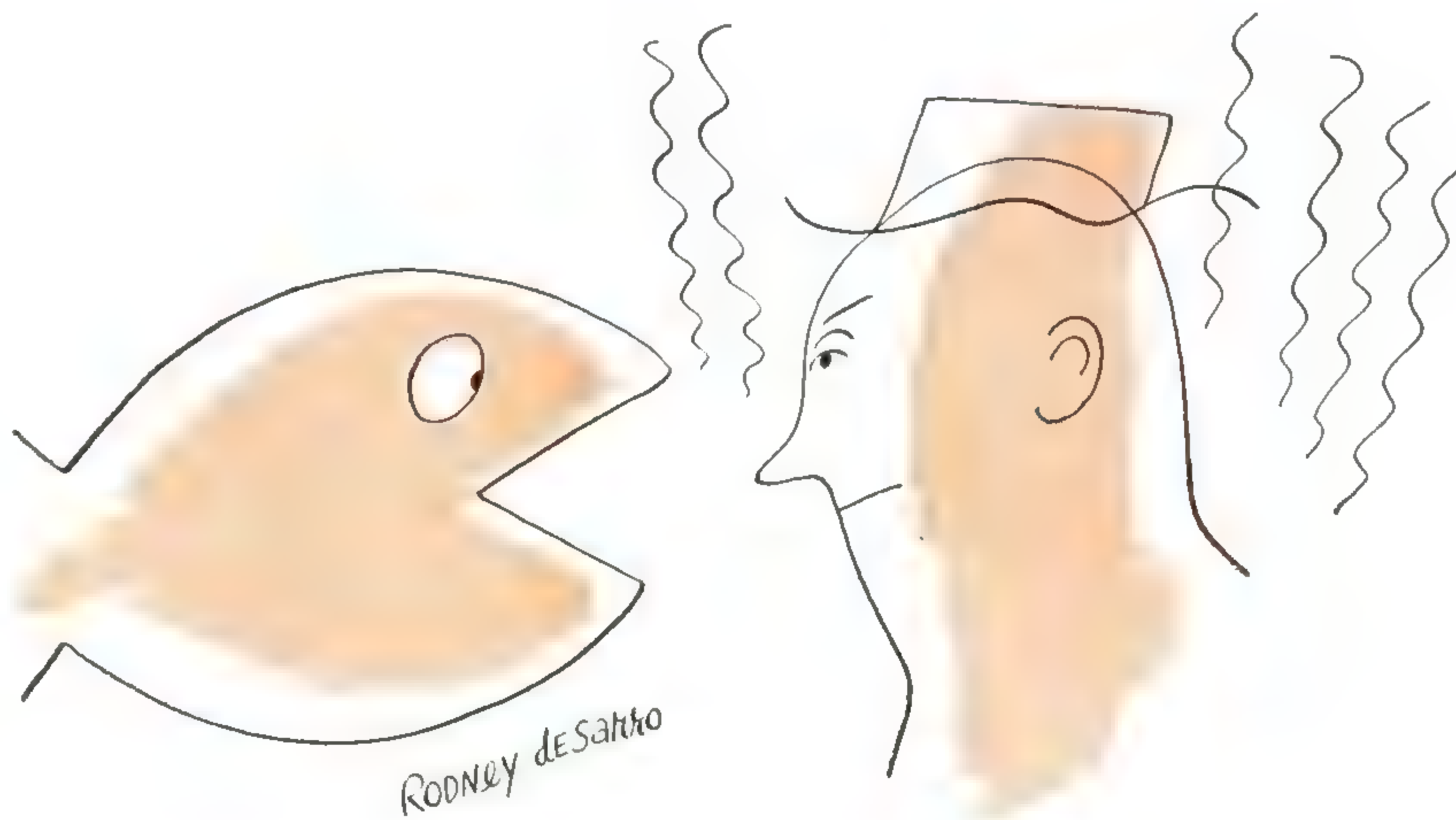
"And each fish reacts to this human odor. I have come to the conclusion, after years of study, that there are three types of fishermen in relation to the fish. These are:

"First, pro-fish people, or lucky fellows like Pedro here, whose merest touch on a bait will bring fish . . ."

"He's mighty lucky," I put in. "He gets to bait your hook and put out your chair and take off the fish."

"Second," continued John, ignoring the interruption, "are neutrals, persons whose odor is apparently unnoticed by the fish.

"And third, are anti-fish people, into which



the bank without effort you have no equal."

"Now let me explain to you," John said. "The extremes to which I go in order to avoid touching things are prompted not by any desire to avoid my just share of work . . ."

"No one would think such a thing."

"But by a profound scientific theory of mine which is the brain-child of a mind that naturally runs to scientific study."

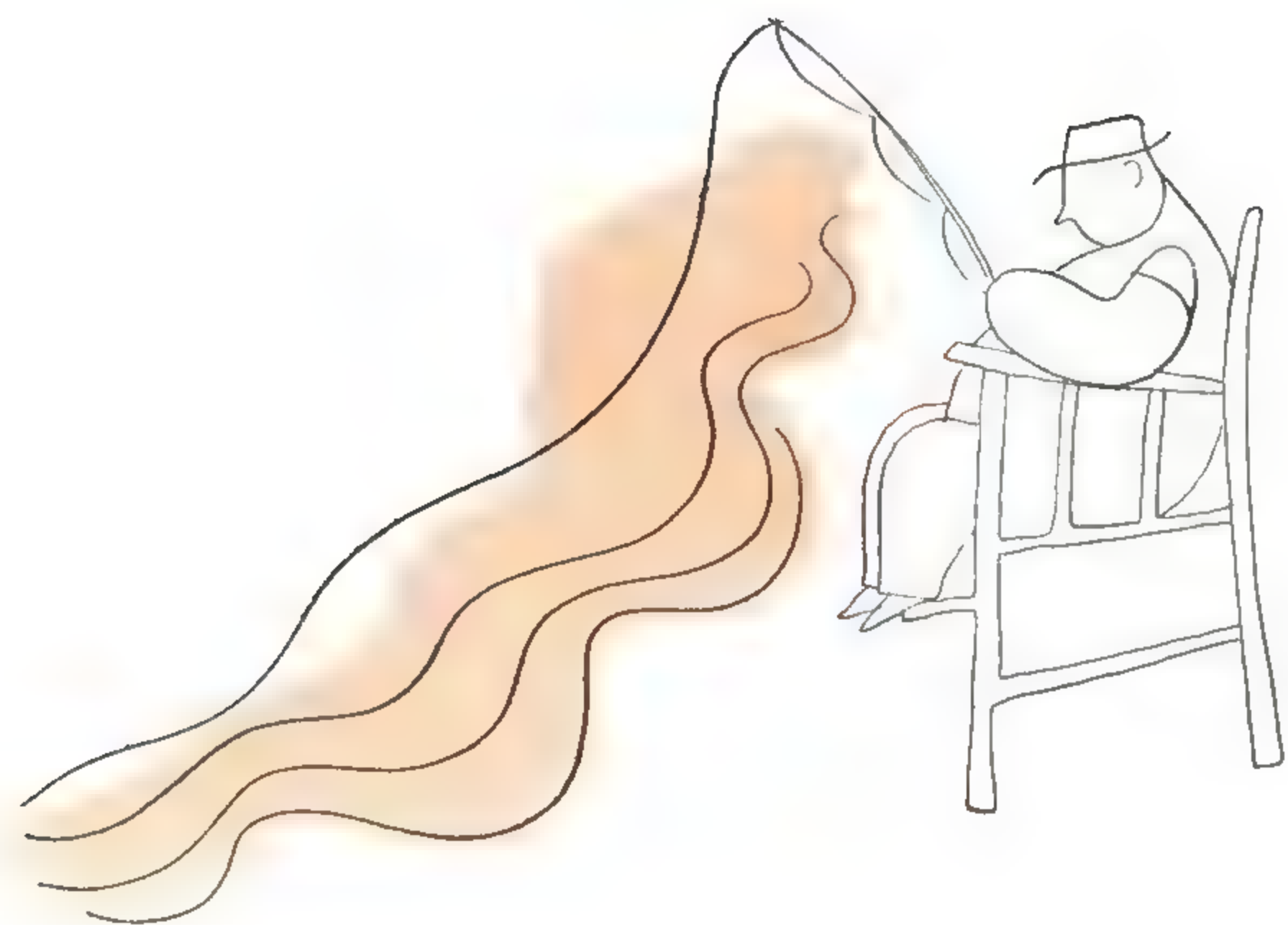
"Science, I take it, is a system of accomplishing things without any visible or measurable expenditure of physical energy."

"This theory of mine is based on long observation and careful study. It has to do with the baiting of a hook, and . . ."

"This theory must be based on the fact that baiting a hook is a dirty, stinking job, and that standing in the surf is tiring to a man of your . . . ah, modest waistline?"

"Far from it," John said. "In fact you wrong me. My theory is simply that I am anti-fish, hopelessly, permanently anti-fish.





think you smell so bad."

"That's kind of you to say so," John went on. "But your reasoning in this smell business is that of a rank novice. You will admit that a dog has a strong and frequently objectionable odor. But you will also admit he can smell you for hundreds of feet, even though you are freshly bathed and perfumed."

"I admit it freely."

"Not only can a stinking dog smell you at a long distance, but he can tell by the odor whether you are a friend or foe."

"The same logic fits the case of the fish. He gets wind of something and follows it upwind to investigate. And years ago I found that if my smell was on it, he would have no truck with the bait."

"But I was not defeated. I conceived the happy idea of testing out Pedro, my helper, and found to my joy that he was decidedly pro-fish. When he baited my hook, the fish made a rush for it."

Just then another red took John's bait, and he put in a busy ten minutes there in the chair, bringing in a good-sized fish to the point where Pedro went out and caught the leader, finishing the operation.

When John had settled back in his chair, I said, "But your explanation fits only the bait. How about the rod and reel? Is it necessary, under the Smell Theory, for you to get a pro-fish man such as Pedro to cast out for you?"

"I was never a man to bother with details," John countered. "Once I find a thing sound in principle, I adopt it without reservation. I have worked out my Smell Theory and proved its soundness. Why should I disturb it?"

I admitted I couldn't think of any reason why he should.

Then I said to John, "You know, I've worked out some theories of my own. I have one known as the Exercise Theory. It is based on careful observation, and its basic principle is that the finest exercise a man can get comes from sitting in a broad chair on the beach, and..."

"You make light of my theory," John interrupted, "but watch closely now. I will demonstrate it. I will bait my own hook and show you that nothing will touch the bait."

He proceeded to do so. He had Pedro keep at a distance while he leaned over slowly and carefully cut a mullet in pieces. Then with considerable effort he ran a hook through one of the pieces. John then arose majestically from his chair and strode bravely down to the surf. With a wide side-sweep he hurled the bait out a creditable distance in the water, and he returned once more to seat himself in the chair.

Then John lit a smoke and sat back to prove to me that there would be no developments. I watched intently for a long time, and he caught no fish, all right. But a man doesn't catch a fish every time he throws a bait in the water, so he hadn't proved anything yet.

Once or twice I noticed John give a sudden jerk to his rod, which seemed quite unusual to me. I watched carefully out of the corner of my eye, pretending that I did not see him. When he suddenly came back on the rod again, I became convinced that he was jerking the bait away from anything that touched it.

Redfish are slow to take a bait, and ordinarily you can feel their first touch, if you keep a tight line. It is a simple matter to jerk the bait away from them.

"Aha," I thought, "the foxy old rascal is pulling one on me. He is deliberately taking the bait away from the fish the instant they touch it in order to prove his theory."

I started to call his attention to it and berate him for trying to fool me. But I thought better of it. Who am I that I should go trying to disturb the serene balance of a life such as John's?

I continued watching him, however, and saw that he was about to drop off to sleep. I walked over to his chair and told him that I was willing to accept his Theory in principle, and to go ahead and let Pedro put another bait on the hook so he could catch some fish.

"I don't want to cheat you out of your fishing," I told him.

"No, no," he insisted. "I want to give you a conclusive demonstration of the Fanning Smell Theory, and remove all doubt from your mind. As I was saying about this theory... as I was..."

He fell asleep, sound asleep there in the chair with the cool breeze from the east bathing his face, and the warm sunshine from the west bathing his broad back.

I caught a fair-sized red after a nice fight, and was baiting my hook again, when things began to happen around John's chair.

Something had taken hold of that bait he put on the hook—the bait which, according to John, was so anti-fish from his touch that nothing would come inside good sniffing distance of it. Furthermore, the fish that had it was something big and strong and fast, none of your rat reds like we had been picking up occasionally.

John's reel set up a whine, and the rod

*Continued at top of page 120*



class I unhappily fall. Why if I so much as touch a bait, no fish will come near it. The fish goes wandering along in search of his food, and when he picks up the odor of my bait he rushes to it, only to be repelled by my anti-fish odor. It is a sad condition."

"Why don't you wear gloves?" I asked him.

"I simply cannot do a thing with gloves," John said. "They interfere with the freedom of my movements."

I agreed that was a mighty sad state of affairs, and I asked John when and how he found out about all this.

"Years ago," he said. "It was when I first met Pedro, here. I was fishing in the surf, and everyone else was catching fish right along, while I caught nothing..."

"Maybe you couldn't cast out over the bar," I suggested.

"They caught redfish after redfish, and I cast right beside them and caught nothing. When they moved, I took their place, and still I caught no fish."

"One of those fellows was decidedly pro-fish. When he touched a bait, the fish made a rush for it. He never failed to get game."

"This seemed odd to me, and being a man of an inquiring nature, I finally asked him if he would bait a hook for me. Lo and behold! I caught a fish. I baited the hook myself, and the fish would have none of it. Then when my pro-fish friend once more blessed it with the touch of his hand, the fish answered the call. It seemed miraculous to me. And it gave rise to the Fanning Smell Theory, which I have since developed in all its ramifications."

John sighed and waited for some comment from me, but I just let him get his second wind and go on by himself.

"When I realized my condition, it caused me to be unhappy indeed. I looked at myself in the mirror and said, 'John, you are simply anti-fish. Fish despise your odor and your very touch runs them away. What kind of a man are you?'"

"But I am not a man to take defeat without a battle. I set about trying to remedy the situation. I decided my chemical balance was off, so I proceeded to take anti-acids until I was so alkaline I tasted soapy to myself. I changed diets, took exercise..."

"How you must have suffered," I interrupted.

"I consulted my doctor, and took medicine. But it was all to no avail. My condition was permanent, and hopeless. It seemed there was nothing I could do but give up fishing."

"Well, I have to admit it all sounds pretty odd to me," I told him. "You can't make me believe that anything smelling as strong and objectionable as a fish would shy away from an odor like yours. Personally I don't really



# The Homes of the Stars

**Pat Hobby considered ducking out on the tourists, but decided the five bucks would be worth a risk**

**by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD**

• FICTION •

BENEATH a great striped umbrella at the side of a boulevard in a Hollywood heat wave, sat a man. His name was Gus Venske (no relation to the runner) and he wore magenta pants, cerise shoes and a sport article from Vine Street which resembled nothing so much as a cerulean blue pajama top.

Gus Venske was not a freak nor were his clothes at all extraordinary for his time and place. He had a profession—on a pole beside the umbrella was a placard:

VISIT THE HOMES OF THE STARS

Business was bad or Gus would not have hailed the unprosperous man who stood in the street beside a panting, steaming car, anxiously watching its efforts to cool.

"Hey fella," said Gus, without much hope. "Wanna visit the homes of the stars?"

The red-rimmed eyes of the watcher turned from the automobile and looked superciliously upon Gus.

"I'm *in* pictures," said the man, "I'm in 'em myself."

"Actor?"

"No. Writer."

Pat Hobby turned back to his car, which was whistling like a peanut wagon. He had told the truth—or what was once the truth. Often in the old days his name had flashed on the screen for the few seconds allotted to authorship, but for the past five years his services had been less and less in demand.

Presently Gus Venske shut up shop for

lunch by putting his folders and maps into a briefcase and walking off with it under his arm. As the sun grew hotter moment by moment, Pat Hobby took refuge under the faint protection of the umbrella and inspected a soiled folder which had been dropped by Mr. Venske. If Pat had not been down to his last fourteen cents he would have telephoned a garage for aid—as it was, he could only wait.

After awhile a limousine with a Missouri license drew to rest beside him. Behind the chauffeur sat a little white moustached man and a large woman with a small dog. They conversed for a moment—then, in a rather shamefaced way, the woman leaned out and addressed Pat.

"What stars' homes can you visit?" she asked.

It took a moment for this to sink in.

"I mean can we go to Robert Taylor's home and Clark Gable's and Shirley Temple's—"

"I guess you can if you can get in," said Pat.

"Because—" continued the woman, "—if we could go to the very best homes, the most exclusive—we would be prepared to pay more than your regular price."

Light dawned upon Pat. Here together were suckers and smackers. Here was that dearest of Hollywood dreams—the angle. If one got the right angle it meant meals at the Brown Derby, long nights with bottles and girls, a new tire for his old car. And here was

an angle fairly thrusting itself at him.

He rose and went to the side of the limousine.

"Sure. Maybe I could fix it." As he spoke he felt a pang of doubt. "Would you be able to pay in advance?"

The couple exchanged a look.

"Suppose we gave you five dollars now," the woman said, "And five dollars if we can visit Clark Gable's home or somebody like that."

Once upon a time such a thing would have been so easy. In his salad days when Pat had twelve or fifteen writing credits a year, he could have called up many people who would have said, "Sure, Pat, if it means anything to you." But now he could only think of a handful who really recognized him and spoke to him around the lots—Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young and Ronald Colman and Young Doug. Those he had known best had retired or passed away.

And he did not know except vaguely where the new stars lived, but he had noticed that on the folder were typewritten several dozen names and addresses with penciled checks after each.

"Of course you can't be sure anybody's at home," he said, "They might be working in the studios."

"We understand that." The lady glanced at Pat's car, glanced away, "We'd better go in our motor."

"Sure."

Pat got up in front with the chauffeur—trying to think fast. The actor who spoke to him most pleasantly was Ronald Colman—they had never exchanged more than conventional salutations but he might pretend that he was calling to interest Colman in a story.

Better still, Colman was probably not at home and Pat might wangle his clients an inside glimpse of the house. Then the process might be repeated at Robert Young's house and Young Doug's and Melvyn Douglas'. By that time the lady would have forgotten Gable and the afternoon would be over.

He looked at Ronald Colman's address on the folder and gave the direction to the chauffeur.

"We know a woman who had her picture taken with George Brent," said the lady as they started off, "Mrs. Horace J. Ives, Jr."

"She's our neighbor," said her husband, "She lives at 372 Rose Drive in Kansas City. And we live at 327."

"She had her picture taken with George Brent. We always wondered if she had to pay for it. Of course I don't know that I'd want to go so far as *that*. I don't know what they'd say back home."

"I don't think we want to go as far as  
Continued in center of page 120



"Quite a story about this spot—this is the valley where Errol Flynn conquered the Indians for America!"









ANN SOUTHERN  
Hurrell Photograph





“And that one over there is our Sea Nymph mo





*Sherman*



# Will Power for Rent

**Eight thousand men have regained  
a measure of youthfulness at Bill  
Brown's physical training resort**

**by BOYDEN SPARKES**

• ARTICLE •

Do you believe in vitamins? Paraphrasing Charles A. Dana's comment on ghosts, neither do I but I have been afraid of them all my life; or, at any rate ever since it was first published that food should contain vitamins. Every morning I swallow a large horse-pistol-sized capsule of concentrated vitamins, first raising Hell in a large unpleasant voice if the brown bottle is not to be seen amid the other breakfast dishes.

Then as I send a chaser of orange juice after the capsule the old argument begins, the one with myself. If it were uttered as dialogue it would sound like this:

"Getting too fat."

"I've been fatter."

"Never softer."

"Doing my work, ain't I?"

"Some of it, but you're an unpleasant associate."

"I'm doing all right."

"Listen, if you were somebody else I wouldn't want to encounter you, not even in a card index. Moreover you ought to gargle every five minutes."

That is approximately the point where I remember Bill Brown and Bill Brown's physical training farm, situated one hour's ride north of New York City. Bill Brown is the lad who can make me young again, nearly; or to use a Carolina coastal backswamp qualifying phrase, "near about." The literal truth is that I can make myself younger in feeling and in physical capacity anytime I choose to go to Brownsdale, rent some will power from Bill Brown and take exercise under his genial blue eyes.

What's that you say, Dr. Logan Clendenning? Certainly I read your article in Esquire and I remember what you had to say on the subject. You said exercise was all right for the young. You cited a professor of the University of Michigan who reduces patients by putting them into hospital beds and then guarding the door against the admission in any hands whatsoever of bread, butter, meat, gravy, pie. That is a way to reduce but what I hear is that anyone reduced in that manner forevermore requires a crew of two able-bodied seamen to keep surplus skin reefed and furled. Doc, you shouldn't jest about exercise when so many of us who need it, have difficulty steeling ourselves to go get exercise. Exercise is good for you. The only problem concerned with it is to make yourself, or me, engage in it. Unlike vitamins you can't take exercise in a capsule: you simply have to *take* it—and that is where Bill Brown and his abundance of will power haul up the slack in my system. I recapture zest whenever it departs by a spell of training with the help of Bill Brown and his club-like resort. I am not alone in this practice; since Brown and

his wife settled on that hill overlooking Garrison-on-Hudson in 1909, approximately eight thousand men have regained a measure of youthfulness at the establishment. A lot of Bill's regular trainees appear once a year, remaining from a week to six weeks. In a few instances men have stayed for a period of months.

Why do they go to Brown? Because miracles occur on that landscaped hilltop where Bill Brown has evolved one rambling old country house, much modern concrete and stone and tons of intensely modern plumbing into a masculine equivalent of the lying-in hospital. Indeed, those paunchy fellows who cannot with safety be permitted to accomplish their personal miracles of restoration too swiftly are indexed at Brownsdale as "the maternity squad." But how do you work a miracle on yourself? I can tell you that it is done deliberately, and not instantaneously, but, believe me, *surely*.

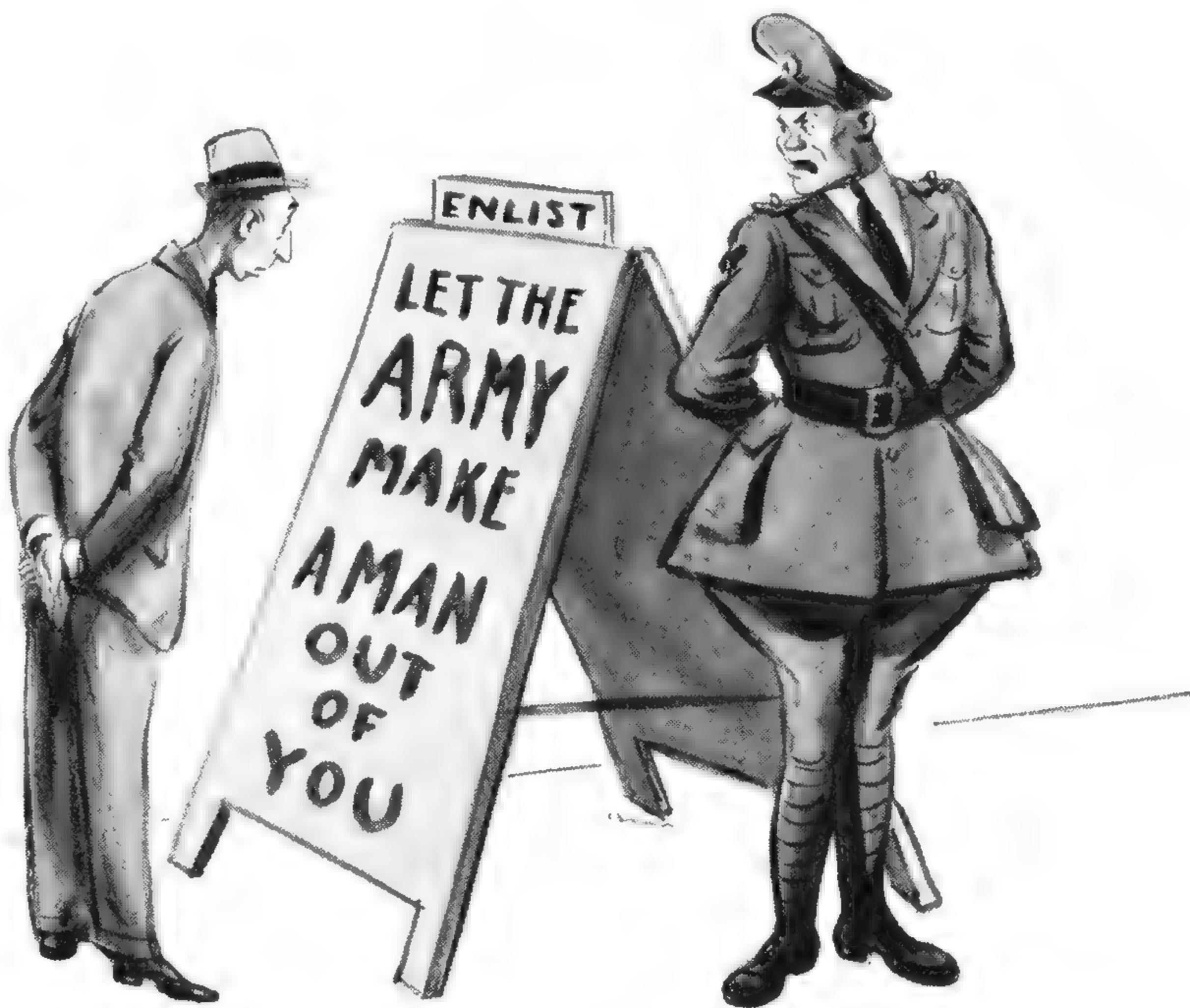
Of course, you could do it just as certainly at home, except for one essential ingredient; the will power of Bill Brown. Whatever you may lack in will power can be supplied by Brown without humiliation. It is a curious phenomenon I enjoy but without understanding it. Stronger men than I have been helped by Bill Brown's will power. One was for many years lightweight wrestling champion of the world, George Bothner. Another, for ten years acknowledged to be the strongest

man in the world, is George Hackenschmitt. The terrific strength of the gentle-hearted "Hack" has no human parallel in the conversations of contemporary wrestlers. In this country Bill Brown was Hackenschmitt's trainer. Now, whenever he leaves his villa in the South of France and comes to America with his pretty wife old Hack makes a pilgrimage up the Hudson to drink some of Bill Brown's buttermilk, to thank him, to bask in their old friendship. Hack says simply, "When I was younger I needed him." George Bothner says, "I was older'n and stronger'n Bill but for some reason when he told me to do a thing I did it. There's nobody like him." Truly, regrettably, there is not. Nevertheless you work your own miracle at Brownsdale. Bill's part is simply to be there on the job, to make sure you exercise not only your body but your common sense, as you work youth back into your own being.

But how do you work a miracle on yourself? First I wish to assure you it is unnecessary to leave your home provided your doctor feels you can be trusted to train yourself. You can walk, ride, bathe, bend, eat and sleep sensibly at home. But I beg permission to ask one question: Do you? Nor do I, and that is why I seek a trainer.

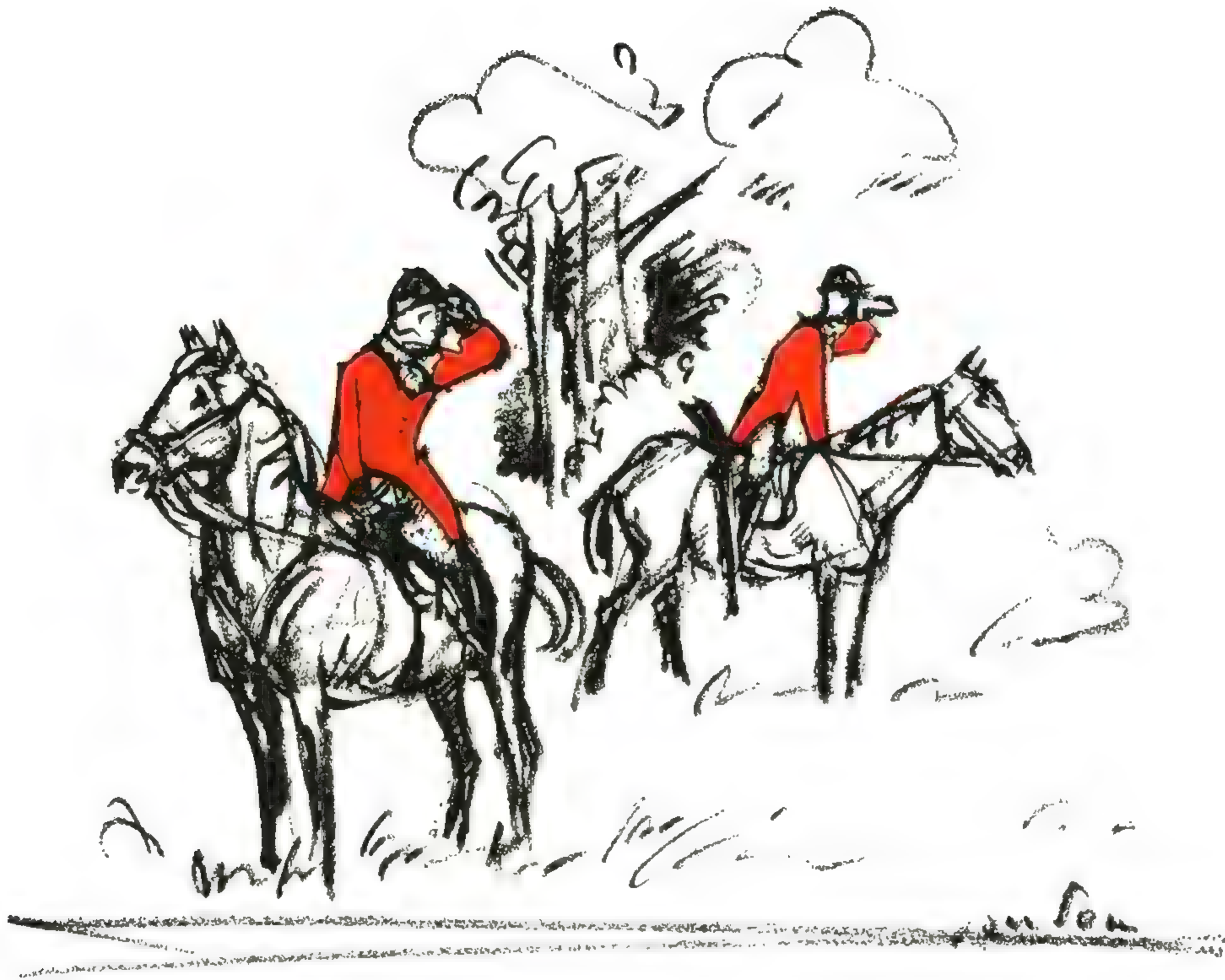
An hour after breakfast at Brown's you hear the stridulous crunch, crunch of hiking shoes on gravel driveways. Your own feet contribute to the sound. In small groups, each

*Continued in center of page 161*



*"I wouldn't take that sign too literally if I were you, Buddy!"*





## Fox Hunt *by* WILBERT SNOW

How many a web can Time alone unweave!  
Unraveled now, the tangle of a morning  
That fubbed the clumsy fingers of a boy.

After an all night level fall of snow  
That cheered the face of the sun to look upon,  
Two youngsters, breathless, set us all agog  
Announcing fox tracks on Mosquito Island,  
And we shoved off with shot-guns, hounds, and Cyrus—  
The master huntsman never left behind.

Our beagles, overjoyed to be unleashed,  
Bellowed their gladness on the tingling air,  
As we took stations on a narrow cut-down  
That cleft the wooded island. What a chance  
For one of us when Mister Fox crossed over!  
Soon yelping echoes traveled through gray cliffs,  
And over silver-coated stumps and logs,  
And louder, nearer, nearer, louder sounded,  
Then all at once a stillness swept the clearing,  
And brushed the tenseness from our eager faces,  
A stillness mellower than quilts of snow  
Bending young spruces to a crouching quiet.  
"Call in the dogs. We may as well go home!"  
Shouted our senior partner with a smile;—  
The smile, a puzzle to our cheated minds,  
The words, from him, as good as a command,—  
So down to the clean-swept ledges of the beach  
We plodded, disappointed, through deep snow.

Nearest the shore, already I had seen  
A floating patch of seaweed driving fast  
Against the current. Ebb tide running strong,  
And this dark object furrowing straight against it  
Ruffled me as a rip-tide ruffles a bight.  
I hailed our elder brother, "Over here!  
Come, see this freak of Nature." Down he came,  
Took one sharp look, then chuckled till his body  
Shook with joy as deep as my disgust.

"You goose, you passed up one chance of a lifetime.  
That fox was grinning in the very muzzle  
Of your new gun, then wrapping up his nose  
In that convenient patch of floating seaweed,  
Guessed he would ferry over to the main.  
See his two ears pushed out above the tide!  
He's given us the slip, and here we are,  
Stranded on this island high as Haman."

Puzzled as I was then, today I know  
And understand the laughter in the eyes  
And voice of that old huntsman we revered.  
Against the ebbing tide that thinned his blood  
His will was struggling like the struggling fox,  
Both hard beset by the same dread enemy  
Whose pace is all too sure. Though one with us  
Out of old habit and the pride we took  
In his clean marksmanship, that day his heart  
Was treading with the fox against the tide,  
The awful tide of dark and bitter water,—  
Stirred to the depths by this brave spectacle,  
This dauntless bundle of life outwitting Death.







*“Gawdamighty—Maw must’ve had another spat fight with Paw! Looks like she’s a-goin’ home to ’er folks ag’in”*



# Forest Fire Control

**Rangers and fire bosses fight man's oldest enemy, using short-wave radio, the autogiro and other modern aids**

**by WILLIAM EVANS**

• ARTICLE •

THIS is the season when thousands of city dwellers puff up mountain roads to enjoy the vicarious thrill of talking with the lean-jowled, weather-beaten ranger in the lonely shack under the fire tower.

He seems so helpless, so remote away up there—what on earth could he do about a fire? Yet what he and his kind do is so vital that we can thank them for the fact that we still have a stick of wood standing in this fair land.

With over six hundred million acres of forestry still existing, about forty-one and a half million acres are burned off annually—equivalent to the combined areas of North Carolina and Maryland. Yet with more woods fires today than we ever had, we lose substantially less timber than we used to. The Forestry Service, of which the towerman is the familiar symbol, is the reason.

Selected because of their intimate knowledge of their territory, these towermen, fortified with table maps, range-finders, binoculars and other equipment, comprise the nerves of the system. Their job is to watch without letup for that first wreath of smoke—to locate it accurately, spot it on the map, and formulate the directions which will enable the suppression crew to reach it most directly.

When he spots an outbreak and locates it accurately, he reports to the District Ranger by telephone or short-wave radio, and that officer proceeds to round up his Fire Boss and

Suppression Crew from their various locations, dispatching them to the point designated by the towerman.

In the case of a small outbreak, which is invariably discovered by the towermen, the skeleton crew from the Service itself will doubtless be well able to handle the situation. For larger, going fires, reported from outside the protected area by one means or another, the nucleus of trained men is augmented by volunteers enlisted from the countryside to work at fixed pay rates ranging from fifty cents an hour to several dollars depending upon the location and the local custom. This method also prevails in those frequent cases of simultaneous outbreaks so common in the early spring and late fall, best exemplified by California's experience in October, 1938 when four major outbreaks started on the same day in Los Angeles County and fourteen minor ones broke out over a widely scattered area while the big ones were being fought.

To a greater extent, however, the forest rangers are placing more and more reliance on their own organizations and less on outside help which so often has to be recruited from itinerants. One reason is that the itinerants have cultivated the habit of starting fires to promote jobs for themselves, with the result that as many as twenty-seven percent of our woods outbreaks in a year have been directly traced to incendiarism. This fact has also kept the base pay rates for volunteers

quite low—there being no point in making fire fighting profitable—although some states operate on a sliding scale of, say, two dollars an hour for the first two hours, graduating down to around fifty cents an hour for subsequent service.

This, they feel, helps get men out on the fire line in a hurry during the early stages when they can do the most good.

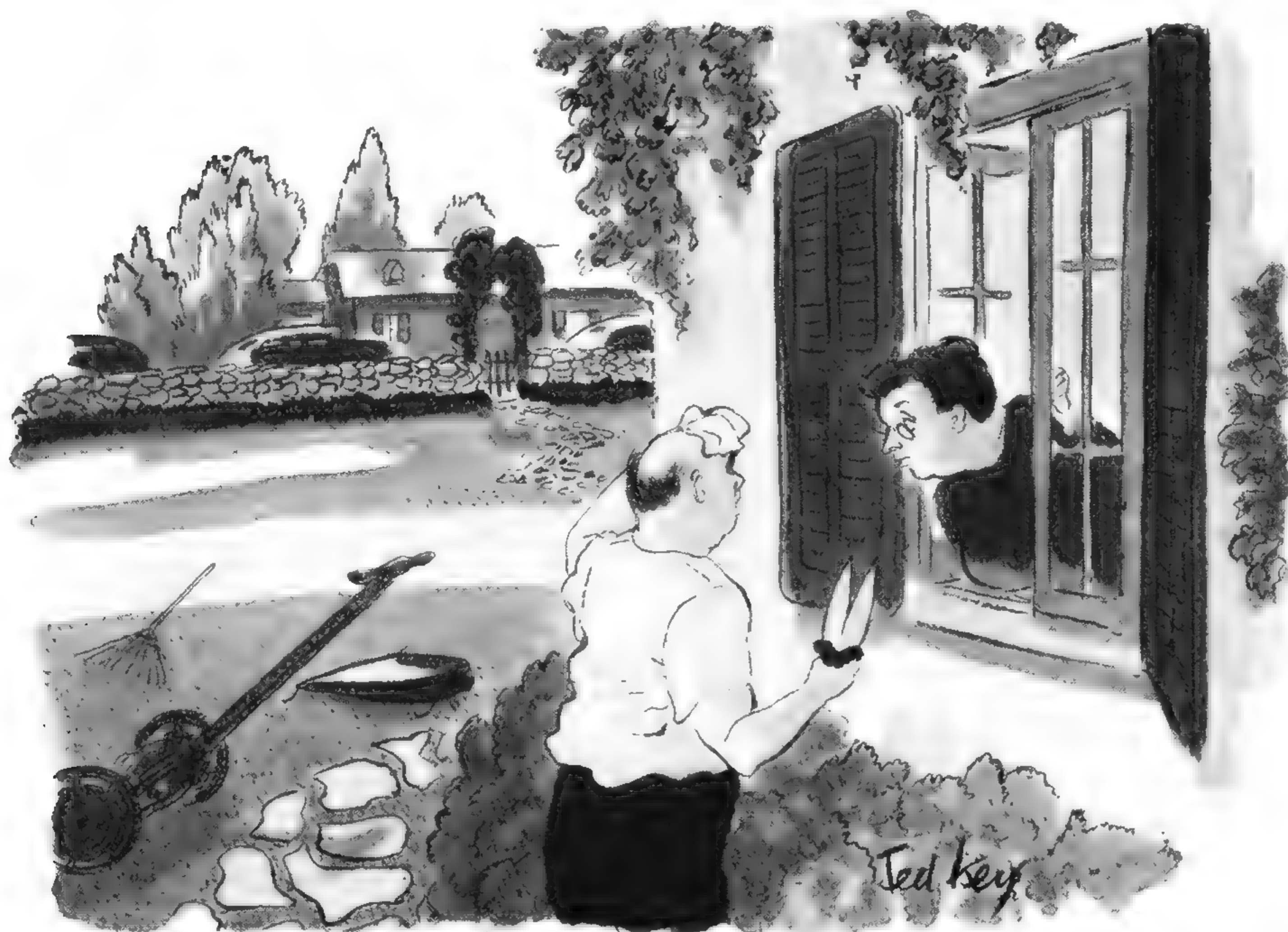
A blaze of any great size, would obviously be too hot to permit of close approach and direct action, in which case the tactics employed closely resemble some of the accepted forms of military strategy. The four basic procedures are known as the Parallel, the Oblique, the Frontal and the Echelon or Point-and-Cut-Off Methods, these terms describing the form of "fire break" or "fire line" constructed.

The "line" is simply a cleared swath or a shallow trench cut through the woods ahead of the flames to serve as a break which the ground fire can't hurdle. Its construction may be by pick and shovel and ax or by modern tractor plows. The main thing is to clear the ground of duff and debris, fallen trunks, dead stumps, slash, etc., which may serve as fuel. The width of the line is governed by conditions: It may be but two feet or it may have to be three or four feet wide, depending upon the type of cover involved, the type of terrain, atmospheric conditions, wind velocity and a dozen other factors which the Fire Boss must be qualified to evaluate. In any event, it must not be an inch wider than necessary so that no time will be needlessly wasted: and it can't be an inch narrower than a safe minimum else the fire will jump it with ease. Clearly, there is a world of room for nice judgment in these decisions.

When a blaze is too hot to permit of close approach but still not "crowning" viciously, forest firemen rely mainly on dirt thrown with shovels to cool down the fire edge until a barrier can be constructed. When the fire "crowns"—i.e., when the flames go up the trees and spread from crown to crown—they must wait until that stage has passed, meanwhile checking the spread in quiet sectors (if any) and assembling equipment and labor for a concentrated attack which starts when the fire comes down to the ground again. Happily, fires seldom crown for more than a half-day at a time because nightfall with its rising humidity helps beat the flames back to earth. The trick then is to get in youricks and kill the fire edge before the next unfavorable weather condition stimulates the crowning again. Which spells fast and furious labor with a capital L.

After ten or twelve hours—or maybe three or four days—of this agonizing work, the crews catch up with the blaze and they kill

*Continued in center of page 102*



*"I'm all through dear. Do you suppose the grass would get too much of a start on me if I took time to eat a sandwich before mowing it again?"*





*“That’s what I always say, Ormsby—play hard, but play clean”*





*“But Ma! . . . she says she’ll send me through college!”*



# The Death of Herod

**The blind Elder said it was their golden chance to free Jerusalem of the cruelest tyrant who ever lived**

by **MANUEL KOMROFF**

• FICTION •

R

ALL morning long Herod watched from the long marble balcony of his palace. From time to time he would rise from his couch and stagger toward one of the columns to get a better view of the unrest in the streets beneath him. His small, round ferret eyes glanced quickly here and there. With every sound from the gathering crowds he issued more orders.

Two detachments of Roman soldiers emerged from the Antonia Castle garrison and tried to disperse the people in the streets. They marched along the outer court of the Temple and spoke harshly to a group of animal vendors seen threatening some of the departing money changers who, for fear of disorders, had quickly closed their booths. Some of the soldiers ran down the steep inclines of the narrow streets built into the gully of the city while others filed across the two stone bridges which led over the roofs of the houses from the Temple terrace. Reaching this high ground on the opposite side known as the Upper City of Zion, they waited for those who had gone through the ravine. Joining ranks again and drawing their short double-edged swords, they marched toward the open market place where the main disturbances were taking place.

"The old fox," cried a young man mounted on several boxes, "has bled our people for thirty years. We whose fathers were once so proud and fearless, now tremble like reeds in the breeze. Rise up! If we have voices, then let us speak, and if we have courage then let us join together, for separately we are weak and together we are strong."

The crowd before the young agitator cheered and shouted out words of encouragement.

"Then let us all march to the gates of the palace!"

At the other end of the vast market place another citizen was calling out to a crowd collected before him.

"Before Herod we had no Romans to grind us into the ground. When we had our own king we paid a fair land tax, a fair cattle tax, a little fruit-tree tax and a market tax on all produce brought into the city. These taxes were sufficient to support all Jerusalem in splendor. The people were happy. Then Herod arrived and with him came the Roman Legions, and at once new burdens were placed upon the citizens. To the Roman brutes we pay a tax for water, a tax for city maintenance, a tax on meat and salt, a road tax and a house tax. And directly to the monster Herod each man, woman and child is required to pay a heavy yearly poll tax. And what becomes of the money? . . ."

But the street orator got no further. And at the other end of the square the young agitator who was persuading the crowd to march

toward the palace gates: he also stopped suddenly.

The Roman soldiers with their swords drawn for action were discovered running into the square. Several warning whistles and shouts were heard and the two street orators jumped down from their boxes and mingled with the crowd. At the same moment young boys ran here and there cutting the awning cords and turning over barrels, boxes, and even great counters laden with fish, bread, cabbages, fruit, and other produce. Everything was thrown into confusion and disorder to obstruct the path of the soldiers.

The great quantities of fish which were brought daily to the city, through the valley of the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee, when scattered in the narrow passageways between the bazaar booths, made a slippery obstruction for the soldiers. They struggled and fell and the crowd booed, jeered and shouted wild oaths. The awnings and the many poles holding these up were also on the ground and helped prevent the soldiers from charging ruthlessly into the unarmed mob.

But the spies of Herod, dressed in rags, saw everything. And in less than an hour those two who had spoken so boldly were followed, pointed out, arrested and thrown into one of the dungeons beneath the Greek arena.

Herod watched from the marble terrace of his palace.

That same afternoon an elderly blind man,

whose name was Yochan the Elder, while tapping the pavements with his staff, heard the cries of the Roman soldiers clearing one of the main streets near the palace. The shutters of all houses were ordered closed and he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and the wheels of a chariot not far off. In another minute a soldier took him by the arm and escorted him out of this thoroughfare.

The blind man seemed greatly agitated and pounded his stick on the pavement. Two loose iron rings attached to the top of his staff clanked loudly and gave warning of his approach.

"Blind, blind." Suddenly a boy took hold of his arm.

"Where do you want to go, Elder?" said the lad. "I am Saul, son of Barlar. I will lead you."

The blind man reached out and touched the boy's head.

"Yes," he said, "I know you by your hair. It is stiff as wire. Come, take my hand and lead me quickly to your uncle's house. As quickly as possible."

The blind man pulled up his long cloak and holding his staff aloft fairly ran through the narrow winding streets led by the boy. At last they came to the house.

"Now is the time," he said when the door was closed behind him. "Tell me who is present in this room."

"There are four of us here, Elder, and you

*Continued in center of page 156*



*"I'm going to turn my back and count twenty. When I look again I expect everything to be in order"*



# Efficient Camp Chow

**Take compact, concentrated foods  
and you'll be rewarded by better  
nourishment and lighter rucksacks**

**by PAUL W. KEARNEY**

• ARTICLE •

ONE of the vexing problems of the summer camper and long-distance hiker is the business of carrying enough nourishment for the well-known stomach without breaking the equally well-known back.

Efficient weight reduction is being realized in other outdoor departments: aluminum and lightweight steel have reduced the burden of cooking utensils; Kiro cloth, Egyptian, Tanalite, etc., have cut tent weights to the bone; you can get a warm, down-stuffed sleeping bag weighing only three pounds, and so it goes.

These improvements are partly responsible for the fact that in the hiker's duffie today the item of food often runs two or three times the weight of his other equipment. There is every reason, then, why it is prudent to give a lot of sober thought to the project of achieving lightweight chow for heavyweight appetites.

One of several ways to do this is to take advantage of numerous concentrated foods on the market. In all good sporting goods stores and camp outfitters you can get such things as soup rolls, beef cubes, tabloid tea, instant coffee, powdered egg, etc. A soup roll weighing three and three-fourths ounces, for example, will make five or six plates: a can of soup from the grocer's will weigh twelve to fourteen ounces and make two or three plates. Similarly, powdered milk saves you the needless burden of carrying water on your back day after day, and powdered eggs will make perfectly good omelettes or scrambled eggs when mixed with a little water at the proper time. This fallacy of carrying water is common among campers who load themselves down with tinned or bottled goods which are seventy-five per cent water anyhow. It's much more logical to get the water at the camp site.

Dehydrated vegetables offer another tremendous help in reducing pack weight. To be sure, more and more people today camp within driving distance of towns or hike within range of farmers from whom fresh supplies can be obtained at frequent intervals. But for those who go farther into the wilds—or for reserve stock—dried vegetables are a godsend. Packed in tins so they keep, nothing has been removed but the water. Onions, potatoes, carrots, spinach, cabbage, stringless beans and turnips are put up in this fashion and, except for the spinach, ought to be soaked for an hour before cooking. The heart of the story, however, is that a twelve-ounce can of carrots, for instance, will give thirty-six portions; the small two-ounce can, six portions.

Another excellent source of efficient camp chow are the so-called "health food stores" that have sprung up all over the country in recent years. These places carry not only concentrated foods but also unrefined or

natural foods which reduce your pack load simply because a given quantity will go two or three times as far as the conventional stuff. This is not going to develop into a treatise on any diet fad—but I've seen few campers in my time who have had sense enough to accept what advanced medical men have been telling us for years, to wit: that many of our common food products today are robbed of their nutritional value by processing.

I'm not interested in "deficiency diseases" now—I'm merely interested in the problem of getting the maximum nourishment out of the grub you tote on your back for a camping trip. And I say that the guy who brings white flour, polished rice, white bread, ordinary spaghetti or noodles, etc., on a trip is a cluck simply because he isn't getting nourishment comparable to the load.

Are you one of those hearties who can eat pancakes until the cows come home? All right, then try pancakes made out of whole wheat flour (which the health food stores sell already prepared) and discover that you can't eat more than a third or a half as many as you did of the white flour kind. Why? Because you've gotten the food value your system needs that much quicker. Hence if a pound of whole wheat flour will go two or three times as far as white flour, then I say that's an efficient choice for your rucksack.

The same thing goes for brown rice instead of white rice; whole wheat spaghetti; brown sugar; whole wheat baking flour or real, old-fashioned stone-ground corn meal. Needless to say, it applies also to whole wheat or rye bread in preference to white: and I mean dark, honest-to-God whole wheat, not this mulatto stuff so many bakers sell which is just white flour tinted with whole grain!

Another highly nutritious and thoroughly palatable food that has become universally popular with nutritionists is the humble soy bean which is sold in a dozen different forms. Dried soy beans have to be soaked for a couple of days, but you can get them pre-steamed (to be soaked only two or three hours) or roasted so they can be cooked immediately or eaten raw. They also come in cans with tomato sauce, ready to heat and serve, making a swell dish with bacon or ham. By all means try them if you haven't already: I think they taste better than standard baked beans and they have none of the gastric follow-through of that notorious "musical fruit"! Above all, the soy bean rates high in the list of efficient camp chow, one pound being equal to two pounds of beef in protein value, giving a high nutritional return for the weight.

You'll find lots of other interesting things in these health food stores which come under this same heading. They have numerous

breakfast cereals made of whole grains which are compact—my complaint with most prepared cereals reverses the original argument by taking up *too much space* for the quantity available. On this score I have always preferred cooked cereals which are ten times more compact even though heavier. These stores also have seeds of unique things like wheat germ; kelp tablets (not a pill but a dried sea plant to round out a normal diet); gelatin for energy; vegetable salt that really has a flavor as well as food value of which white salt is devoid; and condiments like "bacon-yeast" which oozes vitamins. You should also look into the long list of meat substitutes put up in tins by people like the Battle Creek outfit, Nutra Diet, Stur-dee Foods, *et al.*—not because I think there's anything wrong with meat but because, for reserve rations especially, you get in these tasty things a powerful amount of nourishment compressed into an amazingly small space. And that, as you know so well, is the problem in packing a rucksack: the problem which has made pemmican a standard victual for Arctic explorers for centuries. The chief difference, aside from superior flavor, of these things is that you don't have to carve them with an axe as you do pemmican!

Another excellent source of fairly compact and easy-to-pack foods is the delicatessen store around the corner. Things like bologna, frankfurters, liverwurst and other smoked or pressed meats in cloth casings can be stowed easily and keep well. Lots of campers are strong for canned salmon or tuna fish, but if you're going to a place where you can't catch your own fresh fish, I'd prefer sardines as the choice of the tinned stuff because the shape and size of the cans are excellent for filling up nooks and crannies in the bag. And don't leave the delicatessen without cheese, for there's another efficient food on all counts.

Chocolate, of course, is such an old standby that it needs no sales talk from me. But the accepted principle which dictates chocolate—the desire for "quick energy"—suggests two other sweets that belong in the camp larder. One is brown sugar, already mentioned in passing as superior to refined sugar, because it has more food or energy value. I don't know why so many people gag at it (just as they do with whole grain flours) because it has so much more "body" to it than white sugar. In fact, since I was first introduced to it, I wouldn't give a dime for all the ultra-refined stuff in the world. The other sweet to be highly recommended is honey—not to be packed, necessarily, but to be picked up when it can be had from near-by farmers or country stores. Honey is great food, easily assimilated: for a quick, pick-me-up snack on bread, muffins or even straight on a spoon,



there's nothing like it. It goes good on pancakes or flap jacks or corn pone; you can use it for sweetening in baking (seven-eighths of a cup of honey equals a cup of sugar in any recipe)—mixed with lemon juice and heated, it's an A-1 cough remedy! What more can you ask of any product?

Another angle on chow efficiency—which many housewives and most restaurants have not learned yet—is in the matter of cooking. Any dietitian will tell you that vegetables boiled interminably in too much water aren't worth much to the human system—the vitamins and minerals we need are thrown down the sink with the water and we eat the emaculated mush that's left. Too many camp cooks follow this fallacy with the result that they have to lug and cook considerably more food than they otherwise would.

To get the most out of your grub, bake as many vegetables as possible in the embers of a low fire; those which cannot be so handled are infinitely better steamed than boiled—and by "better" I mean that a given quantity goes farther because you're eating food, not debris. Furthermore, the true flavor is preserved. There are good steamers on the market today (not pressure cookers) for two or three dollars that aren't any heavier or bigger than an ordinary boiling pot. However, if you don't care to get into that, then by all means boil your vegetables with a minimum of water and the least possible time. The best argument I know for this is to go to a typical restaurant and sample some boiled cabbage that's been cooked until it's a nice soggy brown. Then go to a tea room run by some domestic economy school graduate and taste shredded cabbage that's been boiled in almost no water for about three minutes—and discover what cabbage really tastes like. However, whether or not you reform your boiling habits, you can do one thing without a wrench: save your water from boiled vegetables and use it instead of clear water for making soup.

Another sound tip you can get from the modern dietitian is that raw foods are much more efficient than the same food cooked. In other words, don't cook all the vegetables for a given meal—have at least one of them raw, thereby saving both the vitamins and the trouble of cooking it. Most of us accept that without argument with such things as tomatoes, green peppers, celery, cucumbers, etc. But have you ever tried raw corn—raw cauliflower, parsnips, mushrooms (be sure they are mushrooms!), turnips? They're swell.

Just to be perverse, there are two things usually eaten raw which I've found very acceptable in camp, purely for variety's sake in breakfasts which are apt to get monotonous. The easier of the two to obtain are apples which make an elegant dish when fried with bacon as a relief from eggs. The other, used for the same purpose when you can get them, is bananas baked in their skins in hot embers. But be sure the stems of the bananas are cut, not pulled, so the tip is tightly closed else the juice will all ooze out in the baking.

Cooking equipment and the relative merits of grills, grates, gasoline stoves, charcoal burners, etc., are hardly within the province of this piece—and constitute a good subject to duck, anyhow. But I have learned one thing about cook fires that is worth passing along, I think, because it certainly comes under the head of efficiency. The Indians, you know, always said that the white man builds

*Continued at top of page 119*



1—If hiking is your recreation  
Why, here's some tips for your vacation...



2—Don't let your manly shoulders bow  
Beneath the weight of excess chow;



3—A farmer can supply your honey—  
No, not for love . . . I mean for money!



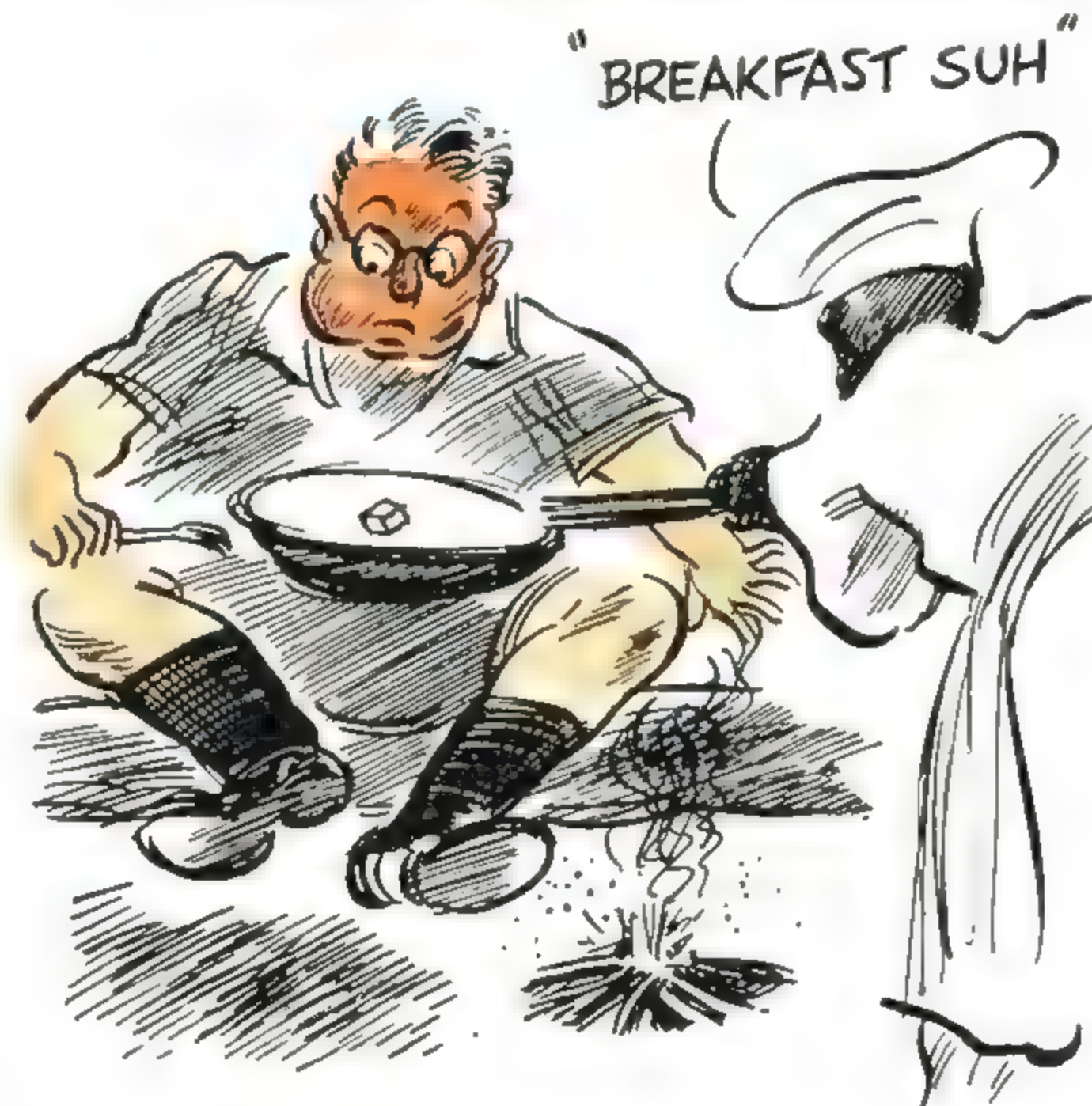
4—And energy will never lag  
With choc'late in your duffle bag;



5—The soy bean is well worth a tumble . . .  
It never makes your innards rumble . . .



6—And pancakes made of whole wheat flour  
Will glorify the breakfast hour;



7—So, take your grub as hereby stated . . .  
Compound, compact and concentrated . . .



8—Then, light of pack and light of heart—  
Good luck to you as off you start!  
—PHIL STACK



# The Parlor Car

**He smiled at the fool natives,  
telling him the short cut was  
closed on account of the snow**

**by DONALD HOUGH**

• FICTION •

R

THE man driving the big, blue car was making forty miles an hour in spite of the uneven road, in spite of the desert. He was crossing the desert, making for the blue hills ahead of him. They were about fifteen miles away. He was in Arizona, and they had told him the short cut to the town he wanted to reach was closed on account of snow. On account of snow. And the man was dripping with perspiration.

He had nodded politely when told this, but when he had got out of town he had stopped the car and had looked at the road map. The road was shown clearly on the map. The short cut. He got out a pencil and figured he would save sixty miles. Closed on account of snow. And he was dripping. The fools, the local damn fools. He put the map away and sat there a minute, and raced his motor.

And now he was driving across the desert, on the short cut, toward the blue hills. They were only about fifteen miles away, and still they were low on the horizon. They were not mountains, just hills. They were flat on top; they were a kind of plateau.

The road was uneven, it was unused, he could tell the tracks were old. They might even be from last year. What if the people were right? Well, he could come back. If they were right he could come back. He stepped on the accelerator and the car surged forward. He could get through any snow that would be up there. Power to burn. But there would be no

snow. Not on those low hills; not when he was dripping.

The hills came closer, they now seemed higher than they had looked; he could see the trees up there. The climb at first was gradual, and the cactus was thinning out and the sagebrush was increasing. The first trees he came to were small round juniper, compact and shapely as though trimmed by a gardener in some park. After this he began to see buck brush, and some piñon pines, and ahead of him he could see the yellow trunks of the larger trees.

The road began to turn and twist, and he was climbing more steeply. The character of the road changed from sand and rubble to sand and dirt, and there were places where the dark spots were glazed on top, as from water, and as he swept around one of the ascending curves he went through a puddle of water. After that he went through some mud.

He got up into the forest and he no longer was warm. The breeze that came in the car window was cool and fresh, and one gust had a bite to it and he closed the window part way, then all the way.

Suddenly ahead of him he saw snow.

It lay in the woods at either side of the road, and stretched thinly across the road itself. He slowed down. In the woods it was about a foot deep, but where it crossed the road it was only a few inches. The patch was about twelve feet long. He put the car into

low gear and went forward, and through the snow easily, and smiled to himself for going into low gear. The natives and their snow. Road closed on account of snow.

He was on level ground now and the road ahead was clear of snow, although he could see small patches in the woods and along the road. He felt chilly, and noticed that one of the rear windows was partly open, and closed it. He glanced down where his heater should be. He knew he had had it taken out for the summer, it now was nearly the first of June, but he looked anyway, just to be sure it was gone.

He climbed a little, and went around a curve, and saw more snow on the road. He slowed down and approached it cautiously. It was a dirty, coarse-grained remnant of a drift, not much wider than the previous patch, but undeniably deeper. Almost a foot, it looked like, in the center. He put the car into low gear again and charged it furiously. The car swerved as it went through, but it made it easily, and the driver took a deep breath and went on. There was more snow in the woods now, but the woods were becoming thinner, and suddenly they opened up and exposed an extensive park-like area. There was no snow here, the road was flat and straight, and the driver of the car increased his speed. He settled back in his seat with a sigh. Road closed because of snow. The fool natives. He smiled.

A mile or so further on he met scattered trees again, and the road climbed some more, and there were more woods ahead of him. Woods and snow. His heart sank when he saw the snow. When he came to the first of it that extended across the road he stopped and got out and walked up ahead. The patch did not seem any worse than the last one he had gone through, and there was clear road ahead. He looked at the sun. It was sinking low. He looked at his watch. About one more hour of daylight was all he could count on, at this time of year.

The cold wind chilled him to the bone. He shivered.

He got back into the car, still shivering, and raced his engine and put the car into low gear and roared forward. The car swerved when it hit the snow, plowed into it a ways, and stopped.

The driver put it into reverse and backed cautiously. The wheels began to spin. He went forward. The wheels spun. He began to rock the car, shifting quickly from forward to reverse. When he had the car rocking, he gave the engine all it had on a forward swing, and it went on into the snow. It slid this way and that, several times the wheels spun, but it kept going and he got out of the snow.

He drew a deep breath as he went on. He

*Continued in center of page 131*



*"Oh, you can't miss it. It's a big grey stone building with bars at the windows"*





“One more gadget on these things and we’re sunk”







*"I may as well admit it—I've had one cocktail too many!"*



*"It brings out the blue in my eyes"*





*“I say—have you seen anything of a young lady, rather short, with a red feather in her hat?”*



*“She’s lots of fun—introduce me, will you, Carter?”*





*"Tally ho!"*





# Take Down Your Rope!

**If you can outride a steeplechase jockey, and throw a mean lariat, maybe you too can rope a renegade**

**by DAVID LAVENDER**

• SPORTS •

**H**UNDREDS of rodeos all over the West and as far east as Madison Square Garden like to claim that they are perpetuating the native American art of catching cattle with a lariat. But despite the extraordinary skill of the modern professional roper, this is not quite true. For obviously a steer locked in a flat arena has no chance to escape. It has become a matter of seeing who can throw one in the shortest time.

But let the steer run wild from birth. Let him grow to half a ton of hard muscle in a thick forest of cedars liberally sprinkled with rimrock and dry washes where men seldom penetrate. Then try to subdue him on his home range with nothing more than forty feet of hard twist rope and a good stout horse. Before you are through, you will be convinced of one of two things: either that the men who undertake such a feat for pleasure are complete idiots; or, that you have discovered a sport of unsurpassed excitement.

For today the chase is a sport and not a business, as it was fifty years ago, when so many wild cattle roamed the West that a man could make an occupation out of catching them—and prosper at it. You couldn't, for example, ride into the Utah desert next winter, rope, tie and drag back to camp 2,000 head of bawling, fighting maverick longhorns. (Yes, it has been done. Albert Scrup, Mormon pioneer who discovered the White Canyon natural bridges and whose cattle today range more than a million desolate acres along the ragged east breaks of the Colorado River, captured that number in the Winter of 1895.)

It isn't possible now because, in the first place, the longhorn is almost extinct. He was an uneconomic creature at best, running mostly to horns, tail and appetite. He never got fat, no matter how much he ate, and ten dollars was a fancy price to realize out of him. So, when the open range dwindled and the cost of feed went up, the longhorn was replaced by gentler Herefords, who return a fair dividend of marketable meat for the grass invested in them. And since a grade Hereford is worth from four to eight times as much as his predecessor, he is, comparatively speaking, held in some check.

In spite of this, it is still possible to find cattle wild enough to give you all the adventure you can handle. The cowboys call these animals "renegades." The untamable longhorn strain has not been entirely bred out of them. They'd be bad actors on Farmer Jones' back forty; when they escape into the wilderness and multiply, their offspring are incorrigible.

There is plenty of wilderness left in the United States for them to escape into, land that is unfenced, undeveloped, and unfit for

anything except stock-raising of the "old West" sort. An example of it is that section which stretches from southwestern Colorado through southern Utah. In an area of some thirty thousand square miles there is not a single railway. A few dirt roads connect widely scattered hamlets, where a handful of settlers scratch away at some tiny patch of arable land. It is a region of vast, heat-seared flats, of color-splashed canyons, of soaring plateaus and gnarled black forests of cedar and piñon.

In such country inherently wild cows grow wilder. The mere sight of a rider is a signal for them to "git and git fast." Many of them "git" with complete success, growing to wrinkle-horned old age without suffering the faintest sign of a brand to show who owns them.

As might be expected, running them down is a sport indulged in mostly by cowboys. But if you can throw a lariat with reasonable assurance of catching what you aim at; if you can outride a steeplechase jockey; and if you have a minimum respect for your life and limb, then you too can rout out a wild steer and discover for yourself why that sharp, eager light leaps to a cowboy's eyes when the shout rings out: "Take down your rope—there goes one!"

First you must find some remote canyon or desolate mesa so difficult of access that any cattle there are seldom disturbed. Then you start a slow, patient hunt. You push through

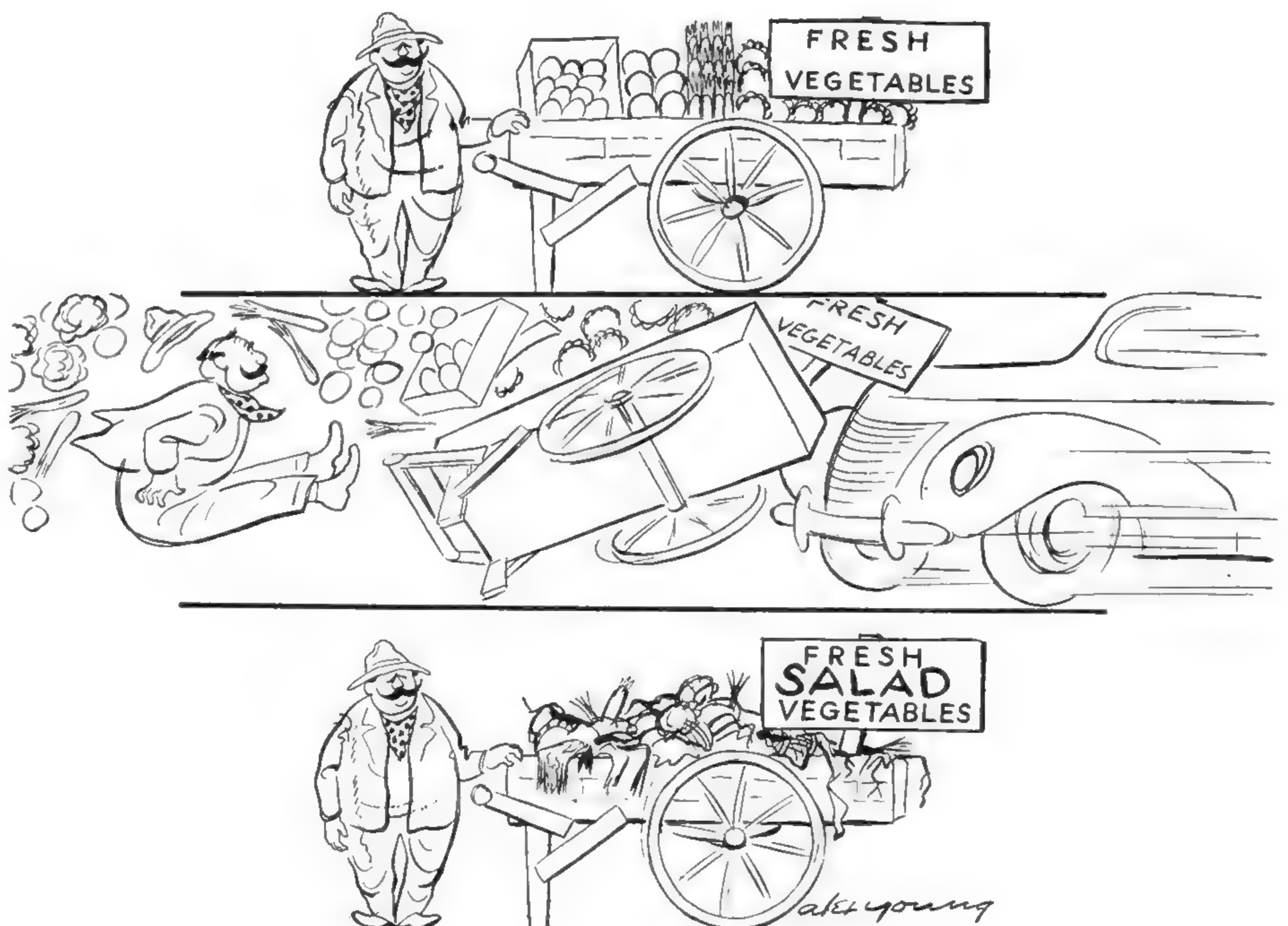
brush as thick as the hair on a dog's back, you slide down dizzy trails to secret water holes, and prowl into pockets guarded by grim walls of wind-tortured sandstone.

No matter how careful you are, your quarry will probably see you before you know he is anywhere about. He will try to sneak away unnoticed, vanishing into the brush with the adroitness of a cottontail rabbit. Only by alert tracking can you overtake him.

When he realizes he can't shake you by stealth, he will bolt as if intending to quit the very earth. But don't accept the rush at face value. They are tricky, these renegades, and well schooled by some wild instinct in the shadiest arts of deception. If they elude your watch for an instant, they may dart into the closest cover and freeze motionless, even holding their breath while you gallop by, perhaps within rope's reach of them. Then, before you discover the subterfuge, they will double back and be gone.

I didn't believe this myself, the first time I heard it. Such canniness smacks of reason and of course a dumb cow brute can't think. But once, on a high mesa in southeastern Utah, a couple of us jumped three head of renegades. They flung themselves around an orange colored butte. Triumphant, we followed. The path they had chosen must lead them out on a cliff-girdled promontory from which escape was impossible. But when we reached the promontory we saw no cattle. We scoured

*Continued on page 132*







*"Senator, you were a wonder to get us approved by the F. H. A."*



# Roll Your Own

**Four ordinary guys, city softies  
like you, stopped yipping about  
it and really built a log cabin**

**by CHILSON D. ALDRICH**

• ARTICLE •

THERE are too many swell fellows in the world thinking they can't do things they could do if they thought they could do them. Get me? Or put it this way: Almost every regular guy wants a cabin or some sort of tension loosener away from the job yet not so far away from it that he can't get back in time to show he's justified in having it that far away. Now that all's in the clear, let's get on into the personal and specific.

I'm always running into somebody yipping over his yen for a log cabin. They croon about it lyrically, ending up with a sigh: "But of course it's out of the question until the mazuma rolls in." Right there is where I begin: "If you wait for mazuma to roll your logs, you'll never get anywhere. Why not roll your own? Ain't paralyzed—be ye? Bet you've got a paunch that needs working down and a back that takes an old man's crick every time you stoop over too far. So—there are a couple of birds to kill with your logs.

But this isn't going to be any sissy workout at a Gym or pushing a ball around the green. It's the good, old-fashioned pioneer stuff that will make the sweat—and I mean sweat—leak out of every pore. Can't be done? Sure it can. I've seen it done, I've shown how it could be done. I've done it. *Attention!* Those interested step one pace to the right. The others are—left. And then some. For this is the way we four middle-aged fellows did it—and we lost nothing but ten years.

Despite hell, high water and notes at the bank, we had always managed to take our regular vacations and a lot of week ends chasing around after fish, birds, big game or whatever the season afforded. Counting up sketchily we discovered that what we all spent even in one year would make a good start on a permanent place from which to sally forth—if we wanted to sally, or let us lie around in old clothes if we didn't. When I put it up to them they swallowed it whole like spaghetti, with only a few ends to tuck in and chew on later. But here's the snag you'll be up against the minute you get down to business on it: everybody will have a different idea of where he wants to go and what sort of a cabin he thinks would be the ticket. Now just one warning: *Don't* start asking your wives anything about it. If you decide to have a Ladies' Night later on, okay—but let it start with a he-man affair. Blue ribbons can always be added at any time *after* it's up. We settled that little matter right at the start. It's a good tip to follow. And in our cabin we didn't count the gals in—till later.

Now let's take down our hair—if any—and study out precisely how it not only can be done—but was done by four very ordinary fellows in Dunroamin—the cabin we

developed after we all agreed to work. First off, teaming up two and two, we spent the next few week ends skidding around the country in the spring mud for prospects. By mid-June we had covered probably fifty suggestions of "just the place you're looking for." Each Monday night we met and went into a huddle for the Best Spot of the Week. Some were naturals for elimination: Too near resorts. Cost too damn much. Lake or stream fished out. Too far from the big city and the job for week-end trips. Of what was left we took first and second choices, jotting down all data regarding advantages, ownership, price, possible cabin sites, etc.

One evening we met for final decision, mulling over the flock of prospects, as to our personal prejudices and laying all our cards on the table face up. Each of the four selected his favorite spot—though we granted all were good locations—and by gad, none of us agreed! So, before we started yelling at each other, Ferris proposed a round robin of cribbage, winner to make the choice of location. I invoked the Indian-beaded rabbit's foot in my pocket and kept my fingers crossed, for my business during a score of years had been to help prospective cabin owners choose their sites—or argue them out of a poor choice before I began making sketches for them. I just had to put over my choice—and all of us were tournament winners at crib! It was a hot fight but the rabbit's foot won

out. My choice of the Wellington farm seemed satisfactory to the rest when I went into detail about it. Less than sixty miles from the city, two miles from a trunk highway and reached by a good dirt road. The land bordered a lovely little lake set down in the cup of high hills. Although the lake is only about sixty feet deep at most, there are plenty of good-sized crappies and large-mouth bass for sport. Too, it is only about three miles to the big river where small-mouth bass are to be had with a fly-rod. Occasionally even a muskie! Not to mention a few good trout streams within reach. Next Saturday we were off to dicker for it.

After some parley, we arranged to purchase a nice little slice of lake shore running back to the farm road. Not only that. The two Wellington boys knew where we could get enough used telephone poles—well-seasoned log material—for a modest sized cabin. Furthermore, they would give us a lift on week ends when we came out and maybe could get in a few licks between times after their own work was done. All of which seemed very much to the good—even while our whole idea was to roll our own logs.

Although by right of seniority and experience I usually won out, there was plenty of conflict right from the start. Two of us were for ax-cut log ends, the other two for sawing the corners down straight and even with the walls. Finally we compromised on square-cut,

*Continued on page 101*



*"World's Fair or no World's Fair I ain't giving up my bed to no relatives"*



# Yoicks! Yoicks!

**Punch-drunk week-end guest  
bays a few observations on  
people who ride to hounds**

**ANONYMOUS**

• SATIRE •

I SHALL never forget the fortnight I spent with the Bradford Bradford St. John Blintzes at their little shooting box on the Scotch moors in West Virginia. Snipe hunting and grousing around, sitting on pogo sticks—ouch!—with my brace of shooting irons in a stout hamper beside me, watching the honest faces of the peasants as they beat the birds with their cat-o'-nine-tails. What bully sport it was. Wow!

But the *pièce de résistance* was when my host, Mister Bradford Bradford St. John Blintz, said to me, "How would you like to ride to hounds?"

My face lit up with delight. "Oh jolly well yes. You betcha," I exclaimed. We had been out shooting wild turkey and I was all keyed up. Gad, it was topping in that turkey blind—getting up at four in the morning and sitting out there in the cold for five hours on end without moving a muscle or saying a word. Indescribably jolly.

Mister Bradford Bradford St. John Blintz was the M. F. H. of course. After all, what's the use of being host if you can't be boss? He wore his ratecatcher and Mrs. B. B. St. J. B. had on a stunning mousetrap. "How many hands high do you want your horse?" she asked me.

"Oh, ishkabibble," I replied gaily. As if I cared! However, I did insist on not getting any half-bred mount. It is a maxim of mine never to do anything by halves. So I chose a spirited chestnut gelding.

"I'm afraid he's a little nappy," said my host.

"Oh that's all right," I replied. "He'll wake up when he gets out in the air, I guess."

We were a gay group as we started out that morning with our pink coats and our red noses, to the merry old hunting tune of *Pop! Goes the Weasel*. At first we hacked along for a half-hour jolly, over post and rail, with the hounds baying to the moon. "We'll get the scent pretty soon—I hope," said my host, who was streaking along beside me.

"Not me!" I laughed. "I couldn't smell a single thing with this cold of mine."



"Let's do some chin-whacking," called out Mrs. Blintz. Her husband frowned, and I can hardly blame him. After all, it was mixed company!"

"Stick to your knitting, Minerva," he rebuffed. "After all, we're out here to hunt foxes." She colored slightly and went on hacking. We all ignored the incident, and it was soon forgotten in the thrill of the chase.

At one point we passed a young woman sitting by the road in sackcloth and ashes. As we galloped past her, she started to cry bitterly. "Pray, who is that yonder?" I asked, pointing with my thumb.

My host's face fell. "Oh that," he said in a low tone, "is the Honorable Cynthia Moon-Mullins. Her father once shot a fox. Naturally, none of us has ever spoken to her since. She is a veritable pariah now."

I was impressed. "Is that a fact?" I said. One of the other guests had overheard our conversation.

"Too bad she wasn't a true sportswoman like my friend, Lady Badminton," he said.

"Her father once shot a fox so she shot her father. Oh definitely." We all nodded approval. "She's the most popular girl in our set now," he added.

After a while we paused for refreshment, and the foaming stirrup cup was passed around to one and all.

When it came my turn, I hesitated for the fraction of a second, never having liked the idea of drinking out of something you put your foot in.

My tactful host noticed my reluctance. "Perhaps you'd rather have an apple pan dowdy," he said thoughtfully. I must admit that I accepted his gracious offer with alacrity, although I felt a bit of a sissy doing so.

But then I've always been a trifle squeamish. After all, you know, gently reared—and all that sort of thing. Rather.

We resumed the chase in short order, and all of a sudden, the dogs set up a terrific din. "Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!" they went, all except one little English bitch who stuck to "Woof! Woof!"

They had gotten the scent—at last—and they were off, with us coming pell mell (spelled Pall Mall in England) behind them.

It was a thrilling chase. Faster, faster, faster. I shut my eyes and hung on. There! The hounds had closed in.

My host flung himself from his mount and dashed ahead on foot, to be in at the kill.

Suddenly, I saw him stomp his foot, and his face turned purple.

"FIDDLESTICKS!" he screamed, adding immediately, "If you'll pardon my French," for he was always the gentleman.

Well, I hurried to his side, and I could see his point the minute I reached him. For, there in the center of the circle of panting hounds, sat a quail instead of a fox.

It seems we had gotten the bird dogs that morning by mistake.

Yoicks, yoicks, how about a rub of the brush!—as we used to say back in dear old Whitechapel. ##





*“Oh, to hell with the incision”*



# Safety with Firearms

**Your instincts should be trained to the point where you never, unless in self-defense, point a gun at anyone**

**by LUDLUM SMITH**

• ARTICLE •

**I**F you are among the millions of Americans who keep guns of any kind in their homes, for either defense or sport, but who don't get a chance to use and become familiar with them for more than a few days or weeks out of the year, this article is for you. It is intended to serve you as a primer, an ABC manual of safety to protect you as much as possible, considering your brief acquaintance with your weapon, as well as your loved ones, your friends, and those lugs who are prone to sue over such a trivial thing as a stray bullet in the leg.

With all the fuss that has been created from time to time to show what a dangerous critter an inanimate gun is, it's time somebody pointed out, in something less than a textbook, that gun accidents don't "happen," and that with a little common sense applied by the human element, they need seldom, if ever, occur.

It isn't the hunk of steel that's dangerous. It's the lad with it in his hand; the blusterer, the know-all, the smart-Aleck. And especially the dope who thinks that the mere presence of a gun is protection, or that gun accidents never happen to *him*.

Couple this combination with a little carelessness and you've got a pretty fair massacre. Such people are not deliberate killers, but give 'em guns, axes or automobiles and they'll do for the present.

Apparently they have no imagination.

They have to cause an accident before they realize such a thing can occur. Sometimes it makes them careful—for a while. It is this lack of awareness to a shootin' iron's possibilities in the wrong hands that must be corrected. That and the fact that yours may be the wrong hands.

A gun in the home should be handled only by someone who knows how to use it, and if no one has that skill, it has no business being there in the first place. After all, you don't buy a car unless you intend to drive, and you don't drive until someone has taught you how.

As to a gun "always being loaded," well, since you are reading this, let's assume that either you own one or are contemplating owning one, and it won't exactly be amiss to show you just why that particular smoke-wagon might have a full cargo on board.

How long since you, yourself, have opened its action and inspected the magazine? Two days? Two minutes? Has it left your hands for an instant during that time? You're sure you haven't loaded it absent-mindedly in the meanwhile (don't laugh at that one!)? Fine! Then just open her up and check once more before waving that lead sprinkler around any.

When you do so, a cartridge either pops out onto the floor or it doesn't. If it doesn't, maybe one slides into the firing-chamber when the action is *reclosed*. It might be well to find out, especially if the magazine consists of a long tube under the barrel or in the stock,

by working the action a number of times—with the muzzle pointed at the moon. Did you know that rifles with this type of magazine sometimes have ammunition catch in the dark confines of the tube and then crop out when you least expect it? You do now.

With all tube magazine guns, such as the above, you want to look for cartridges in three places with the action open: the firing chamber, the cartridge carrier (the gadget bringing the loaded shell from the magazine to the firing chamber), and the end of the magazine opening into the action. When none is found at any of these three places and the plunger, under the pressure of its spring, *can be seen* protruding from the magazine into the action, you may assume that the piece is empty—unless you point it at someone.

The only other tricky magazine is the "clip." In many respects it is similar to what is termed a "box" magazine, but differs in that it is removed from the weapon for loading, whereas the box is an integral part of the arm. It is this difference that makes one safe and the other dangerous in unfamiliar hands.

They are both located directly behind and below the firing chamber. In order to load or unload a box magazine, the action must be opened and the cartridges inserted or removed from the top in full view of the operator, all of which tends to increase its fool-proof qualities. If you don't find any gleaming brass there ready to be slammed home when the action is re-closed, you may be reasonably certain that the gun is empty.

The clip, however, is a detachable magazine that is removed from the bottom of the weapon to load, and once loaded, is inserted either in the handle (in the case of a pistol) or in the under part of the forearm just forward of the trigger-guard (in the case of a rifle). It is this factor which makes it dangerous, since it may be taken out of the gun at any time, with the action open or closed, loaded or empty, while people still persist in believing that its removal unloads the gun.

The withdrawal of the clip does *not* remove the cartridge that may have been pumped into the firing chamber, for the very good reason that it is in the firing chamber and has therefore left the clip. Should there be any doubt as to the veracity of this statement, all you need do after removing said clip is to take a peek down the muzzle. There you will observe the metallic glitter of a hunk of lead. If you get your face away before it comes out and bites you, you're doing all right.

As you see, the damn thing is still loaded. Therefore, the logical thing to do, *after* extracting the magazine, is to open the action and get that slug out before someone is hurt.

If more of our population knew that little fact, simple as it is, a large percentage of

*Continued on page 136*



*"Now you just leave everything to me—all I want you to do is be happy and carefree"*









## The Types of American Beauty

in sculpture by

**FRANK NAGY**

as photographed by

**ANDRÉ DE DIENES**

NUMBER 5: *Dryas*

**R**ATHER small figure, probably not much over five feet, but its slenderness and elegant carriage make it seem quite tall. Very small hands and feet, slender neck, small round head with high cheek bones. Contour of jawbone and chin a shade too strong but will be softened with advancing years. Sensitive mouth with good teeth, flaring nostrils. Small, but round virginal breasts with upward pointing nipples.

Charming body of a girl in her teens, carrying the promise of full bloom almost overnight. Her beauty is of the lasting type, as it rests upon a perfect bone structure and on the harmonious function of body and mind. It promises to unfold even more after marriage and childbirth.

Playfulness, love of the wide open spaces and generosity are her outstanding characteristics. Intellectually gifted, imaginative, even of creative power, she still remains a good listener which makes her equally liked by men and her own sex. Although lacking in female wiles, she will be courted by many; her genuine attractiveness may cause uneasy moments to a spouse of jealous disposition.

"Puella Primo Vere Duleis."

—*Nostradamus, M.D.*

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for non-scientific publications. His analytical characterizations of the types rendered into sculpture for Esquire by Frank Nagy are based upon a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, permitting assignment of the individual to a reasonably specific classification or category, as regards purely physical characteristics, and further permitting a rational (if not a scientific) projection of a probable behavior pattern, culminating in the dubbing of the specific woman with a generic Latin label.

To this extent only does "Nostradamus" concur and comply with the sculptor's feeling that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." It should also be borne in mind that while "Nostradamus" has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. The man of science remembers, and laymen should be reminded, that while physical conformations are indeed an index to character they are by no means its entire text, as character is composed of many variables, only one of which is determined by the physique. Thus the figure, and especially the feminine figure, reveals to the educated eye many a significant truth about its possessor's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, so complex a thing is the human personality, there are even frequent instances where "figures may lie."

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eye of the sculptor, creating this series of characteristic figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the copyright of Esquire, by whom world reproduction rights have been assigned to the control of Press-Alliance, Inc.

















*W. Simpson  
Campbell*

“... and when you go back to the front, you'll always have those violets to remember me by”



# The Gamest Warrior

**He isn't around in tourist season and  
has no press agent, still the tarpon's  
the pioneer sport fish of the big water**

**by WALTER McCALLUM**

• SPORTS •

**I**N THE light of all the ballyhoo that came along in the wake of something more than a thousand white marlin dragged unwillingly across gunwales at the little Maryland port of Ocean City last summer; and the inevitable "Oh-ing" and "Ah-ing" that accompanies the landing on a spindly rod and light line of a big tuna or a near-record blue marlin, a lot of fishing folks are losing sight of the finest finny sportsman of them all. Time was, long before a lot of fellows with more imagination than foresight began carving dinky little subdivisions out of Florida swamp land, when sportsmen traveled thousands of miles, even from abroad in the season, to catch tarpon. They still do—many of them—but of late there has been so much ballyhoo and the tom-toms have been thundering so loudly about the marlin, both blue and white, and the over-publicized but none the less spectacular sailfish, that the gamest warrior of them all, the tarpon, has been shoved back behind the 8-ball.

You hear sport fishermen who don't know much about it, say: "Oh, sure the tarpon must be a good fish, but he is kinda old-fashioned. Why I remember they were catching tarpon away back when grandpappy was in knee britches. Now take the marlin or the sailfish. You really have something there." And if you timidly ask this modern fishhound whether he ever has hooked a tarpon he'll say, with the air of a collie about to crush an ant: "No, I haven't. But I guess that can't be so hot. The sailfish and marlin are much tougher." I've heard it many times from a flock of men who wouldn't last five minutes on a tarpon over one hundred pounds. They do all right on skinny little fifty-pound sailfish out in the Gulf Stream, or on the much tougher marlin, but they admit they haven't tackled the boss fish of them all and knowing nothing about the tarpon they are inclined to look down their noses at the pioneer sport fish of the big water.

There's no use deprecating the fact that the tarpon has not kept his place among the more publicized Florida fish. But there are several reasons for this. You don't have around Everglades City or Boca Grande, or Key West or many of the other Florida tarpon spots the highly-g geared publicity machine you have around Miami or Palm Beach or the other places where sailfish hang out. You don't have to go for thirty dollars a day for a boat out of which to catch tarpon. Any old skiff, preferably one powered by an outboard motor, will do. You don't have to go out in the Gulf Stream either. You will usually catch tarpon in the mouths of rivers, in smooth water, where you won't get seasick. But the main point is that the tarpon isn't generally caught around the Florida hot spots, which

mean—to the winter visitor—Miami and Palm Beach. But ask an old angler—one who has caught many tarp and many sailfish. He'll come up with a gleam in his eye, and say: "Sure, they're both fine fish. You'll get a lot of kick out of both of them. But give me old silversides, with the motor shut off, when there's nothing but you and the fish. When you don't have any help from a motor and a smart captain to run up on the fish. When you have to handle him yourself, with your two hands, and when you do land him you don't kill him. Sure that sailfish is a tough baby—for a little while. But he gives in quickly, and he doesn't get up close to the boat. Now take the tarpon. I've had 'em land in my lap. He's quite likely to jump clean across your skiff. A lot of the action is within thirty feet of the boat. Have you ever stuck up your arm to keep a six-foot fish going over one hundred pounds from landing in your whiskers? That's the tarpon. He gives you more action to the minute and to the pound than any sailfish that ever lived."

Not that I have any intention of debunking the sailfish. He's too fine a warrior, too fine a fighter and too fine a specimen—even mounted on a trick little board, and painted with silver and varnish—ever to claim he isn't hot stuff. But I do claim—and I've caught a good many of both species—that an average tarpon will give the average angler more thrills and more genuine kick

than he'll get out of the average sailfish. Nor does weight alone do it. The average tarpon will weigh something around seventy-five pounds. The average sailfish will go about forty-seven pounds. The sailfish will be about six feet, four inches, and the tarpon will run around five feet, eight inches. Maybe less. It depends on the sex, and the girth and how the feed has been.

Then there's another angle of this tarpon-sailfish thing. The best season for sailfish, around south Florida, is at the height of the tourist season. They run strongest in December, and March, and do pretty well in January and February. But unless you know just where to go and what to do you won't catch tarpon in any of these months—in Florida. The big herring is a traveler, and by December he's generally around Mexico or Cuba or wherever fish go when they want to get away from cold weather. He comes back to Florida waters—and I mean away down south Florida—in March. By the time the last racetrack tout has snarled out of the corner of his mouth, "Watch White-heels in de sixt," around early April, the bulk of the tourist trade has gone north and Florida is left alone to the natives, a few fishermen, and the tarpon. For around April 15th the tarpon really comes to town. By the middle of the rainy month the vanguard of the great tarpon horde floods through all the passes from Cape Sable north to Boca Grande, and by the

*Continued in center of page 138*



*"Oh! Pardon me, Sergeant!"*





*“Mr. Wilkins is right, madam—seeing there was no cash transaction between you and the president I’m afraid we can’t be responsible for the quality of the fur”*



# When Is a Yacht?

**It takes a hundred thousand smackers  
to buy a ship imposing enough to jolt  
the club members out of their chairs**

**by CHARLES FREDERICK McKIVERGAN**

• ARTICLE •

ORDINARILY yachting—the kind that involves owning a thirty-five or fifty-foot boat on which you do all of the steering and most of the upkeep and repair work yourself, with perhaps a friend or two to help—is not too expensive a diversion. Not the cheapest fun in the world, maybe; yet neither is it financially prohibitive to a lot of people in this country who reside near navigable waters. There are some, indeed, who actually look upon their craft as paying investments.

But the next time you see a 200-foot yacht, or even a 100-footer, plowing through the blue, you might remind yourself that she probably has cost her owner plenty of coupons, especially if she succeeds the least bit in standing out.

Take my most recent yachting host. His craft is an 80-footer and he spent a lot of money, by any other standards, to make her the ritzy boat she is. Yet she is nowhere near imposing enough to be eligible for the admiration of the yacht club piazza loafers. Why should her owner expect her to be, they'd ask. Her hull set him back *only* 50 grand, her Diesel motors *only* \$15,000 or so, and her interior furnishings and decorations less than \$10,000. *Only* \$75,000, all told. On top of that, it costs *only* \$7,500 to keep her going during the northern yachting season—which is about five months out of the year. "Chickenfeed," the boys remark, as they scan the water for yachts really worthy of their attention.

Of approximately 900,000 craft in the American pleasure fleet this year, only about 5,000 are over 65 feet long, which length limit is generally accepted in yachting circles as an arbitrary line of demarcation. Engine-driven pleasure craft under this length are spoken of as motor boats; those above it, as yachts in the full sense of the word.

The motor boats are turned out in a wide choice of standardized models that carry price tags within the means of the hundreds of thousands of boat-minded persons, with fast quantity production by the dozen manufacturers who dominate this branch of the marine industry.

The yachts, on the other hand, are built strictly to order.

At today's prices—which are by no means highest in yachting history—the hull of a swanky 100-foot yacht cost at least \$100,000. A satisfactory power plant, consisting of two Diesel engines and auxiliaries large enough to furnish 600 horsepower, may be bought for \$25,000. The total preliminary outlay, including good but not extravagant interior furnishings, approximates \$150,000.

From this point, yacht building costs pile up in a truly breathtaking manner, the hull of a 150-foot job rating in the neighborhood

of \$170,000. By the time the 200-foot length is reached, the cost of the hull has mounted to a quarter of a million dollars, with the outlay for power and furnishings skyrocketing in proportion.

The newest, swankiest—and perhaps costliest for her length—yacht in this general superclass was built a while back for a member of the New York Yacht Club. The craft is a 136-footer that lacks none of the latest developments of the tony boat builders. A desire for a boat with an electrically-welded hull, gyrocompass, fathometer, radio-direction finder, electric steering gear and all the other available highfalutin yacht gadgets was responsible for about \$185,000 in accounts payable that found their way into the owner's mail. Fifty thousand dollars additional was invested in the craft's power plant, including the engines, generators, compressors and pumps. Furniture, bedding, upholstery, glassware, cutlery, curtains, carpets and general decorations ate up another \$30,000, with the kitty for pots and pans, linens, china and tableware grossing in the vicinity of \$30,000. The rest of the yacht's total cost of \$285,000 covered the architect's fees for plans and supervision of construction.

All these were fixed, inescapable charges that the owner bucked up against before he took his first cruise aboard a craft that, in spite of her bewilderingly beautiful appointments, can accommodate overnight no more

guests than are taken care of on many a 45-foot cabin cruiser in the \$10,000 class.

Beyond 200 feet in length, the modern super-yacht approaches the status of a floating dream that is even more likely to turn into a nightmare for her multi-millionaire owner. A 275-foot beauty containing all the latest trappings that I recently inspected cost to construct about as follows: hull—including plumbing, heating, ventilation system, electrical work, decks, deck equipment and small boats—\$600,000; gyroscopic unit, stabilizers, direction finder and so on, \$90,000; two Diesels developing 1,200 horsepower each, \$160,000; last-word interior furnishings, \$85,000. Total cost, \$935,000. That, I submit, definitely is not chickenfeed.

Perhaps typical as any in this highest bracket is Julius Forstmann's *Orion*. She measures 333 feet, which is about as long as the average 28-story building is high. Virtually a sea-going mansion, she has enough bedrooms—each with private bath—for twenty guests. The latter may play *Chopsticks* or *Wagner* on the craft's grand piano. They may do Swedish exercises in the gymnasium; play bridge in the card room; toss quoits, practice their golf putting, or acquire a tan on the sports deck. They may drop into the red carpeted library to read any of its hundreds of books. Or they may loll quietly in comfortable chairs on the wide after-deck and enjoy the ocean breezes. The chairs cost

*Continued in center of page 133*



**"Let's see; 'Am wiring two hundred grand. Buy Wilson yacht. Meet me Frisco.' If I leave out the 'am' I'll get the special ten word rate, won't I?"**



# Grousinings of a Gunner

**Find a partner with bird sense and shun  
all nervous wrecks, dumbbells, selfish  
or reckless fellows and system addicts**

**by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH**

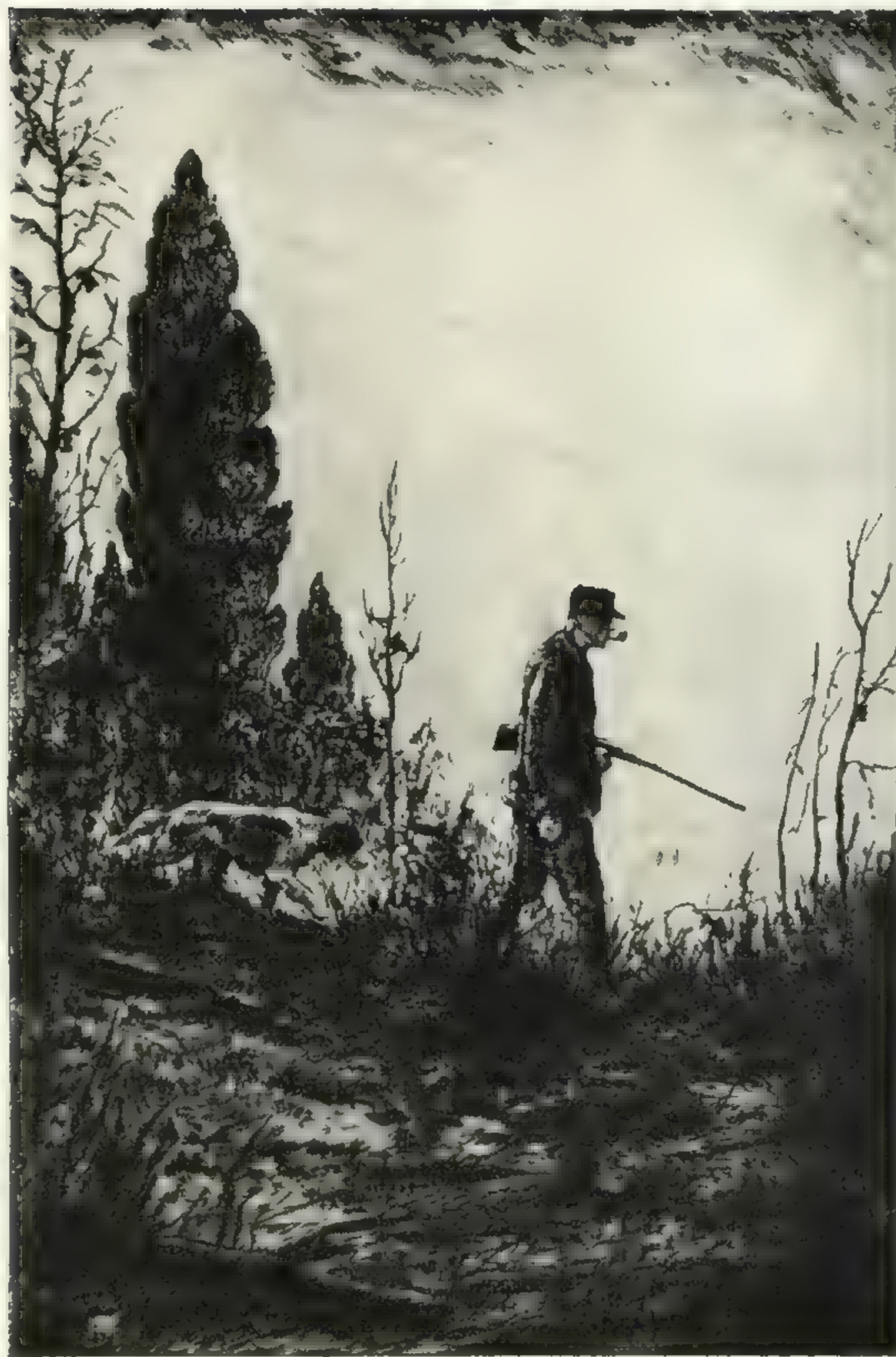
• ARTICLE •

How very long ago it seems since the first ruffed grouse I shot at escaped, by a comfortable margin, into a tangled mass of brush—and left me with a strangely awed feeling. Since then I have followed Old Thunderwing in many places: the cut-over pine country of Michigan, across her golden poplar-covered slopes, through the thickest and meanest of her tamarack swamps. In New York state I have shot over much country from the very outskirts of the city to remote Adirondack covers. At least seven gunning seasons have been spent in the pleasant hills of Connecticut. And the past four autumns have found me nursing blisters, muscle aches and Charley horses, experiencing a mixture of both triumph and disappointment, in the altogether delightful land we have chosen for our home, Vermont.

If experience means anything in the acquisition of knowledge I might, perhaps, put in a modest claim to know something about the subject of grouse and grouse shooting. There are the miles and miles of hill climbing, of plunging through thorny brush, of floundering in swampy cover, of slipping on ground covered with early snow. There are the risings at dawn, the long, cold drives to reach cover, the unexpected rains to make a shooting man's day miserable. To say nothing of those empty shotgun shells. Lord, what a heap they would make, if gathered together in one pile! Most of them have collected nothing but a handful of leaves and bark, a soulful of chagrin, because the gun wasn't held right. Those misses puzzled me at the time, and I must confess that they still do; together with the misses I keep on making season after season. For, in a quarter of a century of gunning I find that what I have still to learn about the ways of grouse overbalances what I know.

Of gunners and dogs I have found out a little more. This is due not to any great intelligence on my part, but rather to the fact that it is possible to reason with most gunners—and some dogs; while, as every shooting man knows, the way of life of a grouse is strictly his own affair. And it is subject to change without notice.

Looking for the perfect grouse dog has long been a favorite occupation with me. But I have at last found some measure of contentment by abandoning the idea entirely. In this upset modern age there are enough things to worry about. Far better, I think, is the plan



DAY'S END

of being thankful for any small glimmering of ability and sense a dog may have—and charitably overlooking his faults. If this seems like a soft attitude it is because experience brings resignation. I have known a few dogs.

There was Old Duke. A sweeter-natured rascal never lived. He was a big black-and-white setter with the dignity and bearing of a judge, the disposition of a kitten. Duke had everything: good looks, excellent nose, bird sense, stamina and brains. This last virtue was precisely why he was no good to me. Duke would willingly lay down his life for me at any time; twice I had to disengage him from the pants seats of, respectively, the milkman and the electric light man (both newcomers to the premises). He thought the world of me, in his funny doggy way, and would do anything I asked of him—except the one thing I most wanted. He would not hunt for me. For Old Duke was a self-hunter and neither kindness nor threat could get it out of him. I can still see him, drawn up stiff on a classic point, an eighth of a mile across the field. He would turn his head deliberately and look at me as if to say, "What do you think of this one, Boss?" What I

might have thought made absolutely no difference to His Grace, for he would invariably jump in and bust the birds wide open, long before I could get there. When I reprimanded him he would look at me sheepishly and apologize, for the old fellow was a perfect gentleman. But in five minutes he would be off again, up to his old tricks. I can still see him laughing at me.

Cap was a different proposition. Coming from a family of bluebloods he was all that could be asked for in the way of looks and conformation. His coat was like silk, his eyes had the glow of rubies. Cap was apt to be timid, which he showed by a most ingratiating attitude. He would go out of his way to please. Early in life the dog had had a very thorough education. He was fully trained on grouse and woodcock and was said, on one occasion, to have found and pointed thirty woodcock in one day.

Cap came to me with high recommendations. But the first trip convinced me that the dog was suffering from complete loss of memory. He had neither nose nor bird sense, so it seemed. Apparently he had forgotten everything he ever knew. Several times I accidentally kicked up birds; the dog seemed startled and actually puzzled! I have often wondered about the wheels that revolve in a doggy head to cause such forgetfulness. Fortunately, Cap and I did not have to put up with each other long, as the dog was lent to me by a well-meaning friend, who had not hunted him for several seasons.

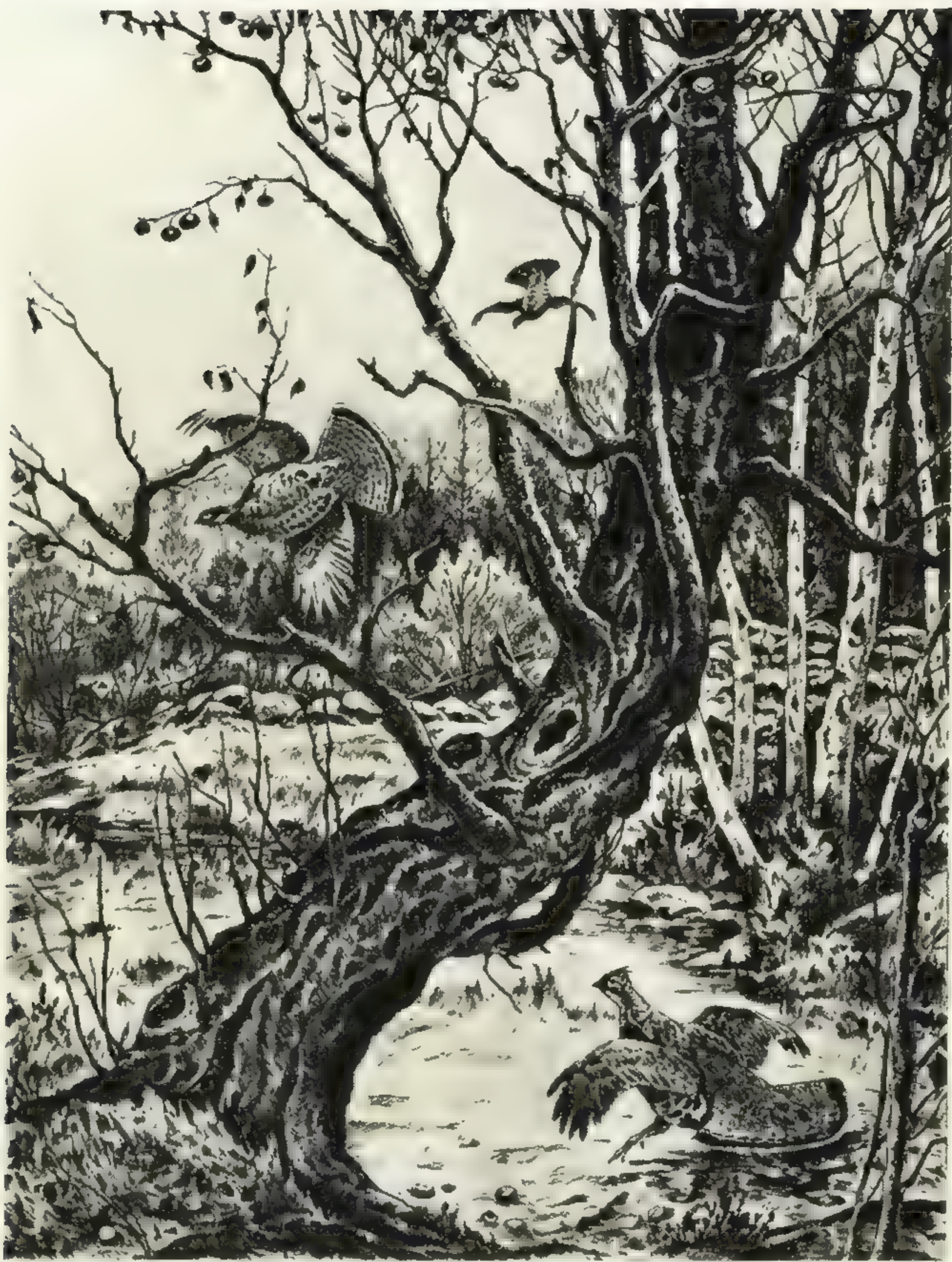
Like people some dogs develop bad habits, which it is impossible to shake from them. My gunning partner had such a dog, an old pointer. This rascal developed the mouthing habit.

After doing such a perfect job of finding, pointing and retrieving, the brute would crunch the bird into a mass of pulp. No amount of beating or coaxing had the slightest effect. It finally got so bad that gunners in the neighborhood would say, "I like John, but I can't stand his damned dog."

Dogs—dogs—dogs! Fast, rangy fellows; slow, stodgy potterers. Headstrong beasts; timid, shy animals. Brainy dogs; downright dumb ones. What can a fellow do about it? Unless one has plenty of money to spend, besides unlimited time and patience, compromise is the only solution—barring a stroke of good fortune. For occasionally one does acquire a dog with a real genius for grouse hunting. And the sportsman who owns such

*Continued on page 126*





THE HOT CORNER (RUFFED GROUSE)



RUFFED GROUSE PERCHING



RUFFED GROUSE STRUTTING

**A Portfolio of  
Grouse Etchings**

*by*  
**WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH**



THE PROMISING PUPPY



MARK! (SETTER AND RUFFED GROUSE)



# Let's Catch a Lion

**Ranchers hunt Leo in grim earnest  
for although he never attacks men,  
he devours their game and livestock**

**by JACK O'CONNOR**

• SPORTS •

DOWN Virginia way when someone mentions horses and dogs it means just one thing—fox hunting. It also means fashionable ladies and gentlemen in pink coats and shiny black boots and snow-white breeches . . . hunt breakfasts, the melodious bay of horns, stirrup cups. The hunting of the fox is a gay and fashionable social event, an excuse for swift riding and spectacular jumping. Everyone has a swell time, even the fox, which is often allowed to get away so he can be chased again. The only real sufferers are the bottles of whiskey and the occasional merry huntsman who comes to a cropper and musses up his fox-hunting uniform.

But in the mountains of the West the juxtaposition of those two words—*horses* and *dogs*—has quite another meaning. When you get those two friends of man together you're after just one thing—lions. Not the roaring African variety with the mane and the disposition so wicked that he has been known to devour even authentic British peers who took pot shots at him with rifles which lacked authority. Not *that* kind of a lion at all, but the American variety, smaller, maneless, and filled not with the dignity and the lust for battle that marks his African relative, but with an overpowering yen to get away.

Funny fellow—this American lion. He has more names than any other American animal. Out West the natives call him a mountain lion or simply a lion. Daniel Boone probably

called him a "varmint," or sometimes a "painter." He has also been known as a catamount, a puma, and a panther. Down in Mexico he goes under the alias of "onca."

At one time he ranged through the whole United States. Revolutionary War children were almost as afraid of him as they were of redcoats and redskins. Negro mammies in the pioneer South frightened their little ones with tales of his power and stealth. He is still found from the Canadian Rockies to the tip of South America, but in the United States he has been killed off except in the Everglades of Florida and in the mountains of the West. But legends about him still persist. Remember the story of how one followed your grand-uncle Abner home late one moonlit night after he had been sparking Susie Ann Smithers over at Willow Corner? Remember how your grandmother was scared half out of her wits when she was left alone in the cabin and a painter screamed just outside the window?

Well, they may caterwaul like any tom on a back fence, but on the other hand they may not. Si Perkins, who lives on Turkey Creek, Arizona, may say he's heard them often; but Bill Jones who has a cabin only four miles away will say Si was drunk the night he claimed to have heered a lion scream and that anyway Si's a dadgummed liar. Take your pick. I'll believe the screaming story. I've spent many months in lion coun-

try and I've never heard one, but nevertheless the story is a romantic one and I prefer to believe it.

The big cats have one disconcerting habit—that of following human beings. They do it quietly, stealthily, and probably only because they want to see what their one and only enemy looks like in an off moment. They never attack but many a woodsman has felt the hair rise on the back of his neck when he saw a long tawny body slipping away into the brush, or, more likely, found where a great cat had left its tracks on his along some lonely forest trail. It's a cute habit, no doubt, but not one calculated to endear the creature to jittery human beings.

Lions have long been a spectacular element in frontier tradition and two-gun romances, but they aren't popular critters out West. They never have been, no matter where they were found. Chasing them isn't a pleasant sport like hunting Virginia foxes, but a chore done in dead earnest. The reason? Well, old *Felis Concolor*, as the men of science call him, is a bad actor. For one thing, he's the greatest game destroyer, living or near extinct, of all American predatory animals. One healthy and ambitious lion will kill at least one deer a week throughout the year. Many woodsmen believe he kills even oftener. But taking the minimum figure, a lion that lives ten years will do away with at least five hundred deer. As a consequence the gentlemen who fare forth each fall after their bucks, wearing red caps and carrying rifles, loathe the very name *lion*. They petition legislatures to put bounties on their heads, to hire professionals to harry them with dogs and rake them with rifle bullets. The lion is equally unpopular with ranchers and farmers, as a calf or a colt makes a meal which he appreciates just as much as he does venison.

The first time a rancher finds that a future cowpony with hot blood in him has gone to become an hors d'oeuvre for some overgrown tom cat hanging around his place he is filled with loathing and contempt which books the whole lion tribe no good. He calls out Spot, Ranger, Babe, and Buck, his hounds, grimly puts his saddle on Elmer, his surest-footed cow horse, takes a handful of jerky and his rifle and goes to work. For most Westerners the hunting of lions is hardly ever thought of as a sport at all. It's a grim necessity.

Let's take a look at Harry Williams, who runs a hundred cows and keeps a few brood mares on the range he is leasing from the Forest Service somewhere in the mountains of the West. Let's see what sort of an outfit he keeps on hand for lions.

The dogs are the same sweet-voiced aristocrats that chase foxes for the Blue Ridge

*Continued in center of page 122*



"Yes, we've got it but however did it happen?"





*"I just says, 'I have a little surprise for you dear,' and he up and shoots himself"*



# Your Squaw Man

**Funny how a wanderer like Old Barr  
could get even a squaw to stick to  
him long enough to have three kids**

**by HENRY HARVEY**

• FICTION •

ONE reason why Dan wasn't settled on a cow outfit of his own was his incurable weakness for horses. He would rather be handling a string of good young horses for someone else than riding after cattle of his own. If only there were money in raising horses now . . .

The surprising discovery of sixty-odd head of strange horses in the heart of The Company's range might have been, to the average cowboy, merely something to report to headquarters when convenient, or to be investigated as a routine matter. But to Dan it meant a new interest in life. Especially when it was such horses as these.

He sat there in his saddle like a wooden Indian, but with eyes wide in wonder, pulse quickening with rising interest. Never before had he seen together so many horses cut to his private pattern. A hand-picked bunch; and he himself might have done the picking.

All young geldings—looked like threes and fours—just the right cross of hot blood and cold. Many typical thoroughbred heads, high withers, some short Arabian backs, sturdy legs. A few showing a mixture of mustang with one of the draft breeds, probably a trace of Percheron—a combination Dan had found hard to beat for cow work, when it turned out right. Nearly all solid colors, a few grays, only two pintos in sight—hardly any white feet even! Boy, what horses! And not a saddle mark in the lot!

But where had they come from? And how did they get here? It hadn't been ten days since his last ride in Buckwheat Basin. They certainly weren't here then.

Dan moved in close enough to read the neat little brand low on the left stifle of each—an acorn. A new iron for this country. They were herd-broke all right; didn't spook at a man ahorseback. And, by Golly, they were the kind of horses he liked to ride!

Dan rode on down Buckwheat Canyon, the basin's outlet, in one of his horse dreams, until the second surprise of the day jarred him out of it. It stopped his horse too. For neither had ever before seen human sign within miles of this wild spot.

They had come to a point where the bluff-walled canyon abruptly widened and the east side leaned back in a long gentle slope, as if benevolently to let the sun shine in upon a little flat, green with meadow grass, watered by a *sienega* on the sidehill.

Here stood a tepee, a small wall tent and a rough shelter of piñon branches. Just below these was a little round corral of newly cut poles. A saddled horse stood in the corral. Smoke rose from the campsite.

Advancing now Dan saw something he never forgot. A sort of railing, about breast-high to a horse, ran along one side of the camp. At three points along this hung little rope swings such as children use the world over. Each swing was occupied by a child.

Dan guessed their ages at three, four and five, but the oldest wasn't much larger than the youngest, and they all looked stunted. Later he learned that his age estimate was one year short, but his spacing was right.

The first thing Dan noticed about these young trapeze artists was their unmistakable mixture of white and Indian blood. Each had the flat mat of straight black hair growing out to all compass points from a center. All had a light mahogany skin, little sharp black eyes, round moon-like faces with high cheek bones and the straight, clean-cut nose of good looks according to white standards. Another white feature was the level, thin-lipped, well-formed mouth.

As Dan looked at them, each small mouth was open in a toothy gleeful grin. They were swinging as high as their apparatus allowed and with such abandon that at each backward motion three pairs of lively home-shod feet scraped the ground, kicking dirt and gravel into several open pots of food around the fire.

To Dan, who seldom saw anything but the same old rocks and trees on his lonely rides, this was a three-ringed circus. If the three swingers had seen him it certainly didn't slow them down any nor silence their delighted squeals and giggles. But suddenly something else did.

A man came out of the wall tent, limping slightly, and stopped short, facing the rioting trio. He held a bundle of white cloth in one hand. With the other he pushed back his battered hat, calmly surveyed the open bean pot, the mulligan pot and the bucket of hot water on the fire. He watched another shower of loose ground fly into these. Then he spoke. One sharp, but well modulated syllable, "wu-u-up!"

The three swings stopped as one.

"My, my, this won't do," he said reprov- ingly but with a chuckle back of the words. "We'd have to be chickens to eat all that dirt and gravel. You fellers will have to lay off that swinging till we git things fixed for it. Come on. Here, Rosie—Annie—and Teensy. Here's your towels. Now let's git them dishes washed."

He handed each child a piece of flour sack and turned towards the fire. The oldest, whom he called Rosie, caught at his trouser leg, pointing at Dan on his horse. Then for the first time Dan saw the man's face. He was white but it was as hard to guess his age as an old Indian's. He had a week's growth of beard and probably three months' of hair—iron gray. He was straight as a string, tanned like the leather of Dan's saddle and looked as lean and tough as a strip of jerky. He had good features with no trace of Indian. His clothes were a cowboy's, except for the

*Continued in center of page 112*



*"I had a big day today, dear—I missed out on two ten thousand a year jobs and an eight thousand dollar executive position with a share in the profits"*





***“I’m sorry, Mrs. Conway, but this is a matter solely between your son, my daughter, the Ajax Hotel and Reverend Ferguson”***

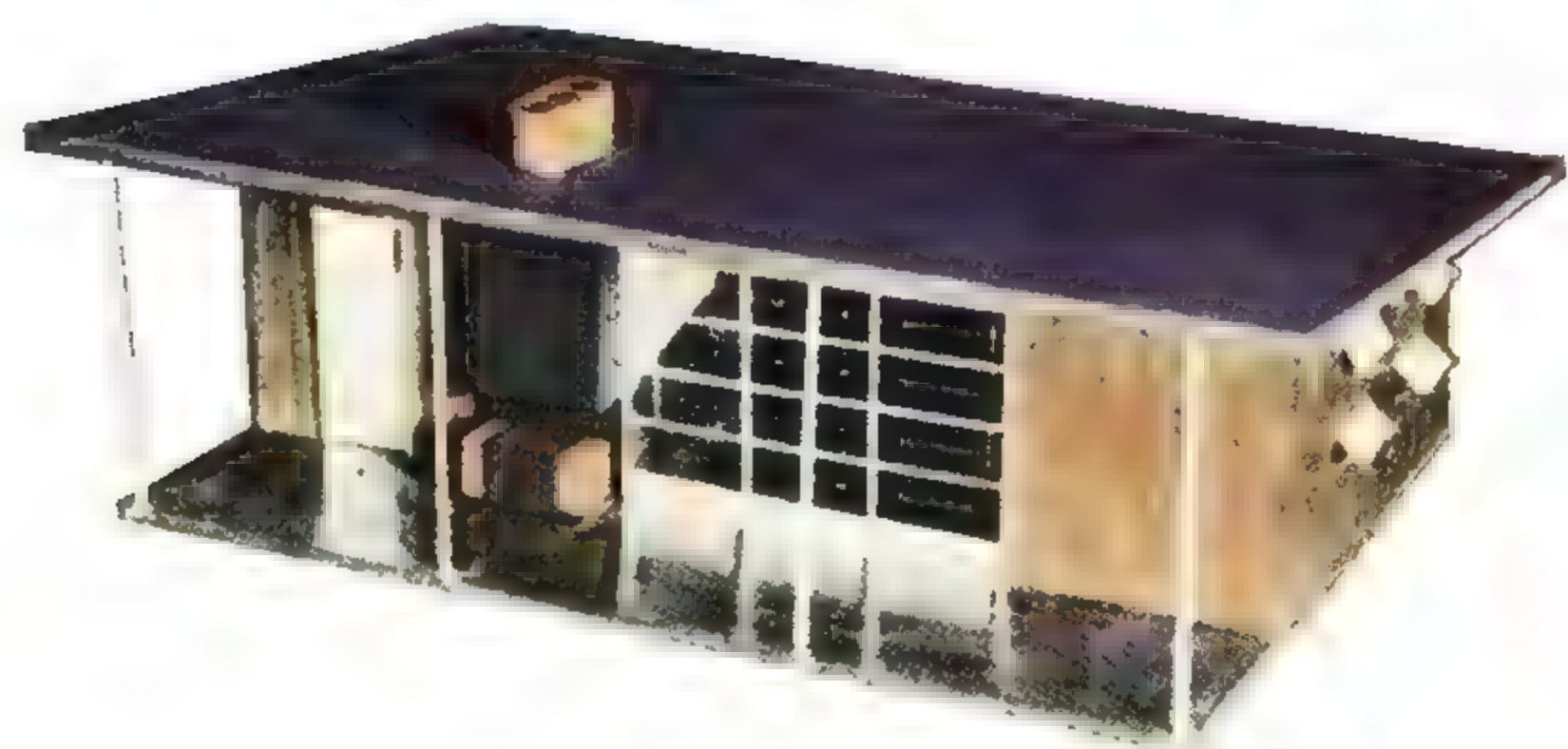


# Donald Deskey's Sportshack

A prefabricated solution to your week-end problem—at the price of a family car

by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

• ARTICLE •



HERE is the final answer to a man's long thirst—a country palace for the price of a family car; a dream hideout, bursting with charm, smartness, comfort, and a plurality of beds. It's as practical as a toothbrush, as decorous as Radio City, and a friend could put it up for you while you take the girl to town for a drink. This "little cabin engineered for outdoor living" is designer Donald Deskey's solution to the seasonal problems of the skyscraper-bounded gentry.

Deskey, who is a man of fabulous imagination, designed this marvel of architectural efficiency, simplicity, practicality and decor, with especial reference to hunting, fishing, beaching, and the divers forms of gentlemen's relaxation. It is prefabricated from a new textured plywood called Weldtex, developed by him for the United States Plywood Corporation, the kind of material, as he puts it, "that will grow old gracefully." Curiously, this pleasure kiosk radiates all the overtones of weather-beaten logs, while still staying modern; it has all the rustic graces, yet urban distinction.

Practically one whole wall of the cabin is a window, enabling your week-end guests to provide a wonderful treat for the neighbors. If Madeleine Carroll could be persuaded to week-end in the model now being set up at the World's Fair—this window alone would pull Flushing Meadows out of the red. But there is more to this magic window than meets the eye; it seems that it is glassed with the special Libbey-Owens-Ford Aklo glass—

a transparent protector that eliminates glare from beach or snow, and actually withholds the heat from the sun. It is something like the cook, in one of Strindberg's plays, who always removed the nourishment from food before serving it.

Now comes the revolving stage effect: at the flick of one's friend's dainty wrist, this massive window slides to one side, and lo, the wall, like Mr. William Cullen Bryant's arabs, silently steals away. All outdoors stalks into your living space.

As for sleeping, should this problem ever come up in a week-end house, the cabin sleeps six in some three double-decker bunks. Wooden partitions slide out from nowhere, making each bunk-section a private room. With the partitions up, it is a simple matter to leap from bunk to bunk, or to play other games of youth and jollity.

A casual slant at the accompanying diagrams will show you the cabin with alternate interior arrangements: (1) *au naturel*, and (2) in the super-privacy variation—each giving two private bedrooms. You will notice in the accompanying diagrams that scheme No. 2 strikes a high note in modern gallantry—the permanent bedroom in the lower right corner locks securely, giving the girl's honor a fifty-fifty break. It is not recorded that the ancient right to asylum has been made use of in many a moon, but it seems, somehow, a quaint and handsome custom, something like drinking at the Wassail Bowl, or of proving to your guests that the wine isn't poisoned.

Among the many thoughtful conveniences are to be listed a small Delco lighting system, a Servel Electrolux bottled gas refrigerator, and a Roberts & Mander bottled gas stove.

The average cabin has to have a heating system, which costs more than the cabin—else a masonry fireplace, which takes almost as long to build as the Holland Tunnel. Deskey has eliminated both of these bogies with a strange fireplace made by the Heatilator Company, of Syracuse. This fireplace carries its own hearth—and no doubt its own cricket.

Not only does it heat the cabin fore and aft; but a kind of vermiform appendage shoots outdoors forming a terrace grill ideal for *sautéeing* hot dogs or roasting oxen.

Deskey is planning to have his specialized kiosk manufactured by a new company to be called Week-end Cabins, and they will probably sell for around \$1,285 equipped and furnished, F. O. B. New York. This does not include erection. The whole shebang, including fireplace and beds, could be hauled by truck to Pike's Peak. It can be put up instantly by a couple of palooka carpenters; in fact you could do it yourself, with the help of one palsied assistant. The walls come in 4 x 8 foot sections, complete with Reynolds Metal Insulation. Even Laurel and Hardy could bolt these together in an upright position.

No post-factory painting or decoration is required, inside or out; one side of each panel becomes part of the interior wall of the house, the other is durably equipped to repel rain, wind, snow, and both white and black zombies.

\* \* \*

Now about the designer: Deskey, Minnesota born, and a pioneer in the new profession of industrial design has at various times in his career fired a tugboat on San Francisco Bay, tended bar, prospected for silver, been a map draftsman on the Colorado River Indian Reservation, bummed on freight trains, exhibited as painter in New York and Paris,

## Interior of Living Space

Interior of cabin, showing the complete habitat of a footloose gentleman, 1940 style. On the left is the Heatilator brickless fireplace—should you lean to artificial warmth. On the right is one of Deskey's porthole type partition screens, providing a decorative break-up of space. The left wall of the room—not shown in the illustration—is made of special Aklo glass, which eliminates the heat from the sun's rays. Slide this wall to one side, and all outdoors ambles into your bedchamber. The shower compartment can be made accessible from the outside—should the edifice be set up on the beach. The terrace is screened, and can be added into the overall living area, should you so desire.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR AT THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART EXHIBIT, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK





DONALD DESKEY'S ORIGINAL COLOR RENDERING OF THE SPORTSHACK

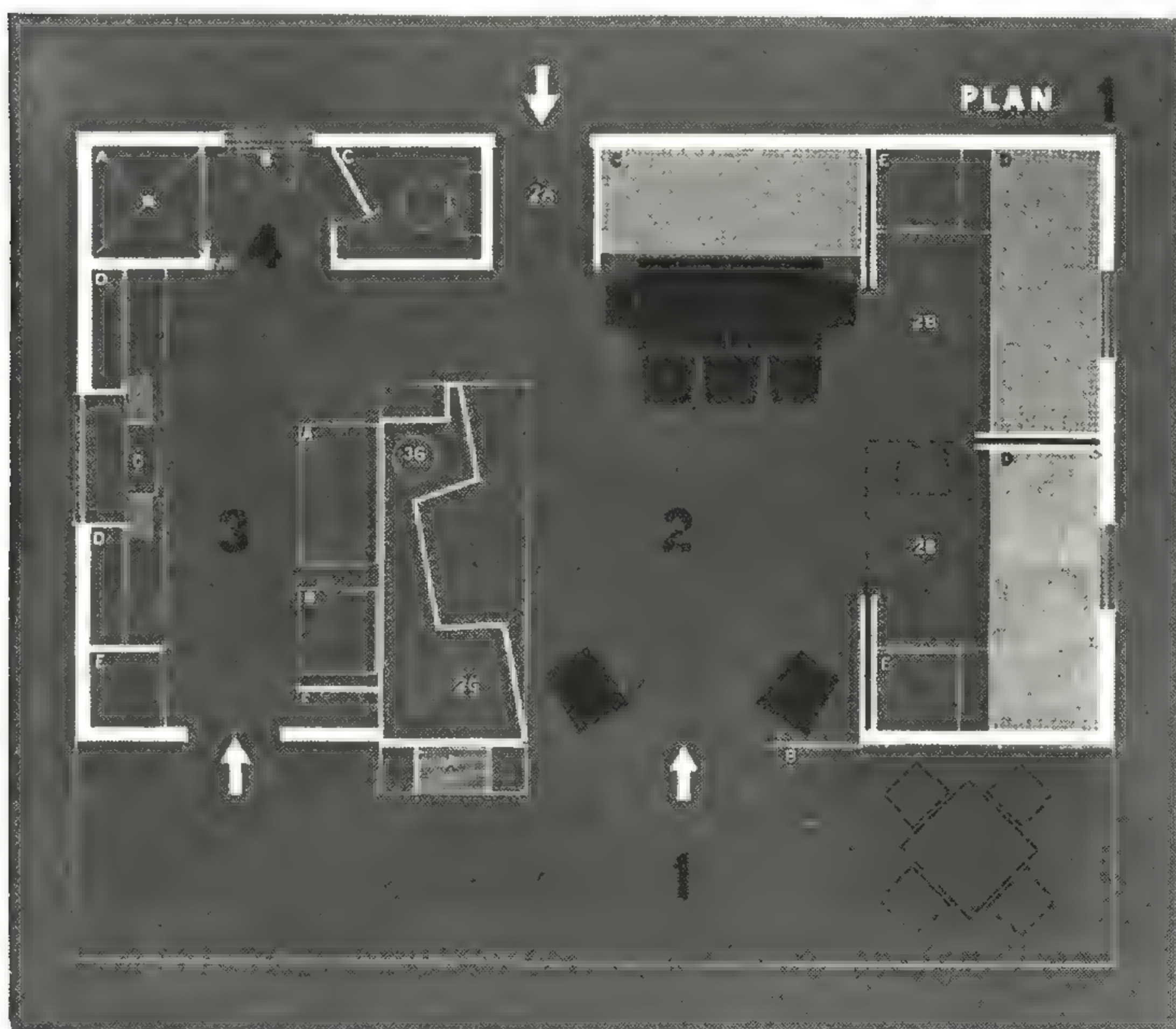
worked in advertising agencies as commercial artist, typographer and layout man, and taught painting in a Pennsylvania college.

This art career dates from 1914, when amid the backwash of the historic Armory Show, he saw his first modern paintings. Still a youngster, and inspired by Gauguin, he headed for the South Seas, where comely Tahitian ladies glide about, whispering "Noa Noa." Actually he got as far south as Tijuana—where he lost all his money on the

racas. He studied architecture at the University of California and art at California School of Fine Arts, Art Institute, *Ecole de Grand Chaumière* and Colarossi in Paris.

As a designer Deskey was the first to introduce steel tube furniture to America and one of the first to envisage the possibilities of industrial materials in architecture and decoration. He has designed everything from slot-machines, oil burners, and automobiles to glassware, and packages for nationally known

products. He was the earliest designer of commercial modern furniture. His piano for Steinway and billiard table for Brunswick-Balke-Collender brought him the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition. He was co-designer of one of the earliest modern houses in America and has created the interiors for International Casino, Radio City Music Hall, and the Hollywood Turf Club. He has long been interested in the problem of low-cost prefabricated houses. ‡‡

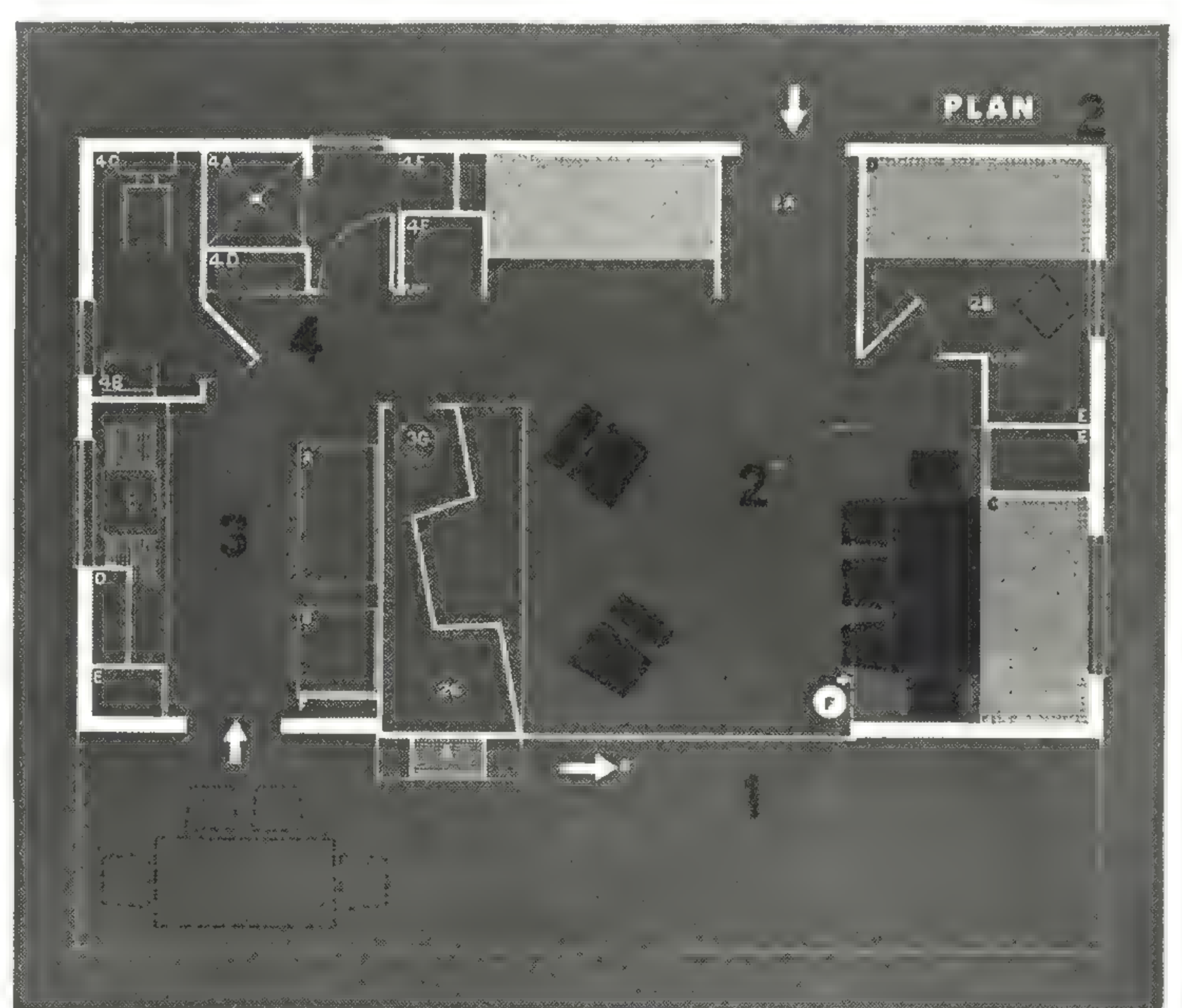


#### 1. Outdoor Living Space (Screened)

- a. Outdoor fireplace and grill
  - b. Sliding window
2. Living Space (Overall size is 16 ft. 8 in. x 28 ft. 8 in., not including Outdoor Living Spaces)
- a. Entrance
  - b. Double bunkrooms

#### c. Built-in sofa (Makes up into two bunks)

- d. Double bunks
- e. Closets
- f. (In Plan No. 2) Dotted lines show folding doors in place as additional bedroom
- g. Heatilator



#### 3. Kitchen

- a. Stove (bottled gas)
- b. Refrigerator (bottled gas)
- c. Sink and drainboard
- d. Kitchen cabinets
- e. Delcolight plant (12 volts 200 watts)
- f. Broom closet
- g. Hot water heater

#### 4. Bathroom

- a. Shower bath
- b. Lavatory
- c. Toilet
- d. Shelves (in Plan No. 2)
- e. Closet (in Plan No. 2)
- f. Linen closet (in Plan No. 2)





*"We wanted to see the tide come in but we have to leave at two so we were just wondering . . ."*



# Shocking Suggestion for Hollywood

**They're still making silents but  
so far no one has tried this very  
simple, but important, experiment**

**by GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

IT TAKES a little effort not to make a fool of yourself. (I mean of myself, but I don't like to write "of one's self"; and the indulgent editors of this magazine work on the odd theory that a writer may make a fool of himself, grammatically, without ruining their reputation.) It takes a little effort, then, for a man who loved the silent movies not to threaten Hollywood with instant dissolution because the manager of a little movie house on Sixth Avenue, right where they're building the subway, has gone back to silents. But the attempt is tremendously interesting. The guy's got something. His theatre is as dark as any converted store ever was; the pianist thumps out madly appropriate music; the ushering falls a little short of the Roxy standard; my imagination, perhaps, supplied that ancient whiff of mixed scents which always went with pre-Triangle releases and pre-presentation pictures—humanity, almonds, disinfectant, carbon arcs—acrid, unmistakable, as much the movies as the whirr of the projector and the shock of daylight when you came out.

A lot of people are going to this Miami Theatre and I shouldn't be surprised if other very small houses swung into line; also I think it reasonable to look for a slight infiltration of old silents into neighborhood programs. The latter won't mean very much. At the Miami the silents are produced because they cost very little, and that means that the management believes in them, as property. They put a pianist up there to play because that's a cheap and correct way to make noise, and when the pianist gets off, they have some piped or recorded music serving the same purpose, not quite so well. But at no time does the film carry a burlesque sound track, and in effect you might say that the pictures aren't run for their burlesque value. You, the audience, laugh at the old pictures; but the projector, so to speak, does not.

First point, and a big surprise, is that you do not miss the dialogue. Cross my heart, I'm not trying to justify anything I wrote in 1928, and I'm not trying to bring back Famous Players and Biograph, but I assure you that you missed other things far more than you missed language. The cockeyed unreality of all the acting, for instance, struck you; the frightful speed not only of action, but of movement, was disconcerting and a little comic; the thinness of motive, the bland cutting away from any difficult situation into a sub-title which explained all—these things made up the major difference between silents and sound pictures. The piano or recorded music acted as sound-effects, and the total result was like seeing a prolonged non-dialogue sequence in a talking picture.

Here are some of the honeys I have caught

at the Miami. A Western with Tom Mix—the title said Tom Mix, but stranger, I'll be durned if I cu'd rekernize the feller, he was that decapitated. On every third shot, the heads of all the principals disappeared out of the picture, and apparently no one ever cared. The plot (unless I'm confusing it with another) was about salting land with oil; the riding was only fair—which disappointed me.

Next, a tropical passion story. Man leaves wife on plantation; ugly amorous overseer has baby kidnaped, attempts attack on wife; meanwhile waylays husband, supplies crocodile to eat baby. When seducer kisses wife's hand, she strikes him, with subtitle, "You cad" and he recoils, saying, subtitle, "You led me on . . .". It ends well enough.

*The Lost World*: a silent King Kong (unless my ears deceived me, King Kong was roaring with sound, but that may be an illusion). In this, as you remember, the trick saurians fought and bled, while a British expedition looked on; and finally a monster was brought back to England, devastated London, and fell off the Tower Bridge. Here the local pianist had too much fun, and I publicly rebuke him, because at moments of high tension, his music mocked the dangers of the adventurers; especially once when they were coming down a rope, with vast gorillas trying to pull them back and the rope sawing through over the rocks—then he chose to play comic music. But mark you, this was

an unusually good adventure picture.

Only last week I sat through *Geronimo*, made in 1939 or '40, and it had better riding, but it wasn't, basically, a good picture.

And then, my friends, *A Night in the Show*, a Chaplin Essanay, 1915-16 (title and date according to Chaplin's list). If I am not mistaken, this picture was the first Chaplin ever criticized in a serious journal (an English journal, by the way, and I have never been able to trace the author). It has the magnificent scenes in which Charlie tramples over fifty people's feet to get to his chair, and instantly goes right back again, although he is right at the aisle on his left—and then does the same for the row in front. It also has Charlie doubling—a drunkard in the gallery who eventually gets the fire hose working.

And it has the moment in which the drunken Charlie-gentleman-downstairs turns away from the stage and before he looks back the act has changed and a snake charmer has come on and lost her snakes which are virtually in Charlie's lap. And in twenty-five years few comedians have ever handled the situation more satisfactorily. (I suppose I could describe it to you, but how could I persuade you that by not being scared, Chaplin is divinely funny?)

Chaplin never opens his lips, according to a French critic; the people in all the other pictures do talk, and it looks silly. (Technically I grant you that at those moments you miss

*Continued on page 165*



"He's from California"







# First Nights & Passing Judgments

For the record, a statistical  
play-by-play account of the  
theatrical season of 1939-40

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

1. *Journey's End*, by R. C. Sherrieff. A revival of the English war play of some years ago which still, I think, merits the subtitle I then nominated for it, "All Quaint On The Western Front." Widely accepted as a worthy drama, it continues to impress me as a pretty valentine dropped from the air on its sober subject matter. The acting was Grade F and the direction Grade P.

2. *The Straw Hat Revue*, an amateur affair brought in from the summer theatre circuit. Two amusing numbers, including one burlesquing the kind of musical comedy whose chief asset is a \$5,000 crystal chandelier, but in the aggregate on the dog-wagon side.

3. *See My Lawyer*, by Richard Maibaum and Harry Clork. A 1915-model farce involving the efforts of three destitute shysters to dig up some legal business. A George Abbott directorial protégé had them all running around the stage like mad but the play nevertheless remained steadfastly dead in their tracks.

4. *They Knew What They Wanted*, by Sidney Howard. A revival of Howard's over-estimated play about the well-to-do California wop and his mail-order young bride. Poorly acted, it soon expired.

5. *Speak of the Devil*, by Anonymous. A Nora Bayes roof theatre herring that was promptly dropped back into the can.

6. *Skylark*, by Samson Raphaelson. Gertrude Lawrence in a commonplace little number about the marital difficulties of an advertising man and his spouse. Without Miss Gertrude it probably wouldn't have lasted out the week.

7. *Clinton Street*, something in Yiddish by the Artef Group. I don't understand Yiddish and therefore can't give you the completely informed criticism of the play vouchsafed by my critical colleagues, all of whom, from John Mason Brown to Sidney Whipple and from Richard Watts to Walter Winchell, apparently are profound Yiddish scholars.

8. *Three Sisters*, by Chekhov. The Surry Players, a Maine summer theatre aggregation, murdered it.

9. *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, by MM. Hart and Kaufman. An amusing lampoon of the authors' friend, Mr. Woollcott, with Monty Woolley, a former Yale professor, and his beard, a former Harvard sofa pillow stuffing, first-rate in the Woollcott role.

10. *Ladies and Gentlemen*, by MM. Hecht and MacArthur. Trashy to-do about jury-room doings following a murder trial, with Helen Hayes moving through it all with a perfectly straight face.

11. *Too Many Girls*, by George Marion, Jr., Rodgers and Hart. Though the book was rather seedy, a generally entertaining song

and dance show, with Marcy Wescott giving the critics something to look at.

12. *The Possessed*, a pastiche of Dostoevski. Produced by the so-called Chekhov Studio, it unintentionally so burlesqued the Russian art species of acting, staging and direction that it was not only one of the season's big laughs but an instantaneous flop.

13. *The Time of Your Life*, by William Saroyan. The year's best American play. A symphony of bums played in a San Francisco waterfront saloon. Original, imaginative, humorous, and moving. Beautifully done by a cast headed by Eddie Dowling. It won the Critics' Circle's prize.

14. *Pastoral*, by Victor Wolfson. A sexy little smelt about how a man and woman living together without benefit of clergy may be even happier than a couple who paid ten dollars to the pastor. It tried hard to be very Continental, drew a lot of press notices written on bricks, and died an early, deserved death.

15. *Summer Night*, by Vicki Baum and Benjamin Glazer. These two Hollywood littérateurs invaded the theatre with a solemn melodrama about a marathon dancing couple. The theatre promptly bombarded them out with a bean-shooter. One 10-20-30 scene on a pier at midnight in which a pair of love-lorn men contemplated suicide drew a top bid of two dollars from Olsen and Johnson for the *Hellzapoppin* rights. The money, how-

ever, turned out to be a counterfeit.

16. *Margin for Error*, by Clare Boothe. A Nazi consul is murdered, to the applause of the audience, a Jewish cop enters heroically, to the applause of the audience, and Miss Boothe makes some easy hokum money out of the handclapping. Henry R. Luce, who is the author's husband, has written a preface to the published play that is much more amusing than the play itself.

17. *Sea Dogs*, by Wilson Starbuck. The one about the bullying sea captain who maltreats his crew. The big scene showed a sailor having his hand chopped off. The audience snickered it all into the ashean.

18. *Life With Father*, by MM. Lindsay and Crouse. A very pleasant and entertaining comedy based on the late Clarence Day's family chronicles. One of the season's most commercially successful exhibits. This is one of the few plays originally tried out on the summer theatre circuit that has subsequently got anywhere on Broadway.

19. *Thunder Rock*, by Robert Ardrey. A number of ghosts from the American past persuade a young escapist that he is making a big mistake in not facing things. Everybody talked so much and said so little that the audience turned escapist in the matter of facing the play, and it soon folded.

20. *She Gave Him All She Had*, by Charles Washburn, et al. Another beer and pretzel music hall show and the worst of the lot so

Continued on page 147



"Oh my darling, what have they done to you? Now that I've found you, I'll never let you go again . . ."



# Ordeal at the Mopang Fair

Given a dozen beers and a glass eye, Uncle Jeff figured he'd do all right with the kootch girls

by EDMUND WARE

• FICTION •

IN A reckless attempt to get enough money to visit the Mopang Fair, Uncle Jeff Coongate had killed a deer intending to peddle the meat. Since the one-eyed poacher was constantly hounded by game wardens, the measure was dangerously extreme. The old woodsman deemed the risk justified only because the enticements of the Fair were reported more luscious than ever before.

The men of the lake country were agog over the doings in the hootchie kootchie tent. Not only were the three kootch dancers rumored to be young and beautiful, but their wiggings were so expressive that little was left to the imagination. And according to Jumbo Tethergood, who had seen the show eleven times, the combined garments of the dancers were insufficient to flag a wheelbarrow.

The midway was lined with alluring tents. There were gypsies, who foretold the future for years to come. Jewelry sold cheaply. Casky Dicker said that Jock MacGregor, who had the beer concession, was letting the essential stuff flow at a dime a bottle. Though the one-eyed poacher, knowing Jock MacGregor's unswerving loyalty to Scotch tradition, felt that this was a rank exaggeration, it could be considered a happy omen.

Finally, Uncle Jeff had it on good authority that there was a fellow selling glass eyes at twenty-five cents apiece. Given a dozen or so beers and a glass eye, the old poacher, despite his seventy years, believed he could compete on even terms for the kootch girls' favors.

But hard luck dogged him from the very start. He was dressing out the deer on the lake shore, when a game warden stepped from a spruce thicket and caught him red to the elbows. Uncle Jeff raised half his forty dollar fine from his lifelong friend, Zack Bourne; and the other half from a good-natured young medical student named Miles Austin, who was vacationing for the month of August at Zack Bourne's cabin on the lake. Uncle Jeff's hard luck, and his friends' generosity, left the three of them practically broke. But there was yet hope.

Miles Austin was expecting a check from home, and Zach Bourne had six dollars owing him from a man in St. Stephen. On the



sweltering, last day of the Mopang Fair, Zack, Miles and Uncle Jeff paddled down lake to Privilege, arriving in the afternoon. At the Post Office, Zack got three patent truss advertisements, a gun catalog, and his hardware bill—but no money order from St. Stephen. Miles Austin got a letter from his girl, but no check from home.

Thoroughly disgusted with his friends, especially following three hours' futile paddling in the withering heat, Uncle Jeff grouched that he might as well have gone to jail. They said they wished to hell he had, since in that event they, at least, would have money to spend.

"Well, anyways, let's not quarrel, boys," said Uncle Jeff. He hesitated a moment, imagining scenes in the hootchie kootchie tent and thinking of what a figure he would cut in a new glass eye. Then, jingling some nails in his pocket, as a kind of obbligator to a last chance, he said: "Tell you what we'll do, boys. We'll pool every penny we got, divide it three ways, and go to the Fair. Miles could drive us over in his car."

The young medical student, with a chuckle

emptied his pockets on the Post Office counter.

"That's the way to do it!" Uncle Jeff complimented. "Come on, Zack—your turn."

Eying his old friend in frank suspicion, Zack Bourne added ninety-five cents to the kitty. Whereupon Uncle Jeff took the nails from his pocket, and from among them plucked the only coin in his possession—a plugged Canadian quarter. This he tossed in with an air of sacrifice. "Well there we are. Makes two dollars an' a quarter, all told. Share an' share alike."

With that, Uncle Jeff picked up seventy-five cents American and spread it on his palm, muttering: "Two bits is two bottles beer—maybe; an' two bits more is my glass eye; an' two bits more for the kootchie show, makes seventy-five."

"Paddle fourteen mile, hundred in the shade, just to spend six bits," growled Zack Bourne, glaring at Uncle Jeff.

Zack left the plugged Canadian quarter for Miles Austin. The medical student laughed brightly, pocketed his share, and whooped: "Off to the Fair, their pockets bulging with wealth!"

"Goddam it!" exclaimed Uncle Jeff, wiping a tear from

his eye. "I clean forgot about admission!"

In almost the same breath, the old poacher solved the problem by suggesting: "Me an' Zack could scrunch down together in the rumble seat of your car, Miles! With the lid closed, you could drive right in—maybe they'd even take that Canadian quarter at the gate!"

"My God!" cried Miles. "You'd roast. Car's been standing in the sun. Why—you'd suffocate!"

"But we'd save a quarter apiece," Uncle Jeff countered irritably. "That is, me an' Zack would."

Miles Austin, being really concerned for his human freight, drove to Mopang as fast as the road would permit. He more than half expected to open the rumble, once they got inside the Fair grounds, and lift out two brown and sizzling corpses. And his expectation was more than half fulfilled.

They let him into the Fair grounds on the plugged Canadian quarter, and he looked about hastily for a secluded place in which to park and open what he now thought of as the oven door of his rumble seat. He quickly



selected a spot several yards back of the beer tent, alongside Jock MacGregor's truck. The beer concessionaire carried home his cases of beer every night, transferring them from the tent to the truck, and back to the tent again when the Fair opened in the morning. Between the entrance gate and MacGregor's truck, however, was a field. The field had once been plowed, but the furrows were now grown to sun-baked grass. They were hard.

As Miles raced his car over these furrows drama began unfolding rapidly in the rumble seat. At the first furrow, a heavy implement, later identified as a jack, bounced off the floor and caught Jeff Coongate on the jaw. In the oven-black interior, the old poacher, already in a daze from his cooking, believed that Zack Bourne had gone off his rocker and socked him. Doubling his immense fist, Uncle Jeff lashed out in the dark, nearly knocking a hole through the wall of his prison. He tried another direction, and connected with his old friend's neck.

Happily, the two old-timers fought in such cramped quarters, and were so weakened by heat, that they couldn't land any haul-off blows, merely short jabs. But they worked intensively with knees, elbows and feet—and the furrows, over which Miles jounced the car, completed the havoc by causing the jack, wrenches, and other tools to churn about with great effect.

Parking alongside the beer truck, Miles leaped out and opened the rumble seat. A blast of sweat-drenched air shot upward, followed by Uncle Jeff Coongate and Zack Bourne, locked in mortal combat. They were now so groggy that they couldn't do much damage. Miles had little trouble in separating them. He held them apart, while they feebly swung at each other and uttered faint war cries.

"I told you!" wailed Miles, keeping between the adversaries. "Direct result of claustrophobia!"

"The son of a bitch hit me in there in the dark!" glared Uncle Jeff. "Leave me at him."

"Why, you old—"

"Wait, Zack!" Miles implored. "Jeff, now listen: that's a jack mark on your jaw."

"That old toad hit me with a jack, did he?" raged Uncle Jeff, making an ineffectual lunge toward his old comrade.

"No, Jeff!" Miles informed him. "You don't understand! Wait! Take a look at that hexagonal bruise on Zack's forehead. My big socket wrench! See?"

"He clawed me!" Zack Bourne groaned. "Clawed my eyes an' face! Fingernails like a dang woman!"

"No, Zack. No!" Miles gently corrected. "Those marks aren't from fingernails. My box of bass plugs jounced open. You got your

head into the treble hooks. See? One hanging on you right now."

In time the medical student brought about light and peace. He pointed out the hard-packed furrows, apologized for his haste, and recemented their friendship. As they washed up under a pump, their acrimony gradually shaded into profane endearment; and, arm-in-arm they set forth to see the sights.

At their first stop—Jock MacGregor's beer tent—fate dealt them another one off the bottom. Elbowing his way through the massed and swaying bodies at the counter, Uncle Jeff cried: "Hey, Jock! Casky Dicker

business-like yellow jacket, also seeking a bit of sugar, had got there first. The yellow jacket nailed Uncle Jeff on the lower lip. Uncle Jeff yowled and dropped the bottle. The crowd giggled. Jock MacGregor guffawed, and said: "Put mud on it!"

"Come on, Jeff!" Zack sadly beseeched. "Let's go to a gypsy an' get our fortune told."

"What fortune?" Miles Austin ruefully inquired.

"Leastways, we won't be tradin' with that penny pincher," grumbled Jeff. "May he die with a million in the bank, un-spent!"

Uncle Jeff emerged from the gypsy's ministrations considerably cheered. The gypsy, a dark, full-bosomed, appealing lass, had caressed his hands, and from them divined the following: (a) Uncle Jeff had been in a streak of bad luck for a long time. (b) His luck was due to change with a violent up-swing. (c) The change would center around some heroic deed, in which he would be an outstanding performer.

While waiting for Zack and Miles to have their palms read, Uncle Jeff furtively approached the glass-eye mart, a smudgy tent, pitched carelessly, and attended by a jowled man in a gray derby and checked suit.

"Brother," the jowled man ingratiated, "let me help you. Dr. Leander Whalen's scientific glass orbs are guaranteed to make a new man of the wearer."

"How much?" asked Uncle Jeff warily.

"Two bits. Twenty-five cents. One quarter. Dr. Whalen defies his patients to find better glimmers at any price."

"I'll take a blue one," said Uncle Jeff, digging out a quarter. "Palest shade you got."

"Ah," replied the attendant sorrowfully, "there you have me, brother. I just sold the last blue one to the Sheriff of Mopang County. Possibly you know the man?"

Uncle Jeff gave a violent start and said: "Yuh—well acquainted."

"But do take a brown one," urged the derby-hatted man. "As the shadows of evening fall and darkness comes, who can tell blue from brown?" The man leaned confidentially toward Uncle Jeff, and with a leer continued: "The girls in the kootch tent are color blind, my friend. Especially at night. Buy an eye, brother, an' see tonight's greatest and last show. The tom-toms beat at ten o'clock!"

"I'll take the eye," said Uncle Jeff.

"And possibly a clean collar, too? Here's a snappy number of highest grade celluloid. Guaranteed not to bend, break or blow up, shrink, wrinkle, or crack at the corners!"

"Just the eye," growled Uncle Jeff. "You say the kootchie show is good?"

"Good? Ah, yes! Ah, yes! True art, and very revealing."

It was dusk when Uncle Jeff found his



told how you were letting her go for a dime a bottle. Gimme two!"

"That was only the first day," said the Scotchman. "It's two bits apiece now. This is the last day."

"Two bits?" wailed Jeff. "Just for one bottle? You're a robber!"

"If you can't pay, step back an' let someone up that can," ordered MacGregor unfeelingly.

"You see that?" roared the old poacher, infuriatedly displaying his three quarters. "If your life depended on gettin' so much as one of 'em, I'd eat it, rather'n buy beer off you."

"Go on, get out of here!" said MacGregor.

"Bet if you ever unbuttoned a pocket, bats would fly out in swarms!" shouted Jeff, shaking his fist.

The crowd laughed. They were definitely favorable to the old poacher's views. But even the crowd was fickle. Emboldened by their sympathy, Uncle Jeff reached for a half emptied bottle which some surfeited soul had abandoned. Thumbing his nose at Jock MacGregor, he raised the bottle to his lips. But a

*Continued in center of page 143*



# Roulades and Cadenzas

**Latin American taste in music  
(as their approach to love and  
life) is different from ours**

**by CARLETON SMITH**

• MUSIC •

THIS business of wooing Latin America—and wooing it is—is not a single evening's affair. It requires persistent and subtle serenading. Mere kiss-blowing by politicians will not do. South Americans have been kissed and courted by professionals. Playing Romeo is a new role for Uncle Sam.

Thirty-five years ago, Teddy Roosevelt was telling them they'd better behave—or he'd show them how. Our marines went to Nicaragua, our gunners to Mexico. Patriotic Chileans frequently shake their heads even now and tell of the American naval officer who, because a drunken sailor was shot in a street brawl over a girl, forced the commander of the fort at Valparaíso to lower the Chilean flag while he fired a shot over it. Thus spoke the colossus of the North!

Last year a squadron of our "flying fortresses" maneuvered beneath the Southern Cross. Generals dined—officials smiled—while the populace wondered if Romeo carried a gun.

Of course, "friends and fellow citizens" matter less south of the Rio Grande than north of it. Republic is a misnomer for South American countries. Nowhere is there a large vocal middle class; nowhere, representative democratic government. The Spanish settlers established feudalism on the lands they dominated, and their descendants maintain it.

A minority controls every Latin American country, and it is that minority we must court. Until now, they have sought their

beaux and their dissipation in Europe. Boats across the Atlantic were cheaper and more luxurious than to New York. Moreover, their culture had its roots in the Iberian peninsula.

What contact they had with Americans alienated them. Even our assumption of the name American annoyed them. Isn't an Argentine, a Colombian, a Brazilian also an American? They came to think of us as uncouth, gum-chewing, wise-cracking ego-maniacs who talked incessantly of bathtubs and bank rolls... and who tried to get their signatures on order blanks the first day we met them. "The American Club in Buenos Aires," said an Argentine, "reminds me of nothing more than the Rotary Club in Sioux City."

They regard us as a nation of money-grabbers, frustrated youths, and ga-ga old men surrounded by loveless homes, living mistress-less lives amid divorce courts, neon lights, and women's clubs. They look upon us as naïve, jittery patrons of the strip tease, finding outlets in political circuses, baseball, nightclubs, pulp magazines, funny papers, and other amusements for the witless. They believe we're happy only in the presence of a celebrity or a dollar sign. Seeing our movies, they take us at our own valuation. Everything cold and glittery, streamlined and super—from our women to our forty-five billion dollar debt.

"What else can we think?" queried an in-

telligent Peruvian. "Every bit of information we get from the U.S. comes to us like facts from another planet. We read of your skyscrapers, your bridges, your World's Fairs, your huge factories—your millionaires, your aeroplanes. We cannot compete... It all makes us feel so small—We live in another world."

And if we are to be yoke-mates on this hemisphere, we must bridge this gap between their world and ours. We must do what we have never done before—stop shouting, "But that's not the way we do it," and discover how they live and think.

The Latin approach to love and life is not ours. There's no reason that it should be. But the time has arrived when it would be wise for us to understand them and treat them as they are, instead of as we think they should be.

\* \* \*

They like music. They enjoy it easily and naturally, with much less word-slinging than we. Sharing our musical life with them is an opportunity we should not neglect.

Nothing will do us more good in South America than concerts conducted by Arturo Toscanini. The National Broadcasting Company deserves signal honor from our government for a public service. True, Mr. Toscanini is not an American, and many of the men in his orchestra are not Americans. They will not play American music. But Mr. Toscanini has a universal reputation as the world's No. 1 maestro. He began his career fifty-four years ago in Rio. South America takes pride in having discovered him. Today he works in America; the orchestra he conducts is the creation of American business, offers a standard of excellence hitherto not known in South America. The music he conducts—our common heritage from Europe—will win more favor in South America than would programs of American compositions.

Many Latin-Americans were skeptical when I told them how the NBC Symphony was formed and financed. They would not believe that any United States citizen with a radio could tune in Toscanini every Saturday free of charge. They did not know that the New York Philharmonic Symphony has broadcasted each Sunday for ten years, half of those years under Toscanini. They could not understand why Henry Ford spends a fortune to present a symphony orchestra and the world's greatest virtuosi. Nothing like that ever happened in South America.

In fact, there is not one major symphony orchestra on the whole continent which gives a season of programs comparable to those presented by any one of our major orchestras.

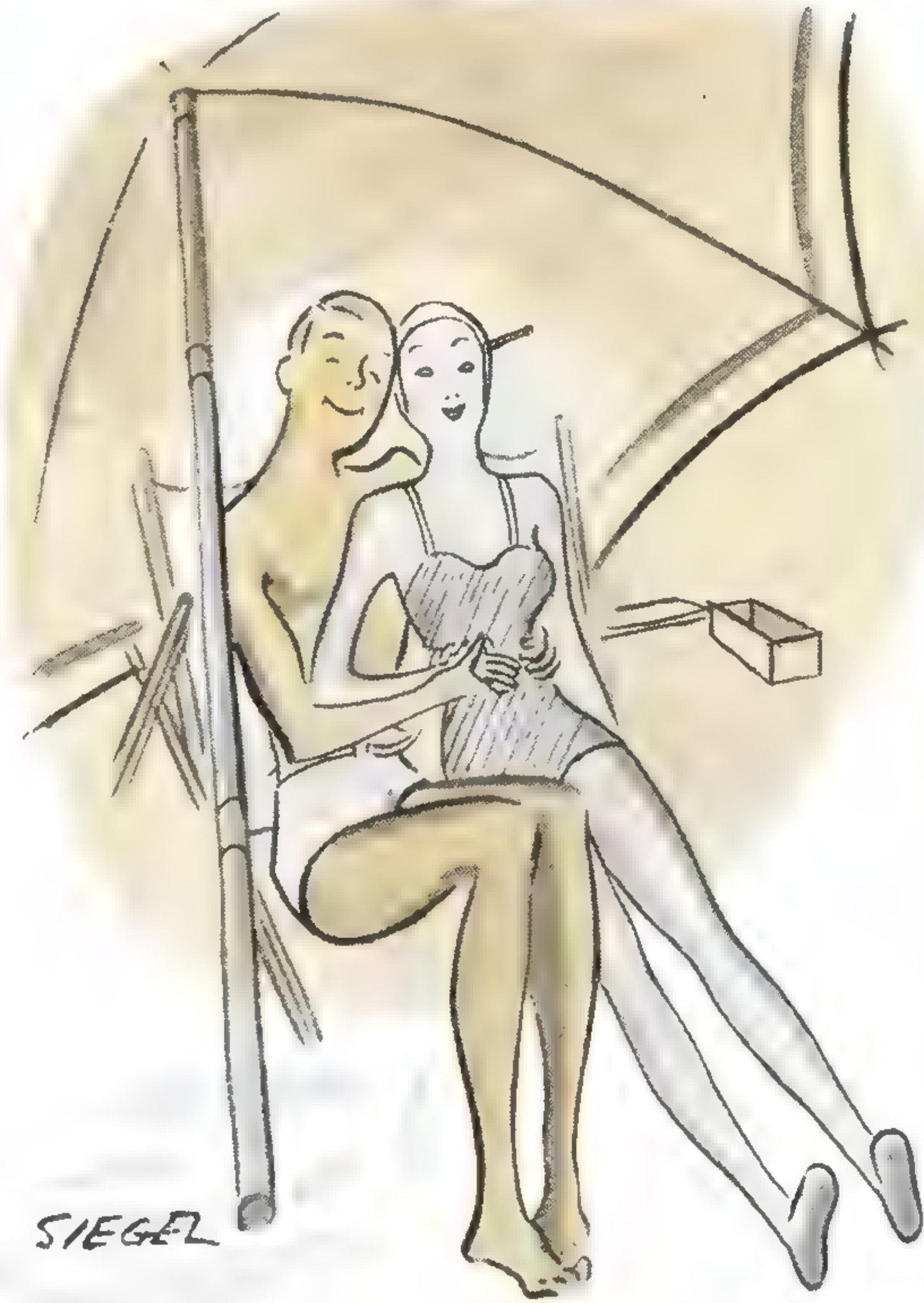
South Americans think we take our music like everything else—in a hurry between cocktails. They suspect we treat music as we

*Continued at top of page 143*



*"I got tired of getting out of bed every time I woke up with  
an inspiration for a song"*







# Five Dogs and Their Master

Since these dogs had come from the depths of poverty, their raw talents and native cunning found free vent

by **SÁNDOR HUNYADY**  
• FICTION •

AT THE club after dinner one of my friends related a dog story. Thereupon, of course, everybody started talking about dogs. There were ten of us sitting around the table, and each had a story of his own. They told stories about faithful dogs who die of sorrow after their masters' death, and about clever dogs which can count. It was all very tedious; one hears hundreds of such tales. But the last story touched me. It was told by the oldest member of the club. He was a lazy and morose bachelor, a musician by profession. We all respected him because he had the courage to compose "heavy" music in this frivolous world which pays only for hits.

In my mind I jotted down word for word what he said. Let him speak:

I am a Bohemian. It is always late at night when I come home, and I sleep until noon. In the early hours when I ring the night bell and wait for the concierge to come, I think about my fate. I have no illusions. I know that I have an unfortunate exterior and a restless interior. I am close to fifty, and if I have been too cowardly to get married, it is too late now.

If I have not yet acquired friends, it is likely that I never shall. I don't know how it happened, out of ugly selfishness or noble timidity. Anyway, it isn't important. What is important is that I have been left hellishly alone. One can go snow blind in such cruel loneliness. Sometimes one feels as lonely as

a lost Arctic explorer in a field of ice. He makes a funnel of his hands and shouts into it: Help! And there is no answer. His call is returned only in an empty echo, in innumerable shades of despair.

The concierge awoke. His key clicked in the lock. Something occurred to me. I have never had a dog. What if I should try it now? At least I would have some kind of living being moving around me.

I said to the concierge as he let me in:

You are a clever chap, my old friend. Couldn't you find a dog somewhere for me? It isn't important that it be an expensive dog with a pedigree. I don't care what kind of breed it is.

I lumbered up to my apartment. I have one room, a dark little hall, and a narrow bathroom. It is a good thing that I live in such a meager place. In small places one feels less lonely.

I went to bed. It was three o'clock in the morning. I took a veronal tablet because I suffer from insomnia. The drug hit me on the head. It was late noon when I woke up with a bitter mouth and in a hellish humor.

I rang for my morning tea. The chambermaid came in and announced that since early morning people had been standing outside with a pack of dogs. They insisted that I was going to buy them. Apparently the concierge had already got to work.

I gave orders that the dog owners should

be let in. I sat up in bed and looked curiously at the door. What kind of people can they be who want to sell their dogs? Poor men? Right; my people were all proletarians. There was a lame old woman dressed in mourning. A ragged urchin. An alcoholic waiter; and an unemployed working man.

The old woman said she had to go to the hospital to have some kind of operation. That's why she had to part with her dog; otherwise she wouldn't sell it for any money.

The woman's dog was a white French collie with black spots. Pretty oldish. Every collie has a sort of asthmatic breathing. This one, however, wheezed even more than usual. In addition, he must have had some eye disease. His chestnut eyes were full of tears.

The ragamuffin had brought a thin cur which had a ragged appearance like his own. It didn't belong to any particular breed. Probably had been born on the street as the result of an illicit match. And it was alive with fleas. As soon as the poor creature sat down she started scratching herself.

The waiter's dog was an ill-tempered, coffee-brown dachshund. There was a wire muzzle on its nose; apparently the waiter himself was afraid it would bite him.

The working man had brought two little German police pups under his arms. He had probably stolen these two pups, which were like very young human babies in the sense that they didn't have the slightest idea about etiquette. They sat in little puddles on my rug.

I am not rich myself, but poverty thinks in such microscopic numbers that it breaks one's heart. The price of all the five dogs was not more than forty *pengös*. Without bargaining, the sellers were pushing each other down.

The five dogs were sitting in line in front of my bed, hungry, thin, ragged, persecuted by fate, with strings on their necks. Their instincts must have told them that with me they could make their career, because they were trembling like slaves at the block. An imploring light appeared in their eyes: Take me! Take me! Their noses sniffed excitedly; they must have smelled the scent of the cream brought in with my tea.

I looked at them. I couldn't choose. Choosing is always a difficult thing. Could I lie there and watch the rejected dogs depart? Perhaps their disappointed masters would give them a beating at once—because of me.

I bought all the five. My idea was that within twenty-four hours I would find out which of the five dogs would take most to me. I would keep that one. The others I would pass on to good places.

In the afternoon I took my little family to a dog bath, just as one goes to the tailor to have clothes made for children taken out of



"Doctor . . . I think we have worms!"

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KLAUS OF WARRENDANE, OWNED BY MRS. THOMAS VAN URK

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

## THE GREAT DANE THINKS BEFORE HE ACTS

**T**HE dogs shown in 15th century tapestry hunting scenes look much the same as today's Great Dane. However, tracing the Dane's history to its origin is difficult because of the various names by which the breed has been known. The ancients called him Tiger Dog. In France the name was Grand Danois—in Denmark, Danis Jano-Hund, and in Germany, Deutsche Dogge. The Danes can boast of having attended world conferences when, as inseparable companions to Bismarck, they scrutinized visiting diplomats and transmitted telltale reactions to their master by the wag of a tail or the curl of a lip. The first Danes were shown in this country in 1889 by J. Blackburn Miller. And from that date on, the United States has made great prog-

ress in Dane breeding—even outdistancing England and giving Germany severe competition. Having been bred for wild boar hunting, the present-day Dane's chief characteristics, not counting his extraordinary beauty, are strength and courage. In addition, he is endowed with the faculty of good judgment. A Dane thinks before he acts which, considering his size—thirty inches or more at the shoulder, is something for which to be thankful! Actually an adult Dane is no more trouble in the home than a dog of the smaller breeds. His dignity and reserve make sharing even small quarters with him very simple. And although a Great Dane's food bill is higher than other dogs', the chances of strangers' speaking out of turn to his owner are relatively less!

—CHASE HERENDEN



# Chapin: Little Man in Art

**In his modest, unintentional way,  
Chapin was a pioneer in choosing  
the familiar as a subject for art**

**by HARRY SALPETER**

• ARTICLE •

JAMES CHAPIN is a lonely man. That is why his paintings are full of people. He is a gentle, self-effacing, grey little man. That is why his paintings are peopled by strong, tough, vigorous, large-boned, confident and masterful individuals—farmers, laborers, pugilists, gangsters, racketeers. The painting of pictures is a complicated process, governed by a sometimes indecipherable web of motives. In the case of Chapin the process is practically a compensation for a sense of inferiority so fundamental that no professional, aesthetic or financial success will ever wipe it away. I have no blueprint to prove this; it is practically pure surmise.

Not counting the socially successful portrait painters, James Chapin is almost as successful as an American artist can be in these times. Better painters have had only the WPA as their regular client. He has won several of the most coveted prizes available to native artists, including the Chicago Institute's Logan prize of \$1,000 for portraiture and the Temple gold medal of the Pennsylvania Academy. His works hang in the rooms of a dozen museums throughout the country and he is represented also in several expensive private collections. He teaches advanced portraiture at the Pennsylvania Academy and occasionally lectures at other institutions. He has had twenty-three one-man shows throughout the United States and a recent retrospective New York exhibition at which the work of sixteen years was shown. His best and his worst paintings were indiscriminately admired by those who have the reputation of knowing better. None other than Grant Wood wrote the foreword to his full-dress catalogue, which ought to tell you something. In other words, James Chapin rates. He rates as one of the most popular

painters America has produced because his main effort seems to have been confined to returning America to itself with no embarrassing translation of his material into aesthetic terms.

But he does strive to reach a level beyond that on which he has already won the approbation of those who shape opinion in the field of art. He has been praised for bad pictures, but he has tried to paint better. *Grindstone*, for example, is a large and pretentious piece of junk; *Drunken Farmer*, at the least, is an attempt to state the structure of a man enveloped within a mood. *Pork Chops* is an illustrative caricature thinner than the canvas on which it is painted; *Oracle* is something else again. He is out there trying; we cannot blame him if there are those who cheer every time he muffs the ball as well as every time he catches it. Perhaps this is only a case of aesthetic astigmatism.

The general public has a tendency of identifying artists not by the work they do, but by their stunts. If an honest adventure or search or even accident is susceptible of being twisted into the semblance of a stunt, then the artist may receive meretricious benefits through the uncritical publicity that follows. In 1924 James Chapin left New York and tracked back to northwestern New Jersey, from which part of the country he had originally come. He was simply looking for a cheaper way of living and working than he could find in the metropolis. He rented a cottage from a family of backwoods hill farmers called Marvin. He paid them four dollars a month and when he wasn't thinking and painting he fished and hunted, and grew vegetables on a patch of land around the house. These extra-curricular operations helped keep the grocery bill down to its ir-



SALLY

reducible minimum. For five years he lived in this manner, shipping his finished product of art to the outside world of galleries and exhibitions and astounding a part of that minute fragment of the public that was then troubling to look at the pictures painted by American artists.

For Chapin was doing—for those times—a most unorthodox thing. He was painting these tough farmer people and their raw-boned women and an occasional neighbor within their interiors and their landscapes just as they appeared to him, and not within the conventions or the formalizations of French art. They were American farm people, not peasants by Millet or Daumier. He grouped them around the kitchen stove and painted them singly, in activity and in repose. Even *Grindstone*, bad a painting as it is, must have served a purpose in that it informed those who cared at all about art produced in America that there were people and settings in this land which were at least remotely susceptible of use as the subject matter for art. If those early paintings of Chapin were clumsy and thin it might be worth while remembering that the finished job is usually done by the fellows who come after the pioneers, and in his small, modest, unintentional way Chapin was a pioneer. His first Marvin family pictures must have struck people as a revelation. One doesn't paint the familiar, at least one didn't; only the exotic and the strange is subject matter for art. Painters have to visit strange climes and they unstrap their paint boxes only in view of the romantic seacoasts of Bohemia. Simply because he had obeyed the necessities of economics, Chapin found that he had become a

*Continued on page 107*



BLUES CONCERT





OLD MAN IN A RAILWAY COACH



ORACLE



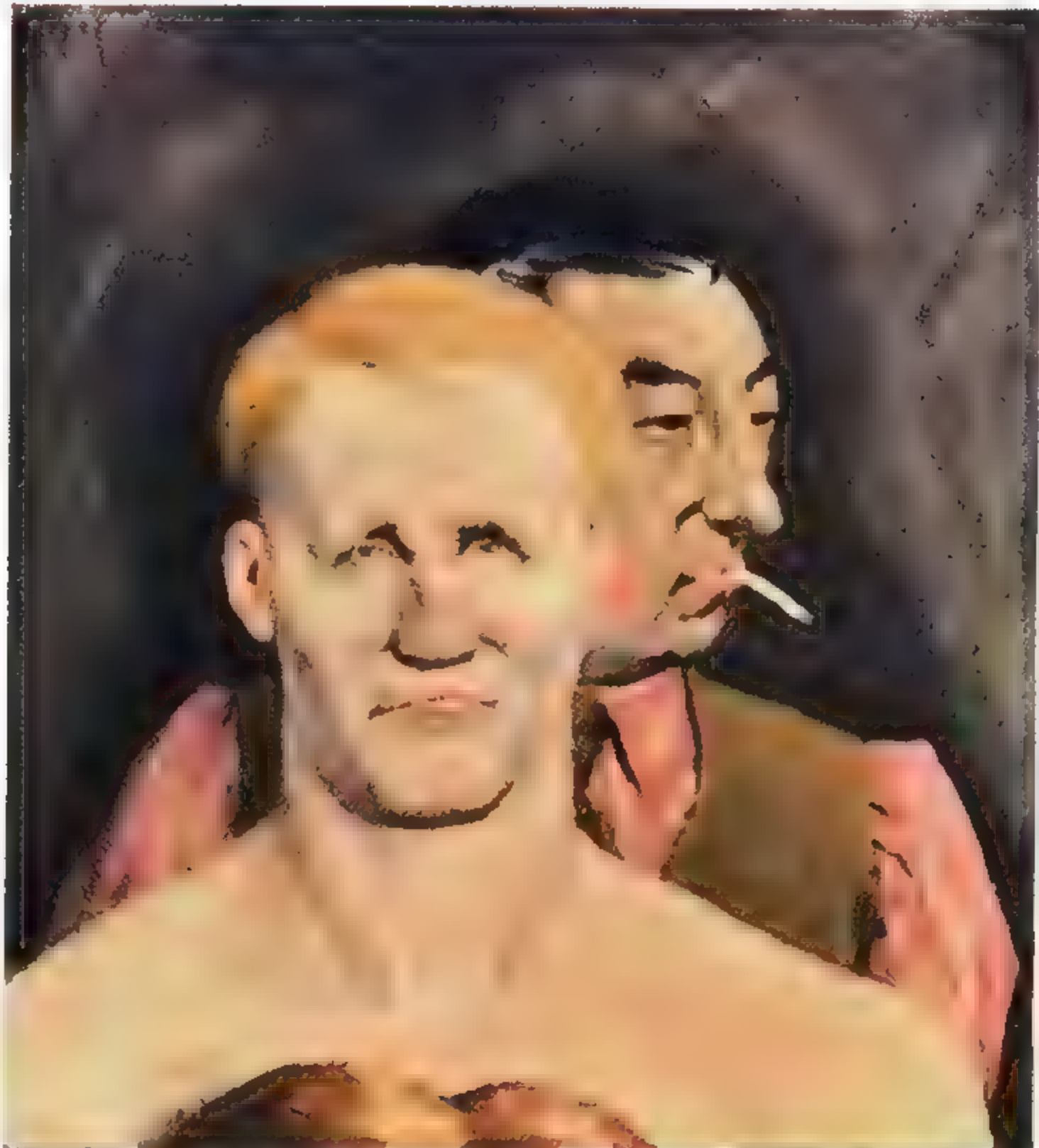
DRUNKEN FARMER

**A Collection of Paintings**  
*by* **JAMES CHAPIN**



NEGRO GIRL

*Paintings reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of the Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*



A PRIZE FIGHTER AND HIS MANAGER



PORK CHOPS





*Out here in the great southwest, adventure may be found,  
Some folks drink and some folks cuss and some just hang around!*



*Durante would be pressed, by Gad,  
To match the schnozzle on this lad!*



*The natives have their share of fights  
And always stick up for their rights!*



*Somehow the fates refused to grant  
That John should be a century "plant"!*

## Wooden Horses, Iron Men

WOOD CARVINGS BY H. S. ANDERSON

H. S. "Andy" Anderson is a California cowboy whose hands are the size and color of a pair of pack saddles. When he got tired of roping steers for a living he built himself a 'dobe house in Topanga and started to carve and color these 6-inch portraits of the winners of the west. Anderson describes his career thus briefly: "I lived in Colorado in some pretty damn small places. My dad had a pack train and packed ore. I was raised around cow camps, mining joints and livery barns." His wooden figures, completely free of any boots-and-saddles romanticism and compounded out of a cactus-sharp wit, are much sought after. The specimens on this page are from the collection of C. R. Smith, whose New York apartment is practically a museum of Anderson's work. Other Anderson fanciers are John Nance Garner and Walt Disney.



*Like members of our leisure class  
This gent sets too much on his ass!*



*This nag would finish after dark  
In case it ran at Belmont Park!*



*No man on earth can flex his can  
As gracefully as the Mexican!*



*The sweetest story ever told—  
Hi-Yo, Silver! Hi-Yo, Gold!*

—PHIL STACK



# Keep Your Horse Happy

**How to ride hundreds of miles over unknown country without tiring your horse, as told to Charles B. Roth**

**by FRANK T. HOPKINS**

• SPORTS •

**I**F THERE'S any accomplishment an outdoor man ought to have, it's horsemanship. By that I don't mean the kind of horsemanship that passes on the bridle path, or the polo field, or the show ring, or the hunting course. These are play. The real horsemanship I refer to is the kind that enables a man to start out with a single horse, ride several hundred or several thousand miles over unknown country, and bring the same horse back in as good condition as the day he left.

I suppose it's really a lost art in this country, horsemanship, because there is no call to master it as there was when I was a boy over sixty years ago. Still, I don't know. The horse is coming back. In certain districts, notably out West, horse vacations are becoming more popular. On the whole, I still think that every man, to call himself fully accomplished, ought to know horsemanship.

The principles are really not difficult to learn—they are so few, they are so simple. Putting them into practice really takes more time. But even the practice of horsemanship can be mastered by any man who has the patience to learn the wonderful organization, the horse—what it is capable of doing, how to make it do its utmost. And what a fascinating study this is!

In more than 60 years of intensive horsemanship, which includes winning more long distance rides than any other horseman, I have discovered that the most important factor in horsemanship is the horse's mental attitude. That sounds like equine metaphysics. You may think that I am about to start telling you of a horse I once had that could think as well as a Senator. But I'm not. All I mean by this statement is that a good horseman is one who keeps his horse happy at all times. A happy horse will work; an unhappy horse will not.

That always gave me more concern than any other one thing on my long rides, keeping my horse happy. I knew its importance. If my horse was happy, free from irritation or worry, he would deliver the very last ounce of energy he had. But if he were fretted, worried, filled with care or fright, he would be under par. Then I would lose.

I like to see my mount throw his ears forward, look at the road and take in everything that is going on, not paying the slightest attention to me on his back. That's a happy horse for you. But how do you get a horse to be happy and how do you keep him that way?

It starts with your adjusting yourself to the horse, not trying to make the horse adjust himself to you. Take the matter of gaits, a very important matter. Many horsemen believe that the rider should decide what gaits the horse should use. I have always believed that that is putting the wrong end to.

I let the horse decide which gait suits him best, then I conform. It seems more sensible to reform the rider than to try to reform the horse. Learn the gait that comes natural to your horse; then ride him in that gait.

To give you a personal example: In my long distance rides I always rode loping horses. Not every horse I tried, when I was selecting my mounts, was a loper. Some were trotters; some were pacers; some were runners. The ordinary way would have been to take a natural trotter and trim him to lope. Not for me. I disposed of the trotter and tried until I got a horse that loped by nature.

I know that many horsemen, those who train bridle-path horses especially, engage in a process known as "gaiting." But I am not talking of bridle-path horses. I am talking of the horses that a man rides, really rides. So I say the first rule of horsemanship is to become acquainted with your horse.

Then the selection of the right kind of horse has a good deal to do with having a happy horse. I always chose levelheaded horses. At least, that is what I called them; some horsemen called them just plain lazy. It didn't make me angry. I suppose they were lazy. They would work all right, but I had to make them work. Still, in every long-distance race I ever entered I always crossed the line ahead of the rest. The reason is that my levelheaded horses worked without worry. They didn't fret nor stew about things they

couldn't help. At night they would sleep as well in a strange stall as they would at home. The energy which high-strung fretters used up in needless worry, my lazy boys used to win races for me.

The way a man sits his horse has much to do with how the horse feels about life, too. Ride a horse properly and he will carry you with a minimum of discomfort to himself—also to you. Ride him improperly and neither of you will have much fun. I had to learn the proper and the easiest way to ride my horses, because riding with me wasn't sport—it was life. At the age of 13, I was carrying dispatches for the United States Army in Wyoming and Montana, riding my 60, 70, 80 miles a day. When a man has to do that he soon seeks the easiest way to ride.

That way is the old time plains style of riding, not often seen in these days. Old plainsmen always rode with a real long stirrup, so that their legs were almost straight. They sat down close to the leather of their saddles. And stayed right there. No jouncing around, no bouncing up and down, no letting air or scenery between them and their saddles. They really rode, those old boys did. This style of riding was much easier on the horse than today's. Riders now ride all over the horse, from neck to crop, throwing him off balance by shifting that heavy weight here and there, and tiring him out. When you ride, get down into the leather. Stay

*Continued at top of page 122*



*"Think that will help, Mr. Dodsworth?"*





*“Be careful with yer grammar, these ‘G’ men ain’t like cops—they went to college”*



# The Pursuit of Hoppyness

**Beer should be treated as if it  
were fine wine, not slambanged,  
frozen to death, or sun-baked**

**by LAWTON MACKALL**

• POTABLES •

OF MAN'S bright ideas, beer was one of the earliest, with the result that the whole course of civilization has been fluffed with suds. By the time ancient Egypt eased into the picture, some sixty centuries ago, the art of brewing was teamed up with that of baking, Staff of Life soaring in the oven thanks to yeast supplied by its side-kick Quaff of Life, and these two staples greeting each other in the human stomach in old school tie recognition. More latterly, the pumpnick-keled Teutons managed to get their share as a sluicer-down of *Hasenpfeffer* and log-jams of *Wursten* bestrewn with *Kartoffelsalat*. But it remained for the French to devise the only exact terminology for the winning colors of this quencher: *blonde* and *brune* (i.e., *brunette*)—compared to which our tags "light" and "dark" are of a vagueness which might lead one to suppose that we English speakers had tossed off our billions of gallons without ever stopping to notice details and nuances.

Fact is, the nuances are modern innovations. Beer as it came out of the dim past was a crude, makeshift beverage composed of whatever starchy grains its concocter could get hold of, with the addition of some sort of yeast. People drank it willingly because (1) it took care of thirst; (2) it was safe to drink, because it had been brewed—which means literally "boiled"—whereas water was apt to make you sick or kill you (they didn't know about germs but they could recognize the results); (3) it had flavor—poor, to be sure, but better than none; and it made for conviviality and good feeling within. Village festivals foamed with it. It was the breakfast cup of coffee, the luncheon bouillon, the afternoon tea and the evening demi-tasse guaranteed not to keep you awake. And nobody had to eat spinach for there was beer.

Actually it was ale—sole type of "beer" then known. Lager, our present-day beer, wasn't due to be invented till the nineteenth century and people with gullet drought could not wait that long—especially when swigable stuff was brewable so readily. All that one had to do was to malt a batch of barley by sopping it till it sprouted; dry it; grind it; boil it, perhaps with other cereals and herbs, to a bitter-sweet state known as wort; draw off and give it the yeast; file in firkin, barrel or tun for future reference. No trick temperatures were involved and there was nothing in the routine beyond what a young girl ought to know if she hoped to qualify as a good housewife, let alone mistress of a tavern, where she would have the title of alewife.

Beer's Madame Curie was, if legend be true, a certain early German abbess who took note of a humble grapevine-like plant growing along the roadside, by the name of hop—*Humulus Lupulus* to you. Up till that time,

all sorts of herbs had been used as brew fixers and seasoners, the results varying from fair to stinko. Hops stepped right in and took charge, and the job is still theirs with every prospect of remaining so. For these botanic doo-dads have up their sleeves a resinous tonic called lupulin which bitters and backbones the situation, organizing a flavor setup that stays put. Beer as we know it just could not have happened without them.

But there's a gender difficulty. (Ordinarily I wouldn't mention it, but since we're talking frankly in the privacy of a genteel magazine, I feel tempted to.) It's this: The male hop, larger and showier in his blossoming than the female, is a no-good. His lupulin is so ornerily bitter, so low-life, it would foul the parade if given a chance. So brewers blacklist him. Only she-hops need apply, and without escorts.

All of which adds up to something of a problem for the grower and picker. But being farm-minded, he is versed in the facts of life; can even persuade hens to lay regularly without ever having been introduced to a rooster. Since, however, the female of the hop tribe balks at bearing on her own, he makes a settlement with her on a basis of two or three males per field, the pollen-delivering wind doing the rest. In consequence beer gets hop harems (in the form of desiccated blossoms, pressed flat, suggestive of beige potato chips) with the sultans censored out.

And all it wants and takes is the lupulin: the ravished flora are left behind in the kettle like tea leaves. So don't go thinking, as I used to, that hops make up part of the body of the beer you drink. They were a torrid episode, the memory of which lingers hauntingly—so much so, flavor may be out of balance due to excess of hops. Incidentally, the hops grown in America (notably in California, Oregon, and Washington) have a zip to them which is distinct from that met with in the European hops of, say, Bohemia. To keep them from running away with the show, brewers here sometimes use a countervailing dose of corn or rice, with happy results.

In toto, the ingredients carried over into the finished product represent only eight to fifteen per cent of what's in your glass. The rest is water. Bound to be pure, because boiled, this water, as the vehicle of flavor, must itself be palatable. Indeed, you'll find that every great beer is charioted by a swell water, whether the latter be artesian or a historic gusher out of the rock, or a tap from some close-guarded sparkling stream cherished in song and story. Where Dame Nature has failed to oblige with the type desired, modern science can do a lot to make up for her oversight.

Science's first ten-strike was lager, which hit the world in 1840 and hence is now entitled to centennial honors. The name means simply "storage," referring to the fact that

*Continued on page 108*



"Whose lemons ya usin'?"



# The Labors of Beliak

**It amused the pearlers to watch the effect of lemon extract on a nigger already tortured with diver's cramps**

**by PAUL ANNIXTER**

• FICTION •

THERE was a wizened Melanesian diver called Two Canoe who came to Tara, in the Archipelago. He came from New Caledonia to the south, where some people are smoked and put away to keep and others eaten. He was a very serious, efficient individual, with deeply sunken eyes, a mop of kinky hair and a complete absence of expression. He weighed perhaps a hundred and ten and with his hairy shanks and knobby joints he resembled in many ways a well-gnawed mutton bone. As to age he might have been anywhere from twenty to forty-five, there being no way of judging such things from a white man's standpoint.

Although Kara-puhi, or Two Canoe was his real name, given him at birth, it was of no use to him any more. The white men had changed that as they were changing everything in the Islands. They had renamed him Belly-ache because of the very great internal pains he endured in diving for them after pearl shell, and the belittling pseudonym had stuck until all the natives used it and even Two Canoe himself, but by then it had been *beche-de-mer-ed* to Beliak.

There was no better diver in Tara than Beliak; he could stay under four fathoms of water for at least three and a half minutes, working all the time with amazing force, and he did not do this three or four times a day, he did it for six hours on end with but ten minutes' rest between dives, under constant spur of his employers. As he lay on the deck of the yawl, doubled up with the terrific cramps that came from the release of deep water pressure, the pearlers would roar with wolfish laughter at the weird ululating cries that rose from him, a chant usually to Praka the pain god. But later when he had recovered, he would do it all over again for the bribe of a few sticks of tobacco or a small bottle of lemon extract.

To Beliak this was the most unique, the rarest of all the white men's drinks. It was quite as terrific to the taste as any rum and even more revolutionizing in its effect on the interior man. He had come to crave the stuff through long and systematic coaching, for which there was double reason. It was negligible in price, also its well-known griping and contractile effect on the tissues made it the very worst thing Beliak could have put into his tortured midriff. Even the frame of a well man will rebel fiercely upon receipt of an ounce of lemon extract; its effect on a crazy nigger suffering from diver's cramps was a

rare riot; so reasoned the pearlers Jeekol, Moy Tom and the Sydney Nark.

A rare trio were these, scum shuffled together by the sortelage of stripe and convenience. The two white were typical of the islands, sodden lumps of flesh poorly preserved in alcohol, two types eternally to be found on the furthestmost rim of things. There was no perceptible good in them. Jeekol, the moving spirit of the three possessed a certain caliber in the way of nerve, a bad one to have a run-in with; Sydney, a Cockney, exhibited some of those amiable eccentricities which sometimes recommend the drunken to a certain toleration. Moy Tom was a polyglot of the islands, pure oil of depravity, the Chinese

Now Beliak being a Caledonian with a skin almost black, was an alien and almost as much an object of humor to the gold-brown Polynesians as the low whites along the waterfront. But one day as he lay groaning on the beach after four days out at the shell grounds, he made a friend. A gaunt young white man in a suit of tattered ducks, emerged from a thatch hard by and prodded him sharply with a bare toe. It was Christopher Peel who had for some time been "on the beach" at Tara.

"Hy, you, Johnny, what name you raise so much bobelay 'long my fella house?" shouted Peel in the vernacular.

Beliak merely clutched at his middle and writhed. He was attired in nothing but a red cotton trade kerchief belted around his middle and Christopher Peel could see by the tension of knotted and flattened muscles the torment that gripped him.

"Hy you, my word, what name fella poison you drink'm, eat'm, hey?"

"Limmon extra" came in a gasping whisper, just as Christopher saw the flat telltale bottle lying near.

"Lemon extract! Good lord, what a filthy trick!" He knew Beliak's work and had an idea who was responsible for the thing. His sympathy now caused him to do an outlandish thing. He brought a bottle of rum from the thatch and forced some of it down the native's throat, regardless of any who might see. And some did see and hastened to spread this fresh report of his idiocy.

For Christopher Peel was as much of a laugh as Beliak on the beach of Tara. Apparently he had never learned that a white man's foot, even though it be callous and raw for lack of shoes, is given him wherewith to kick natives out of his path. He was fool enough to talk to them instead of cursing them; and then, the thing that had brought him here in the first place was enough to brand a man: the hunting of bugs and butterflies. He had come to the Islands in the cause of entomology, a solo expedition financed largely by himself. As is the way of such things his funds had given out long before his zeal and he had drifted by degrees to the beaches which claim all the inefficient and the foolish, in the Islands, where life is as easy as a song, if you like that kind of song, which Christopher Peel didn't.

Christopher sat on the sand and waited while the warmth of the rum took slow effect,



and Kanaka in him a nascent quag for the down-going quarter of white blood in his veins. Pearling had claimed them as it inevitably claims all who do not trade or plant in the Islands.

They were too sodden to do diving on their own; their prosperity depended almost entirely upon Beliak, the black Caledonian whom in their wanton, witless fashion they handicapped, cheated and persecuted to the limit of their ingenuity. They did well enough, however, even battenning at intervals, though they operated only on an average of four days a week off the deep Fufuti banks. The rest of the time they lay about the waterfront dives, rooting deep and swinishly in the backwash of Island life. By Thursday night, or Friday at the latest, each had acquired a skinful, which in the fitness of things, decreed that he should soak the clock three times around.



thinking not so much of the squirming native perhaps as the beetle classification he had been working on. He attached no importance to his act; he would have done as much for a dog. The fellow finally unknotted himself and sat erect and for a space the two gazed at each other across the gulf that ever lies between the superior white and the secret, inscrutable black. For an instant there showed a strange light in Beliak's opaque black eyes, like the dull shagreen flicker of a turning shark glimpsed five yards down.

"Mahster, you one big fella friend 'long me, my word! Me fella plenty too much pain in belly, galow. We two dam big fella friend now—my word!"

Christopher let that pass. He was mildly irritated now that the thing was done and took it out with a touch of quaint pedantry, left over from other days. "Look here!" he clipped, "you fella get plenty too much pain 'long lemon extra, savvy?" he pointed to man and bottle. "What name you let them fella master make fool 'long you? S'pose you drink more lemon extra, close up you die altogether. S'pose you catch'm too much pain some more, you drink'm rum, whiskey; savvy?"

You cannot give out much medical advice in a *beche-de-mer* lingo of considerably less than two hundred words. Christopher, hoping that a bit of it might have percolated that prognathus skull, turned abruptly away, cursing the Islands in general and men like Jeckol and the Sydney Nark in fine and particular.

This was on a Friday, and that night as usual Beliak's employers dropped out of the picture. Beliak, however, did not remain idle all this time. He did forbidden diving of his own in the lagoon behind the town, garnering many small seed pearls for which he was cheated roundly by the white men after they sobered up.

Incomprehensible as he was, a joke and a dupe for all traders, Beliak had his plans. He was in love with a girl back in Balbi Island, called Teloa. She was the daughter of a sub-chief and had many suitors on her string, both young and old, and to make matters worse she was not exactly a virginal character. Beliak worried about her a great deal. However, he hoped to collect enough loot working for the white men to return and claim her hands-down over all others.

The next day, Saturday, there was a bad blow from the south and it was that night that news of the sinking of the *Southern Cross* came to Tara. There was nothing so unusual about a wreck in those waters, but to the pearlers and conchers it often meant the possibility of a neat stroke of business. The *Southern Cross* was a brig of a hundred and fifty tons register belonging to one Captain Deggs, a well-known trader. During the blow her master, trying to sight Fufuti before nightfall, had miscalculated his distance from the deep channel. A sharp fang of coral had poked a hole about four feet in diameter straight through her bottom and she had sunk before they could even run her into shoal water.

This news, hurried down to Tara, was

enough to jerk even Jeckol and company out of their week-end drunk. Old Deggs was known to have made a fortune in pearling and it was well known that he kept all of it aboard his ship. Little details like owners and underwriters were negligible matters to Jeckol, Sydney and Moy Tom.

That very night while the waterfront slept, the pearlers roused Beliak from his mat on the forward deck of the sloop. Sail was set and the ship nosed her way out through the channel. Dawn found her lying off Fufuti, edging slowly through the Pass.

Luck was with them for within an hour they had picked up the slanting tips of the *Southern Cross's* spars just showing above the sea. The brig had settled upon a ledge of rock and lay listing with the current, her masts leaning well to starboard.

The pearlers looked at one another, grinned and passed the bottle round. They were first upon the scene. Not a sail or sign of life in

be rich Johnny, my word! Savvy?"

Only a sketchy idea of what was meant percolated Beliak's brain. His work was diving for pearl shell, not groping through sunken vessels, but he quailed before the look in Jeckol's eye. Suddenly he did a strange thing. He stood working his wide blunt nostrils like a dog and pointed overside. He had detected in the air what no white man could have sensed, the faint sickish smell of a giant manta ray nearby. He knew the dangers of diving in these deep passes, he felt that danger now in the soles of his feet and he told them of it in his broken English. But the white men seized him and literally forced him overside.

His body cut the water with hardly a splash. Half frog or turtle and half human he appeared as he shot downward, striking out with both hands and feet. In a moment he disappeared beneath the curve of the wreck's bilge. The men waited breathlessly, scanning alternately the horizon and the water beneath.

A minute and a half passed. Suddenly a vast black bat-like form rose from the depths, turning over and showing its bleached white underside. It was a giant ray, more than twenty-five feet from tip to tip of its fin-like wings, one of the breed known through many a shuddery experience as "The Winged Devil of the Deep Passes," by the men of the Islands. Its small fierce eyes gleamed like incandescent slits in the top of its black cloak-like body, and as it turned, its barbed whip-like tail with which it cut its prey to pieces, lashed the surface of the sea.

Jeckol gazed a moment in silence.

"The nigger was right," he muttered. "The harpoon, quick!"

Moy Tom sprang forward with the iron and hurled it true. The line paid out with a snap and a whine and within a minute the pearlers were gaffing the threshing monster from the prow. It fought to the end like a fury, its small eyes glaring up at its captors with a malignance beyond description.

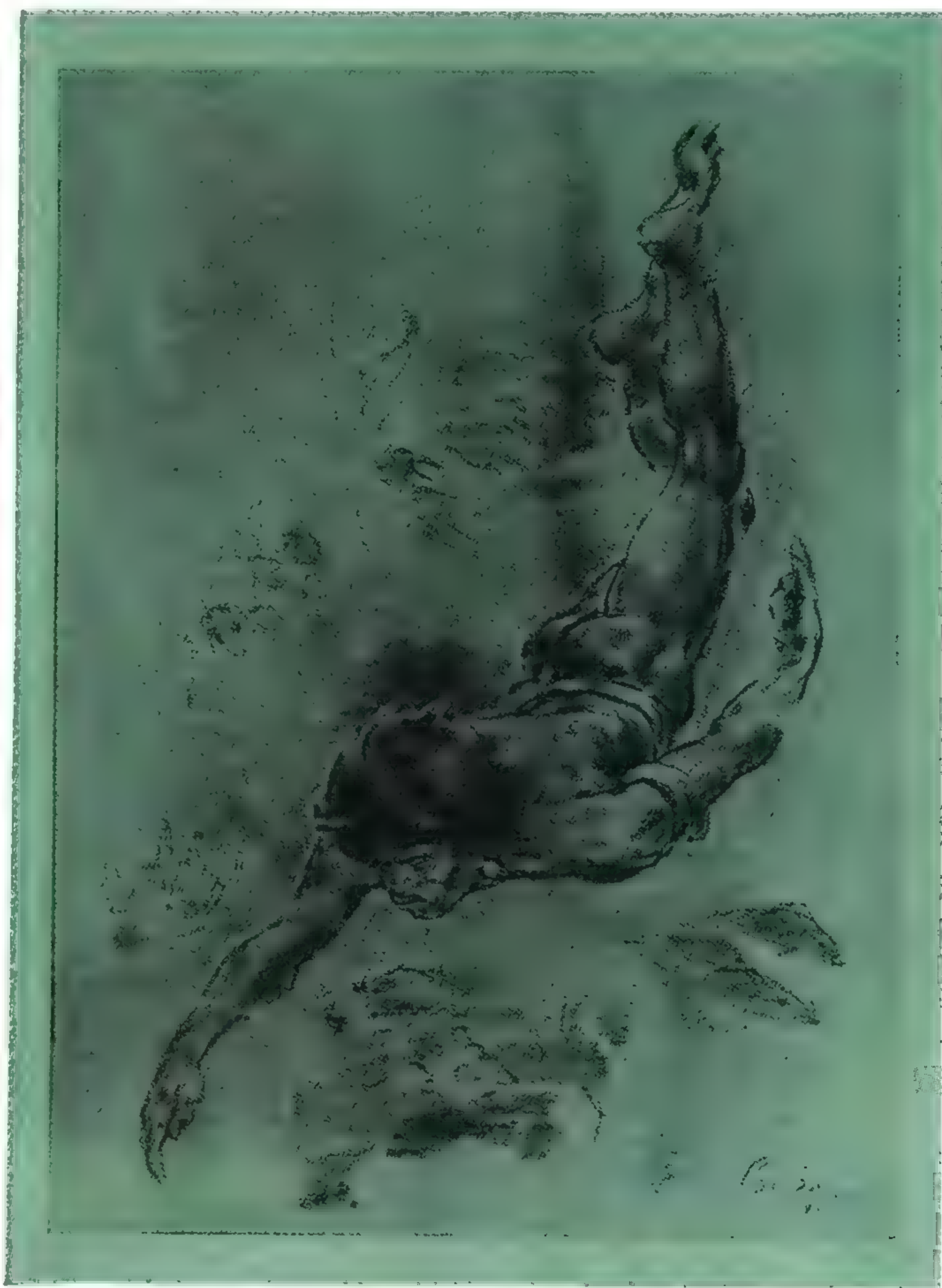
"Dead as a salt fish," said Sydney.

"He's dead," said Jeckol, "but these devils never hunt alone. There'll be others."

They watched the water anxiously until there was a loud snort on the surface and the head of Beliak appeared. They pulled him aboard by a life-line to save him all possible exertion and as he lay gasping on the deck Jeckol knelt and worked over him as tenderly as a mother with her babe. Nothing was said of the ray still flapping as it hung from the stern.

"None of that this trip," snapped Jeckol, as Sydney produced a bottle of lemon extract. "Bring out a bit of brandy from the cabin. We've got to keep him fit and work fast."

Finally words came from the diver. The eyes of the two whites took on a flash that had nothing to do with the sunlight or the leap of liquor in their blood. They were gazing at a handful of loot the black man had brought up from below in his loin cloth. Pearls, big perfect, with flawless skins and luster. They felt certain now that a fortune lay below in the hull of the sunken ship. Yet their chances of realizing it lay entirely with



sight as far as the eye could reach, only a glint of white on a distant cay to eastward. By the code of those waters they were free to do business here unless the owner or underwriters happened along.

They let go their anchor sixty fathoms abaft and let the sloop drift slowly down upon the wreck. The bulk of the sunken ship could be plainly seen below and there was no need to use the glass-bottom bucket through which divers scan the bottom. Even before they had stopped drifting, Jeckol roared for Beliak. In the heat of their haste and drunken greed they snatched the native to his feet and forced him to the rail.

"You savvy that fella ship?" said Jeckol pointing overside. "All same this fella ship. You make'm one long fella dive into that fella mahster's cabin. Happen you find'm gold, pearls, you catch'm plenty money, trade-gin, plenty lemon extra. Close up you

*Continued on page 162*



# Esquire on the Record

Remarking that the most-panned album of the year, music from *Tristan*, is the fastest selling

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

A YEAR ago this month a short, stocky colored girl climbed onto the stage of the Music Shed at Tanglewood. I had just finished adjusting the mechanism and volume controls for some Caucasian folk recordings that the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were to hear at their annual picnic. She had been waiting to rehearse. Before I left the stage, she began the opening phrase of *Oh, Sleep! Why dost thou leave me* . . .

I stopped still . . . Here was a lyric voice of touching, ineffable beauty—the like of which does not exist in the world today . . .

What happened after: . . . her success before that incomparable group of musicians . . . the triumph in Town Hall, in all the cities of the country . . . her recordings, her return this August to the scene of her debut as featured soloist . . . These are facts that testify to the simplicity, the sincerity, the quality of her art. But Dorothy Maynor aspires to higher estates . . . to greater fulfillment and maturity.

Keep her first three Victor discs—*Oh, Sleep! Why dost thou leave me* is on No. 15826—they will become treasures in your collection.

\* \* \*

To old symphony-goers Toscanini's concert with Horowitz in Carnegie Hall brought reminiscences of bygone days . . . of the great decade of the Philharmonic. It was unforgettable: the house full at \$15 top—unmistak-

able anticipation in the air—great music greatly played . . . microphones carrying it to the nation. It had only one regret: that all Toscanini's concerts are not broadcast from Carnegie Hall. At least, his records should be made there. The sonority, warmth and beauty of tone which is heard in Carnegie Hall cannot be had in NBC's Studio 8-H. Is there no one to persuade him?

RECORD REVIEWERS! ATTENTION!

The most-panned album of the year—Victor's M-644—containing the Love-duet and Liebestod from *Tristan* and Brunnhilde's Immolation, sung by Flagstad and Melchior with the San Francisco Opera Orchestra, conducted by Edwin McArthur—is also the fastest-selling.

RCA-Victor has in its vaults two recordings of Siegfried and Brunnhilde's duet from *Die Götterdämmerung*, made with Melchior and Flagstad at the same session in San Francisco. One performance contains a magnificently projected high C which, since her mishap with it, Mme. Flagstad sings no more in the opera house.

The New York Philharmonic Symphony String Quartet—Mishel Piastro (first violin), Imre Pogany (second violin), Zoltan Kurthy (viola), and Joseph Schuster (cellist)—has recorded the Tchaikovsky D Major Quartet, Opus 11, also known as *On the Isle of May*. The youthful United States Record Corpo-

ration, which issues it as Royale Album Set No. 33, has increased recorded Americana with John Powell's *Sonata Virginianesque* (Royale 1870-71-72), Eddy Brown and the composer at the piano . . . Daniel Gregory Mason's *Three Pieces* for flute, harp and string quartet (Royale 1866-67) . . . Albert Stoessel's *Suite Antique* (Royale Album 28) and Lamar Stringfield's *Moods of a Moonshiner* for flute and string quartet, describing the emotions and activities of a Southern mountaineer as he operates his woodland still and guards it from Uncle Sam's revenue agents.

When you are tired of being "cooped up in these United States," have a world tour from your front porch. Send for Victor's International catalogue of records in all languages. You'll find albums of Mexican, Rumanian, Gypsy, and Oriental melodies. Hebrew Folk Songs, French Nursery Rhymes, Creations by Tito Guizar . . . Tangos, Rumbas and Polkas played as their creators like them played. Get a selection of native Greek, Turkish, Czech, Serbian, Finnish, Hungarian, Italian, Albanian, Norwegian, Swedish, German, French, and Russian folk songs . . . and forget the war and the election.

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

*Beethoven: Symphony No. 1, in C Major*, Opus 21, and *Brahms: Tragic Overture*, Opus 81. Arturo Toscanini and the BBC Orchestra. Victor M-521. Toscanini, better than anyone I know, shows how the musical oak grows out of the acorn: how one composer develops from the music of another. Having demonstrated in his interpretations of Haydn that the older man taught Beethoven profounder truths than those of form, Toscanini proceeds to show Beethoven's debt in form. This first symphony is practically Haydn—and Haydn without the thought of the mature Ludwig. Other conductors, who try to make the early Beethoven like the later, obscure the fundamental relationship of the two.

The sound in this recording is sweet, but lacks the depth and sonority and fullness of tone of Toscanini's recordings with the New York Philharmonic Symphony, but perhaps that was intentional. The vitality, energy, rhythm, emphasis and insistent attention to the details of the printed page are unmistakable, and the companion piece—Brahms' *Tragic Overture*—is convincing and full-souled.

*Brahms: Symphony No. 1, in C Minor*. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-301. Some day there will be another and more faithful reading of this symphony, but for sheer beauty of sound this reading will not soon be surpassed. There

Continued in center of page 144



"I really don't mind how long I have to wait—I have a hobby"





“Ah Venice! Music, gaiety, romance”



# Shopping for a Plane

**Airplane buyers must consider  
this three-cornered problem:  
comfort vs. speed vs. cost**

**by ROBERT W. MARKS**

• MOTORS •

A PROMINENT manufacturer once said that if Prohibition were ever repealed, he would stop producing motor cars. Well, many skidding, bumper-crashing, red-light-passing motorists are just as dogmatic about airplanes. "No going up in the air for me," says the average, ground-loving die-hard, as he races the 5:40 for a grade crossing, "I'm sticking to the ground where I'm safe."

Don't kid yourself. That manufacturer is making finer, safer, speedier cars today than he did during the heydays of Hoover and Volstead; and within the next five years you are going to spend more time in the air than in your own cozy bathtub. *O tempera!* and *O mores!* are famous for putting salt on old-wives' tales.

All of which puts an obligation on you—as a would-be realist—to look at the rapidly-developing airways with an understanding, albeit jaundiced eye. When you go out to buy your first plane, you must take the manufacturers hand in hand and dance a stately sarabande.

A number of problems exist in the industry today because of the fact that engineering improvements are being made constantly, with consequent model changes—involving re-tooling and wholesale alteration of equipment. A number exist because sales are still not large enough to warrant mass-production methods or de luxe and high-pressure salesmanship.

Actually, all of this adds to the charm and

excitement of the field. From the moment you start shopping for a plane, you are part of a vital, serious, sporting world, where men still are tremendously proud of the performance of their machines, and where people boast of engineering accomplishments, not streamlined ash receivers.

At an airport, everybody flies. Every dealer has the enthusiasm of an amateur; he is convinced that his ship can out-perform every other ship in its class—and he is raring to prove it. Selling the ship is only incidental; the man is an aviator first, and last—and he comes down to the ground only because he can't afford to stay up in the air until he sprouts his own wings.

With this as a preamble, we can examine some problems incidental to buying a 1940 plane and see exactly what your dollar will buy—and why:

First is the matter of comfort and luxury. This premise must be advanced as a starting point: the first \$1600 invested in a light plane goes, every penny, for engineering equipment—most important and costly of which is the motor. So if you are laying out only some \$1695, don't look for gadgets or upholstery.

Comfort impinges on space; and space means greater width, hence greater air resistance, hence slower speed. If when climbing in or out of these jobs you get a cramp in your leg, or get stuck, half in, half out and can be extricated only if the plane is turned

over and dumped—remember, all of this is arranged for your own good. The plane has been built this way to make it possible for you to get more speed without having to pay for more engine—and to get this speed at the cost of about half a cent per mile per person.

When we can sell as many light planes a year as we sell Fords and Chevrolets, it will be possible to give luxury as well as engineering at a price. In our shopping for this year, however, we have to make allowances—and figure participative pleasure as worth something, too. Remember, a car in 1915 cost twice as much and had half the comfort as the faultless, streamlined, stereotyped model of 1940. But on the other hand, it gave twice the pleasure.

In the \$1900 plane group, comfort begins to appear. The new Piper Cub "Coupe," for example, has been given an automobile type interior—pleasant upholstery, modernistic dash, little touches of bright plastics here and there, and a choice of color schemes. The 1940 Taylorcraft also features upholstery and decorative improvements. The metal-fuselage Luscombe, however, sticks to its unfinished interior, claims better performance characteristics and says baldly, "Take your choice, frills or engineering."

The first really automobile-finished light plane is the new Stinson "105." Here is the kind of interior the car owner has been led to expect—including even a rumble seat for a kibitzer. But here, cost prices have had to go up by some \$1300 to \$1400, over the 65 H.P. "flivvers"—with little improvement in performance figures.

Fitting these data together, we find that the plane industry is fighting a three-cornered problem involving three variables: comfort vs. speed vs. cost. It is a simple matter to make a cheap plane which will be little more than an army cot waving a propeller. It is not hard to turn out a moderate-priced plane that is comfortable. It is no trick at all to add horse power and step up speed. But to get all of these—and still keep the price within a reasonable limit—is something that takes not only engineering genius, but broad-scale public support.

Before translating this into dollars and cents figures for your shopping list, turn these axioms over in your mind. Added comfort means not only greater bulk, hence air resistance—it means added dead weight. Both call for larger engines, if speed is to be maintained. And speed—in spite of all protests—is the alpha and omega, the *fons et origo*, the *meum* and *tuum* of airplanes. If a plane can't do a 100 M.P.H. or more, in this day and age, you might just as well crawl wherever you are going—and carry your girl piggy-back.

Larger airplane engines are engineering

*Continued in center of page 153*



"Nothing, thanks . . . we're just looking"





*SIESTA: A Silverpoint Etching By M. A. Gaug*













### SIRENADE

*The lines of least resistance are your own . . .  
At least I can't resist them so I've found,  
Those curves of yours would melt a heart of stone,  
You really should be on a pitcher's mound!  
For Mother Nature really did her stuff  
When she turned out a startling job like you . . .  
That pretty face of yours would be enough—  
But when you add the other assets . . . WHEW!*

*So I can only thank my lucky stars  
That two weeks of my fifty-two are spent  
In letting down convention's stuffy bars  
And breathing in a bit of sentiment;  
But, gee, those figures that I add all year  
Will sure look drab compared to YOURS, my dear!*

—PHIL STACK



# Man the Kitchenette

The finer points of outdoor cooking and dining that your Scoutmaster never taught you

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

DURING these summer months I would like to eat all my meals under the pleasant shade of a waterside willow or a spreading elm, and I urge you too to try your best to get invited to as many *al fresco* feasts as possible. Your seat will be the soft, beautiful green turf, studded with flowers . . . Of course this is only poetic license; I longed to write a picturesque sentence. In August much of the grass is scorched, and with average misfortune, you are likely to sit on something besides forget-me-nots.

However, I do not want to be like so many people, and satirize outdoor parties; it is too easy, and rather cheap. Picnics, lunching or dining in the forest, the *bal champêtre*, has always been treated lightly and with condescension by gastronomes. Food fanciers do not like to eat in the open for fear of getting something in their food, or not having it at the right temperature. The breezes interfere with their worship, and in a primitive setting, it is impossible to observe the exaggerated gourmet maxim that only ortolans may be handled with fingers. Gourmets are a fussy lot, so let's leave them alone.

Roasts, barbecues, picnics or clambakes call for lightheartedness. They also call for some patience because at an outdoor meal things happen on schedule. Unless it is a real picnic in the true sense of the word, the fire has to be built first. Then you have to wait until the food gets done; you have to allow time for a quarrel over who is the ablest amateur chef in the company and who should go on turning the spit; all the gaps should be filled with large gulps from a full-bodied Riesling or a light Sylvaner—there is no nicer and more appropriate drink for outdoor parties than light wine. Finally for decency's sake, you'll have to observe a slight interval between finishing the last morsel and disappearing to the woods.

If it is a picnic, you carry all the food with you pre-cooked in baskets. There are many different kinds on the market, expensive and cheap, most of them well and efficiently made, regardless of price. There is the "Drop Front Lunch Kit," which is a narrow case affair, costing sixty-seven dollars; plates, forks, knives and spoons, in fact all utensils in it, are of stainless steel. The same kit with composition plates and without the stainless steel service costs thirty-nine dollars. A real basket, made in England, with porcelain containers for cooked food and sandwiches—porcelain is supposed to be best for keeping foodstuffs without impairing their quality—will set you back seventy-five dollars. Then there is a leather picnic kit sold by one of the best-known sporting-goods stores in New York, which will cost you sixty-two fifty; it also is for six persons. Even if you tried hard,

you couldn't find a picnic kit for an uneven number. I asked for a picnic basket for three, affecting a most innocent expression, at the above-mentioned sporting-goods store. The severe-looking clerk adjusted his glasses, and gave me a long uncompromising look. After what seemed a much-meaning silence he said:

"I'm afraid you'll have to order that, sir. But it doesn't sound quite right to me. One doesn't picnic in threes."

With this he turned away from me disgustedly, and pointed with an index finger, shaken by the wrath of morality, at a picnic-kit creation called "Vagabond King" for two, of course. This very handy leather bag with zipper has a one-quart thermos container for liquids, a stainless-steel container for sandwiches or bread and butter, and a food jar, in which a quart of food, salad, or hot or cold dishes may be transported from the home to the trysting place; the food in the jar is said to keep as fresh as when made, for eighteen hours.

There are regiments of other picnic baskets and kits that I don't know much about. Handsome containers and perfect utensils are not so important as other elements of a picnic; the chief part of the fun is in having the sexes equally matched. The food may be packed in anything at all, provided it is good. Probably the best plan in arranging a picnic is to take all the food pre-made, except the fowl, which should be cooked on a spit right there.

I may have opposition in this regard from people who really care for food, and seem to know what they are talking about. Many *bon vivants* maintain that fowl, and especially chicken, is best when cold. King Edward VII—who always comes in handy when one is in need of an anecdote—invariably insisted on cold chicken at a picnic. Even when he stayed home, he ate a whole cold chicken every day, and if he could not finish it during the day, his valet placed the bird on a table next to his bed at night. The king never used a knife or a fork for these nocturnal feasts; he just picked away at the chicken. History tells us that the carcass was a sight in the morning from the erratic and non-chalant royal fingers.

It takes cautious fingers to build and tend a good fire. You have to be careful where and how you build it. It would be effrontery on my part to try to teach a nation whose forefathers were Indians about bonfires; still, in case you lack inborn talent and your Boy Scout days are remote, I wish to remind you that the spot you pick should be well cleared of all grass, leaves, and twigs, and should be of considerable circumference. If possible, the fire should be made on clay or gravel and never near a tree-trunk.

Evergreen wood is soft and makes good kindling, but it burns too quickly; wood from most leaf-bearing trees is hard, burns slowly and leaves good embers, so essential to out-

*Continued in center of page 154*



"Look, Aldous—memories . . . sweet memories!"



# Colors Made Easy

**You may use different shades of a single color or enliven your suit with accessories of contrasting hue**

**by FASHION STAFF**  
• WEARABLES •

“WHAT colors of ties and shirts go well with a blue suit?” “Will you send color combinations to help me in matching suits, shirts, ties, etc.?” “I am writing to get some information concerning dress colors.” Just a few excerpts from readers’ letters which signify man’s growing consciousness of dress colors.

We are not trying to do an end-all article on color or discourage your letters for we are always happy to co-operate with you. But, by reducing this matter to basic rules, the problem may be simplified. These rules are only guides, not gods.

Two principals serve as sign posts in bringing together color of suits and accessories. One is color *harmony*. The other is color *contrast*.

Color harmony is obtained through combining different shades of a single color. If one wears a pale blue shirt, dark blue tie and socks with a blue suit, that’s color harmony. A bluish-grey hat still further carries out the dominant theme. Either black or dark-brown shoes will do.

If you wear brown suits, the same deductions lead to a monochromatic outfit. A tan shirt, brown tie, hat, socks and shoes introduce gradations of shades of the suit color. Of course, you confine your selections to blending shades.

This line of thinking also applies to other

colors. With a grey suit, you would pick out a grey hat, black and white tie, grey shirt, socks and black shoes. Dark brown shoes are in just as good taste. If you have a yen for greenish suits, the accessories of harmonious shades keep the ensemble in the mono-hue class. Brown shoes combine best with such an outfit.

The harmonizing formula may be the simplest method of arriving at a combination, but adhering to it continually is like eating roast beef every day. You want different vitamins in your color diet.

Color contrast is achieved by composing accessories in colors different from that of the suit. Hues that contrast with blue are red, gold, grey, yellow, orange and certain shades of green, those on the bluish side.

Specific colors contrast with grey suits. Red, running from garnet and maroon to soft coral, blue, green, yellow and orange tones give you all the latitude you may want.

Wear brown suits? Then, your accessories may incorporate red, copper, gold, green, orange, ivory or blue. Blue has often been considered a questionable color in accessories for wear with a brown suit. However, the rise of greyish brown as a clothing color has caused blue to be added to the list.

If you have a green suit in your wardrobe, the range of contrasting colors for accessories

is not limited. For either bluish or greyish green, you’d do all right to consider tan, grey, red, ivory, copper, yellow or brown as accent colors for the accessories.

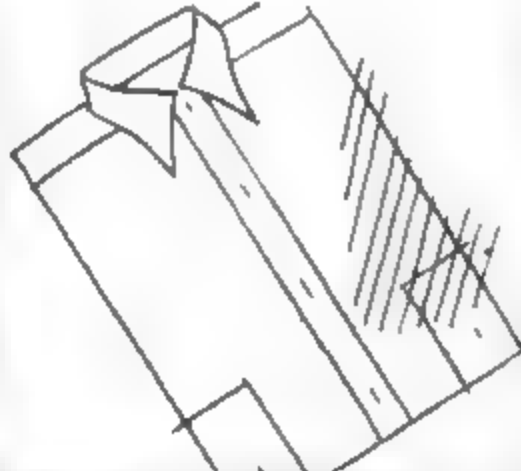
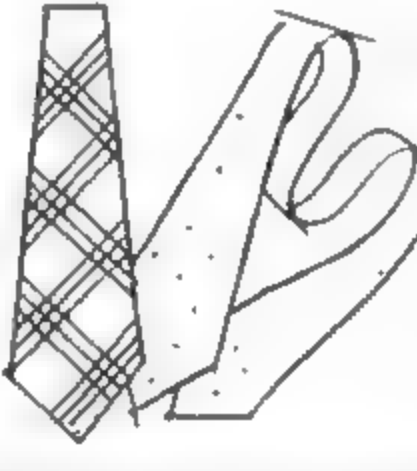
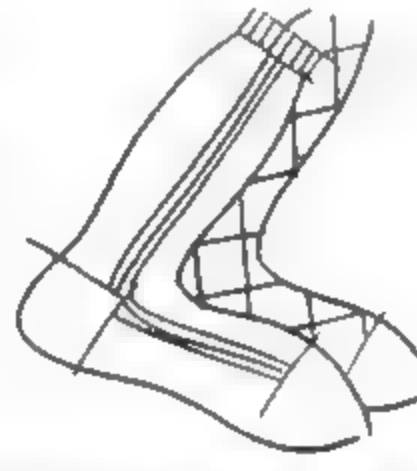
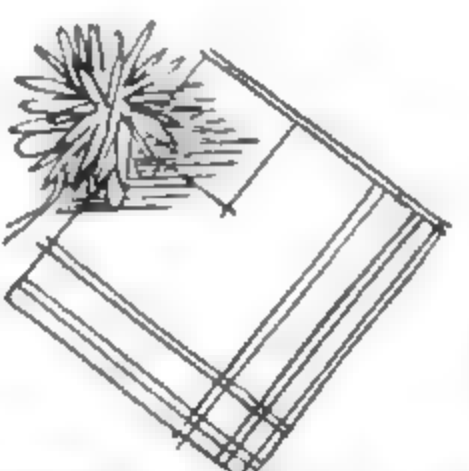
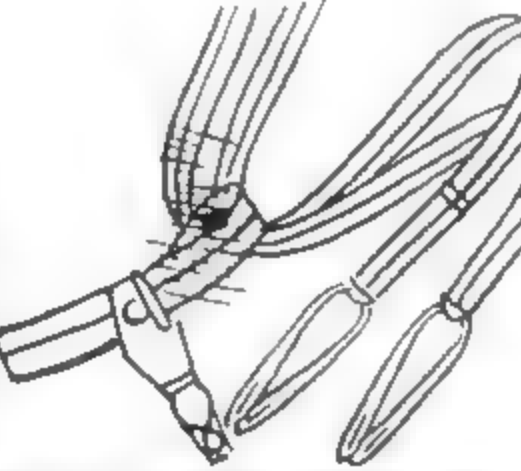
Let’s apply this information. One contrasting ensemble with a blue suit comprises these accessories: grey hat; red, grey and white shirt; maroon and gold tie; red, grey and white handkerchief; wine colored socks; dark-brown shoes. The red of the shirt isn’t a brilliant color like the coat of the Scarlet Pimpernel but with white and grey is easy to wear.

Give yourself a mental lift by wearing accessories of different colors with your grey suit. One combination consists of a grey hat; blue, grey and white shirt; blue and red tie; blue, red and white handkerchief; blue socks; dark-brown shoes.

Try these with your brown suit. Green hat; ivory colored shirt; green and yellow tie; tan, green and white handkerchief; green socks; brown shoes.

Here’s an ensemble for a greenish suit. Brown hat; tan shirt; copper and ivory colored tie; dark red, yellow and white handkerchief; brown socks.

These are a few examples. Play the chromatic scale yourself. Reading from left to right on the chart below are sixteen different color combinations for the four basic suit colors. ##

| suit                                                                                                |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <br><b>blue</b>  | Maroon and white<br>Grey<br>Blue, grey, white<br>Yellow                             | Blue and gold<br>Red and grey<br>Red and yellow<br>Blue and dark red                | Dark red<br>Blue<br>Blue<br>Dark grey                                                | Black<br>Dark brown<br>Dark brown<br>Black                                            | Grey<br>Khaki<br>Brown<br>Blue                                                        | Maroon and white<br>Red and grey<br>Blue and grey<br>Blue and white                   | Maroon and white<br>Grey<br>Blue and grey<br>Blue                                     |
| <br><b>grey</b>  | Green<br>Blue and white<br>Red, grey, white<br>Coral                                | Red and green<br>Red and blue<br>Blue and grey<br>Black                             | Green<br>Blue<br>Wine<br>Black                                                       | Dark brown<br>Dark brown<br>Black<br>Black                                            | Greyish green<br>Blue<br>Grey<br>Black                                                | Green and white<br>Blue and white<br>Red, grey, white<br>White                        | Green<br>Blue and white<br>Red and grey<br>Grey                                       |
| <br><b>brown</b> | Tan<br>Green and white<br>Brown and white<br>Ivory                                  | Red and gold<br>Copper<br>Green and yellow<br>Red and green                         | Maroon<br>Green<br>Brown<br>Maroon                                                   | Dark brown<br>Dark brown<br>Dark brown<br>Dark brown                                  | Green<br>Brown<br>Brown<br>Khaki                                                      | Red and white<br>Green and white<br>Brown and white<br>Red, yellow, white             | Tan<br>Green and white<br>Brown and white<br>Green and yellow                         |
| <br><b>green</b> | Tan<br>Red and white<br>Green and white<br>Grey                                     | Brown and gold<br>Green<br>Copper<br>Red and grey                                   | Brown<br>Maroon<br>Green<br>Grey                                                     | Brown<br>Brown<br>Brown<br>Black                                                      | Brown<br>Greyish green<br>Green<br>Grey                                               | Tan and white<br>Maroon and white<br>Brown and white<br>Red, grey, white              | Tan and white<br>Maroon and white<br>Green<br>Red and grey                            |

Yellow or white gold jewelry complements all colors of suits. If colored stone jewelry is worn it should blend with the color of the shirt or of the suit.





*"I can't stand informality!"*





*"Hello dear, I had a wonderful vacation in the Canadian Woods, and I brought you something"*



# North by Waterway

**A primer for the man who would  
gladly paddle his own canoe if  
he knew how to handle the thing**

**by HOLLING C. HOLLING**

• ARTICLE •

**T**HE canoe is a witching craft. With all our planes, cars and fast boats, there is still nothing to approach it for fascination. There is no traffic problem for the canoeist. There is no gas and oil bill. There is only the great outdoors where, if men aren't men they will be at the end of a canoe excursion.

Our present canoes are various. Some are clinker-built of thin planking. Some are formed of veneer layers. But the majority are built on the plan of the birch boat. Neatly joined planking is glued to canvas which takes the place of the bark, and the ribs are nailed fast to the planking. Nothing can get out of plumb. The only mistake in a canvas canoe is that it has seats. These seats in most instances are more conducive to turning over than any one thing about a canoe.

The Indian had limber knees, being unused to upholstered chairs, and he squatted on the bottom of the boat, toes turned in, hunkers comfortable upon his calves. The center of gravity was as low as it could go and still be inside the canoe. If you have ever paddled a bark gondola you'll realize that this idea was sane. Birch shells are light, and ride high. And playful winds can do things to the up-turned ends, let alone white water seething downhill over rocks. Canvas canoes settle deeper down, but still a man high on a seat invites catastrophe. The Canadians, though realizing the Indian method was tops, were yet a race accustomed to chairs. So early in the game of taking over the Northern waterways, they went fifty-fifty. They kneeled on the bottom, and rested the tail of the spine against a thwart. This is still the position to take if you wish to play ping-pong with fate and keep a safety percentage on your side. Seats have their place, when the ol' leg muscles won't hold up no more nohow, and the lake is placid calm, and the load is well trimmed, and you know your stuff. But there are many buts, especially if you are learning virgin secrets about paddling.

Now that you know the insidious thing about commercial canoe seats, however comfily caned, and how to do the kneeling-sit—how in thunder do you get into the darned thing to squat, anyhow? If you have mastered the technique of getting into a rowboat—that grating push outward on gravel, that last frantic leap, both oxfords full of H<sub>2</sub>O, that scramble to come rightside up in the rocking cosmos to grab an oar—if you have mastered all this, please try hard to forget it. Because, after all, a canoe is not a lake barge in embryo. It is a canoe, with rounded bottom and both ends whittled to a knife edge. Without seats, it's anybody's guess which end the maker made to split submerged logs with first. This twin-ended shape allows one, in dire emergency, to swivel his body about and

paddle like hell in the opposite direction without waiting to back and turn. These little things make canoes what they are and, withal, they are not battleships.

So, first, be sure your craft is afloat before boarding. Have it alongside a bank, rock or log. Otherwise walk boldly through the shallow water (yes, you'll get your feet wet) until certain that, plus your weight, the thing is clear of the bottom. Now you approach it in the manner of one stray dog or politician approaching another, and, with hands on gunwales, place one foot gingerly over the exact place where the keel is (if your boat has one). Swing your weight evenly in, all of it on that one foot, and slither into kneeling position. Note "gingerly," "evenly" and "slither." And before doing any of this you are in moccasins, sneakers or sock feet. The builders have neglected to plate the interior with steel, and boot heels have a way of splitting ribs and planking. Besides, even a good swimmer (just in case) can do better in icy water less five pounds the foot.

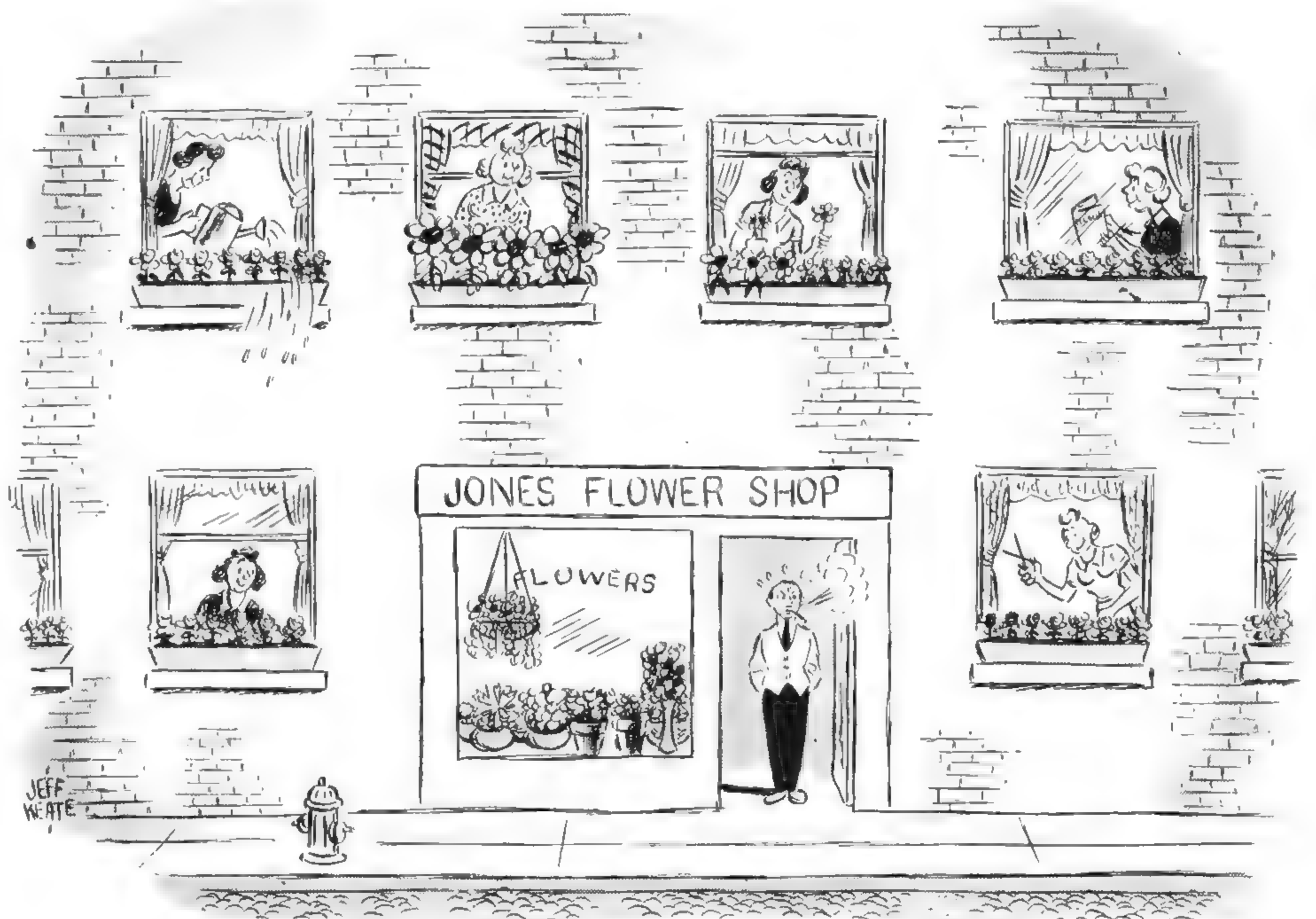
Now that you're in, where are you? It's this way. The usual canoe has two thwarts and two seats. If alone, you are bracing your knees wide against the ribs, and roosting your tail on and forward of the rear thwart. If there are two of you, the bow man kneels forward of the front seat, resting against its front edge, while you do the same forward of the stern seat, and behind the stern thwart.

And now we're ready to discuss the paddle.

Some people prefer spruce, some maple blades. Maple is heavy and tiresome. But it stands the gaff of pushing against rocks and does not split easily. Spruce is light on the muscles after a full day. We won't go into competitive shapes and forms at this sitting, and if you're outfitting on the edge of wilderness you'll probably take what the man has to offer. But take no mended or cracked blades. And pick one your length. You should be able to stretch your arms full spread, paddle across your chest, and curl the fingers over both ends simultaneously.

Practice paddling alone at first, kneeling forward of the stern thwart. Lay the paddle across the gunwales in front of you, blade to the left, left hand gripping the shaft easily, right hand cupped over the knob. With body upright and arms straight (from now on you don't crook either elbow a smidgin), bring right arm up and out to left until the biceps chuck you under the chin, or thereabouts. The left hand goes down past the gunwale, but not into the water. And by now the blade is perpendicular to the keel, and at right angles to it. If your body is upright, it is impossible to reach forward of the perpendicular position, and this is the stance. With both arms rigid, swing a stroke. The body can lean forward slightly, but not to either side. A swaying lateral movement makes the boat rock, and this cuts into distance in the long

*Continued in center of page 158*







*"Put it on his nose—but don't hurt him!"*



## Roll Your Own

Continued from page 49

random-length ends. (But I still maintain it would have looked better with axed log ends.)

Then we went to the mat in the matter of chinking. Our axmanship wasn't quite good enough to make the "knife-edge" cupped logs with coping at the corners whose upper log fits so exactly that it covers the oakum. So, where our fitting was not quite expert, we had to caulk some of the oakum into the spaces to make the little cabin all tight. But two of the fellows weren't satisfied with this and wanted it to look like an old-timer with plaster showing between the logs. I objected because any plaster will fall out in time and will have to be patched in. However, the plasterers won out—so I'm reasonably sure we are due for a patching bee off and on. All the same it does make the cabin look like an old-timer and mighty picturesque.

After we had thrashed out our various differences and had agreed upon the minimum of what we should need in the way of space, we developed the floor plan submitted here. The plan consists of a living room 14x19, a small lean-to at the rear, housing a kitchen and a storeroom that may be turned into a bathroom later. The screened porch we decided to add if and when our need for further sleeping quarters requires it.

Our big preparatory job was cleaning up the used telephone poles to make them look like new. This was done with a big draw shave produced by the Wellingtons who had done time at log construction and had a good kit of tools. We damn nigh ruined this handy shave, though, besides souring our dispositions, because about half of the poles had been used for signboards during various political campaigns and were as full of tacks as the candidates themselves. What with the shave having to be sharpened every few minutes and the man-handling of logs in general, we usually showed up at our various offices on Monday morning with blistered hands, sore muscles, and a crick in our backs. But, boy, we were getting pretty near ready to start! Finally the big day came.

First came the laying out of the building with stakes and squaring it up. Then we dug holes at the corners and half-way between these points, and poured in gobs of concrete to the level of the grade. On this concrete we placed large boulders to carry the sill logs. We laid the long logs first with the short-end logs fitted over these at the corners with a coped fitting. We used the smaller logs or poles for floor joists, laying them about two feet on center, coped over the sill logs. Cliff Wellington flattened them off to make a level support for the flooring. This is dressed and matched six-inch pine which, by the bye, we did not lay until we had the roof on. Later on, if we decide to make a warmer floor

for winter use, we shall place a heavy felt paper on this floor, then strips, and top off with another finished floor. To accommodate this probability, we raised our door sill  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches above the present floor.

Then came our hardest job: to lay the first log of the actual wall on the long side cupped and coped over the joists to make all tight. After that was over, we drew a breath of relief and the job proceeded with comparative mental ease and physical hard work. Cupping—or hollowing out—the upper log to fit down over the curve of the lower log went ahead slowly for in the same operation we must cope—or gouge out—the upper log at the corners to fit over the lower one like a hand grip on a stair railing.

Before the final spiking of the upper log to the lower, a layer of plumbers' oakum was strung along the lower log and then the upper log was set in place and spiked down tight. When the log walls were high enough, keeping them plumb and true, we cut out for doors and windows, sawing along a straight edge with our cross-cut saws ready for the door and window frames which we made on the job from 2x6 and 2x8 plank. Another thing that was on our minds was that the fireplace—for of course we had to have one!—had to proceed upward along with the walls so as to tie into them se-

curely. This obviously gives additional strength to the walls, by the way.

I dreaded that fireplace from the time I first sketched it on paper for, inasmuch as I had designed many and built several with my own hands, I felt sure that would be my job. It was. But along with it came a bit of luck. One Saturday John Wellington introduced a friend to us as the "best chimney builder in the county." I didn't know any others in the county so I let it go at that and he really was a big help from the start as he was a good stone splitter and "mud mixer." Meanwhile there was much activity on the part of everybody gathering glacial drift or field stone to be split for the rough face of the fireplace. Then came arguments over the selecting of colors, and much giving of unwanted advice to me as to which stone to lay where.

Now building a stone fireplace chimney is a gift—if you haven't done one before or don't know the rules. These are procurable, however—and too long and detailed to repeat here. It took five week ends for the "best chimney builder" and myself to complete our job—though he worked well under orders despite a constantly registered objection to my proportions of cement and sand as being "too rich."

Afterward, his grudging com-

ment on the success of my twenty years' experience with fireplaces was "Val, she's a damn tight strong yob. Heats the room gude, and don't smoke, by yiminy!" Too, he liked my usual custom of building the opening of the fireplace up from the floor especially as we intended to do a lot of our cooking in it. An additional reason for this raised opening is that it throws the heat out directly in the room, penetrating the far corners.

Despite the fun of it and the bang we got out of doing a darn good construction job ourselves, we weren't sorry to spike the last two long logs into place, the plate logs that topped the front and back walls, and we saw to it that there were two logs to carry over the doorway—not one, as we had seen in many a woodsman's cabin.

Then the log work was all over but the gables—carried up with logs according to the established pitch of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches to the 12-inch run. But, believe me, we didn't want either of these gables to star in a gone-with-the-wind role so we fitted them as expertly as possible and spiked them down plenty hard. Now we were all ready for roof supports the next week end.

Came Saturday. At the peaks of the gables we fitted in the big log we had been saving for a ridge pole, paralleling it with the purlins or logs set half-way between it and the plate logs. Now to get a good overhang of the roof, the plate logs, ridge and purlins projected about three feet beyond the center of the end wall.

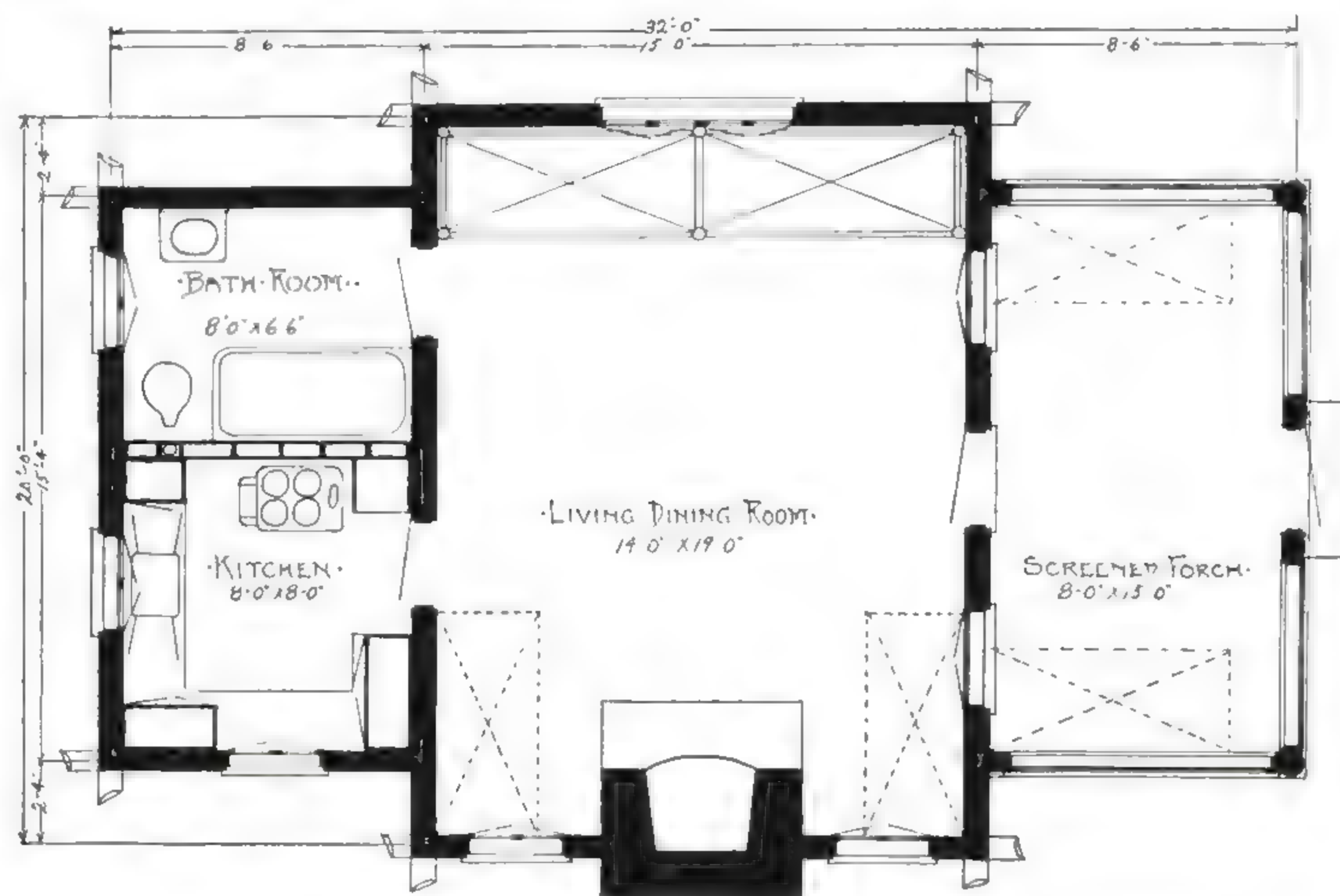
The rafters came next, round poles about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the butt, cut into the plate and resting on purlins and ridge. These had a projection of about two-feet-six from the center of the plate log. On these was firmly nailed the ten-inch knotty pine ship-lap for our roof boarding, after we had placed a light layer of oakum over the gable ends and plate to make all tight.

Then, as a resistant of heat, cold and moisture, a layer of thirty-pound asphalt roll roofing was laid all over the boarding, well-cemented and nailed at all joints and edges. Finally came the finish roof of slate-coated "quad" shingles—and you can bet your shirt we didn't forget to put flashings where the chimney came in contact with the roof.

Of course our sash and screens were ordered from the city mill but our doors we made ourselves, utilizing flooring for the horizontal core and facing this up with knotty pine ship-lap laid vertical on both sides. To hold these three layers together we used  $\frac{1}{4}$  x 2 inch lag screws at random on both sides, thereby making a door impossible to warp, twist, or sag and achieving an old studded-door effect that is darn picturesque if we do say it!

When time for the porch comes we have it all figured out: the roof

Continued at top of page 102



Not all of this floor plan has been carried out as yet, but a bathroom can be installed in what is now a storeroom at the rear, and there will be a screened porch in front if further sleeping quarters are needed.





## Roll Your Own

*Continued from pages 49-101*

will be the same construction as the main roof with a flatter pitch. Instead of the usual railing, we plan to carry up walls—same construction as the cabin—four logs high, setting posts at the corners and on each side of the doorway to carry the roof. Then it will be a cinch to fit the screens in. Another futurity will be the substitution of a stone chimney “on stilts” for the stove pipe through the kitchen roof as now, since we find that this will make some difference in our insurance.

A gutter across the rear of the kitchen is connected by a down spout with a big rain barrel to

give us plenty of water except for drinking. A spring near by takes care of that. As to that, we can draw water from the lake for any and all purposes if we wish, but it's warmish for drinking and rather questionable anyhow during “blossoming season.” Don't take any chances on your drinking water.

The shutters are hardly necessary for protection as the Wellingtons live near by and look after the place when we are not around but it was decided that “we gotta have green shutters for looks.” Try our scheme—it's a pippin!

Well—we finally did get Dun-

roamin finished. Finished did I say? Hell—we'll never have her finished! There's more to do around that damn place every week end than a chicken would find to do on our pebble beach. And the hardest work of all is for each of us to try to persuade the other three that we've done our stuff and now it's up to them. The best way to work is on shifts anyhow.

Yet along with all the work and grouching we have managed to catch at least enough fish for our Sunday dinners and to carry back to the office under a healthy coat of tan a helluva lot of what is

known as wim, vigor and vitality.

Now the whole point of this article is to show you how you can have this vacation cabin if you really think you can—and get het up over it. For if we can do it, you can. You have as much help at hand and a heap sight more information than we started out with for you have the benefit of our experience told in words of one syllable. We're the dog it was tried on—so you can't go far wrong! Let's have no more yipping—plain or fancy—about “gosh-if-we-could—.” Just get together. Get set. And for Pete's sake—GET GOING! #

## Forest Fire Control

*Continued from page 36*

it. Then follows the drudgery of mopping up: scattering earth over burning embers, dousing spots of fire with water, breaking up fallen trunks or pulling down smoldering trees, etc. This may take four or five times as long as the major extinguishment job. It isn't a bit dramatic but it is the most vital phase of forest fire fighting.

The typical hand equipment of a twenty-five-man crew would include ten potato hooks or pitchforks; ten combination rake and cutting tools; six double-bitted, three and one-half pound axes; six six-foot cross-cut saws; six hazel hoes; six bush hooks; six files; three hand pumps or back pumps; eight canvas buckets; six lanterns; one portable telephone with two miles of emergency wire or a short-wave radio set. In addition, of course, there will be canteens, mess kits, bed rolls and other necessary camp equipment.

In conjunction with these “personal tools” you will find today such modern mechanical aids as portable pumping engines (on trucks or trailers); back pumps; tank trucks carrying water; crawler tractors with plows for quick trench digging; even well-drilling equipment in many cases which enables them to sink points, “wash in” and start pumping water from an emergency well in the forest in eight minutes' time! Often where underground water is available not more than twenty feet below the surface, they will dig a chain of wells all around the main body of the fire so as to have water available at every point.

All of which bespeaks organization, and in this detail the CCC has been a godsend to the forest conservationists. In one year alone, for example, the CCC boys built 16,000 miles of telephone lines; 29,000 miles of fire breaks; 30,000 miles of roads and trails in addition to a substantial reduction of hazards in 744,000 acres of forests by clearing away excessive underbrush, dead growth, slash, etc.

Naturally, many of the benefits will be realized in the future—but we needn't wait for all of them. With more outbreaks in 1937 than

in the preceding year, the burned acreage was less than half that of 1936. Furthermore, there were only half as many “extra period” fires—i. e., fires still out of control the day after discovery—mainly as a result of the yeoman service of the CCC. Not only have they worked wonders in prevention and preparatory work, but they have been equally valuable in actual suppression. Three years ago, for example, a big fire got under way during the dry spell in the Angeles Forest, California, and 1,400 CCC men were on the line within three hours' time. That sort of action is poison to any forest fire!

One of the most dramatic, recent developments in forest fire control was the perfection of the ultra-short-wave radio transmitter in portable form.

Back in 1927, D. L. Beatty, a forest officer whose hobby was radio, was the real pioneer in this field, and upon his resignation the work was taken over by A. G. Simson who has performed marvels in developing the exceptionally fine instruments now in general use by forest men.

Another extremely interesting development is the application of the autogiro, or other planes employing principles which secure the same uncanny hovering effect, to the urgent task of quickly combating an incipient outbreak. Howard Flint, a regional officer in Montana, undertook some experiments about four years ago with the idea of dropping extinguishing agents directly on fires from the air—tests which were giving promise when he died and which were carried on with great enthusiasm by David P. Godwin, Acting Chief of the Division of Fire Control. A great deal of work is being done in Montana along these lines with two objectives: one, to help develop a hovering-type plane suitable for this work; the other to perfect, if possible, a satisfactory liquid, gas or powder which will offer greater extinguishing power than an equal volume of water. Under Chief Godwin's direction they are also giving much thought to the effect of explosives in forming craters, in the

smothering effect of thrown dirt, and in the blasting effect on a fire.

All this, of course, involves incipient outbreaks since it would be sheer insanity to fly a plane over a going fire of any proportions. Entirely apart from the deadly heat which rises thousands of feet above a blaze, the suction of its self-made draft would drag any plane right down into the inferno.

The chief function of the airplane in the control of woods fires now is as a transport facility. With 55 landing fields already built, the Service has hung up 1,200 flying hours in three years, transporting 1,070 men and 213,000 pounds of freight to various fire points.

Planes are also used for scout work on big fires but, logical as it may appear on the surface, they are not successful in the detection and reporting of fires. Air patrols were inaugurated some seventeen years ago but after about eight years of trial they were discontinued because the towermen reported outbreaks quicker and more accurately than the planes and were always on the job.

In the words of the old bromide, “it isn't the heat, it's the humidity” which worries them. When it drops as low as thirty per cent, they are really worried, since that is the point of high hazard. Temperature is not so important except as it affects humidity, but a rising wind during a dry spell is bad since that accelerates evaporation of moisture from the trees and soil and sets the stage for hell to start crackling! Lightning without rain is another thing that keeps forest rangers' nails short. One of the worst sessions they ever had on this score was in the spring of 1934 when they had no less than 150 lightning fires in ten days in the northern Rocky Mountain region alone.

While rain is highly valued as a preventive, it is seldom of much account as an extinguishing agent once a forest fire gets under way: Many conflagrations have burned merrily on through pelting storms lasting a day and a night. Fog, however, does help materially by forcing the fire down from the crowns, where the men can get at it.

Being such slaves of the weather, the Forestry Service naturally devotes much time and thought to this phenomenon. By and large, the entire Forestry Service is in the “weather business” up to its ears, virtually every watchtower being a little weather bureau in itself making periodic readings of numerous instruments and several daily reports on wind velocity, temperature and humidity.

These records from the various stations are forwarded to the nearest Weather Bureau office, compared, analyzed and collated into a three-day forecast which is broadcast to all concerned. In some of the high-hazard areas in the West, the Weather Bureau maintains mobile stations which roam up and down the whole Rocky Mountain district keeping hourly tabs on developments and rendering priceless service to the Forestry Supervisors who frequently find it advantageous to shift men and equipment and food from some territory that is sopping wet—and temporarily safe—to some other area that is in the midst of a dry spell with no immediate signs of relief. Very often in such situations they go so far as to ask the governor of the state officially to close the forests to hunters, fishermen and tourists during the duration of a drought emergency. At such periods the scout planes will be constantly in the air; towermen fall away behind on their sleep; Fire Bosses and rangers will be relentlessly patrolling the woodland roads on foot and a wheel; trained men will be moved in from distant states (where the weather is favorable) by planes and trucks and trains; crew foremen will check up on supplies, transportation, tools and chow—the whole invisible army of forest fighters will be on its toes for the report of that first wreath of smoke.

This, at a cost of about a penny an acre, is the sort of protection we now have in about 56 per cent of our forest lands. How wise it would be to treble that outlay for complete protection is evidenced by the fact that 90 per cent of our timber losses today occur in areas deprived of this efficient service. #





*"When we were locked in last night, Miss O'Hara had Mr. Sullivan arrested"*





*"Shall I pack the telephone, dear?—we might get some calls while we're away"*



## Sandune time up North

Much like a publicity photograph of Senator Taft peering into the future is this sketch of a he and a she looking forward to a mighty popular season for the new Sandune color. Of course, we've warned you about Sandune before, and actually part of its future is already past, but it's not too late to hop on the bandwagon. Sandune, as exemplified in the slacks shown here, was one of the foremost fashion finds of the Southern resort season. Fugitives from the North liked it with a surprising degree of unanimity, and it was a natural thing for them to fetch their Sandune accessories back home with them and thereby spread the gospel far and wide. One of the main features of this interesting new shade is its affinity for practically any color. These slacks, for instance, would go well with an odd jacket in blue, brown, grey, green or tan—just to be specific about it.

The man whom we have so rudely left standing all this time wears a green check lightweight Shetland jacket in a two-button model with soft, long-rolling lapels. Note the length of the jacket, indicative of the current and rather pronounced trend toward longer jackets. The greenish tone hemp hat has a blue puggree band, producing a casual type of headwear which many men find ideal for general summer knock-about wear. Originally a campus fashion, this hat has since been taken up by men of all ages and popularized far beyond the confines of the campus. It is exceptionally soft and open in weave. The ivory color shirt of sheer cotton is worn with a foulard tie of red and blue design. Note the simple gold tie clip. The shoes are the popular white buckskin with brown calf wing tips.

The accessories shown in the separate drawings are further advertisements for Sandune. The foulard bow tie with blue figures in the square-end shape utilizes Sandune as a background color, while the other bow tie in a pointed-end model is accented in this shade. The printed cotton square also makes effective use of Sandune to back up the red and black Persian patterns. The brown reverse calf shoe with crepe rubber sole is in the moccasin model.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

*Pacture*





## *how to be a cynosure*

The beauteous poacher in the foreground may just as well start hunting on another preserve—any offers?—in the face of that stunning but determined No Trespassing sign in the background. It's a good thing, too, for the man is definitely in season, judging from his plumage. Not that he's dressed to kill, but he is garbed in a manner calculated to maim. The conventional motif of the outfit, if we may speak in terms of exterior decoration, is its color scheme. Blue can be a very potent color when divorced from its ultra conventional concomitant of blue serge. And now to work.

The Glen Urquhart plaid jacket, as need scarcely be mentioned to the style-wise, is an established fashion of the first order. It has been observed in its various manifestations at most of the important centers, and one of the interesting variations is this combination of blue and white. The fabric is a lightweight Shetland, but as a measure of increased comfort could easily be one of the washable fabrics. The flannel slacks, presenting a departure from the usual dull grey, contain a tinge of blue which gives them a higher color content and at the same time echoes the color cast of the jacket.

The hat is an offspring of various parentage. The pork pie shape is derived from that of a felt hat, while the shade follows that of the khaki headgear which men at the smart universities adopted as their favorite. Of very soft fibre, the hat conforms readily to the contours of the head. A colorful plaid cotton band enlivens its appearance. At first sight a resort type of headwear, the hat has recently been adopted for business wear as well. The red ground foulard tie and Sandune shirt with blue stripes make an effective combination, while the brown reverse calf shoes with crepe rubber soles continue to merit a triple-A rating. The appearance of Sandune in the shirt shown here is merely one more indication of the popularity of this all-pervading neutral color. Few items in the summer wardrobe are immune to its attraction.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*





## Chapin: Little Man in Art

Continued from page 80

pioneer. Long before Benton, Curry and Wood he had discovered the American scene. It was left for others to harden this selection of subject matter into slogans of jingo and fascist nature.

He was a lonely and a precocious child. He read a great deal and was particularly bright in English. Up to the age of six he had facility beyond his years in speech, but at that age he began to stammer, a condition which seriously affected his development, in that he spent his boyhood thrown back upon himself. He could not—at least he did not—take part in games which involved more than one other participant, and he could not even recite in class. Young James made up for this enforced abstention from the company of his playfellows by roaming the countryside, hunting small game and fishing, sketching and canoeing up and down the Passaic River and its tributaries. Bicycling was for him both a major sport and his chief means of locomotion from and to his native town of West Orange, New Jersey, in which he was born fifty-three years ago, the son of undistinguished middle-class Americans.

When he was about sixteen years of age, he had to leave school and make his own way. He found a job as messenger for a bank in New York. He spent week ends and vacations at home, sleeping in the hayloft and canoeing and fishing by day. He was drawing, as all kids draw, but he did more of it and kept it up longer. Art began to open up a bit. He stole a little time from his bank running to visit an occasional art gallery and after a while someone told him there was a free night school in art. That was Cooper Union. He applied, giving his correct age, and was told to wait until he was eighteen. He waited patiently. It wasn't going to be the only time patience was to be called for. For two years following his admission he attended Cooper Union after work, drawing from plaster casts and liking it. Did he learn much during those years? Perhaps not, but he was warmed by the idea of doing something with others. Learning in class is a less lonely business than learning by yourself and it is easy to imagine the bank clerk—he had been promoted to a desk job in the mortgage department—looking forward to the night class as to a break in the wall of loneliness which New York puts up around sensitive country boys.

Maybe the plaster casts palled after a while and maybe Cooper Union thought Chapin too slow a student and kept him at the casts instead of letting him work at life subjects. At any event he was earning a little more as a clerk than as a messenger and he put some of his money down at the registration desk of the Art Students' League and entered the evening class in anatomical draw-

ing under Charles Bridgman, with whom he spent two more years at the usual slow going. He had to work hard to achieve even the illusion of progress. "I wish I were accomplished"—the artist is speaking. "I have to dig out every new thing by the sweat of my brow and if it seems to go well it is because of the sweat that has gone before." He began to have, not a glimmering of what art is, but the aspiration to be an artist, an urge, but not a sense of direction, an urge mixed up with all kinds of motives. He had spent four years in classrooms and by himself, drawing. He had not yet painted a picture.

He became ill from hard work—or perhaps from hard work that wasn't leading anywhere—and from dissatisfaction with the life he was leading. There is no doubt that he was maladjusted. He continued to stammer and was shy and self-conscious. Whether his stammering was the cause or the effect of his self-consciousness need not concern us. He felt inadequate in the daylight world of business and was achieving no sense of compensation in the night world of art. At least he wasn't living by illusions. He chucked his job, left the League and took refuge for six months on an island owned by an aunt and painted away all by himself. The pattern of flight recurs several times in Chapin's life. When he returned to New York his health was restored. He made a sort of a living illustrating textbooks and doing various other unspecified odd jobs.

Around 1910 began the happiest period of his life. A relative gave him a subsidy to go abroad and study art. He had had four years of class study, but he was still only a kid of twenty-three and even assuming that he had skill in drawing, which I doubt, he still had nothing to say, nothing to communicate, in any medium. He chose Antwerp because he had run into an Englishman who had told him that there was a free school in that city and that living expenses were low in Belgium. Chapin enrolled in the Antwerp Royal Academy and studied in both day and night classes. He drew and painted also in his room and did a good deal of open-air sketching. He spent no more than \$2.50 per week for food and lodging and his weekly budget, including the cost of art materials, never exceeded \$5. Keeping faith with his budget, he saved on railroad fares, never venturing beyond Bruges, in which he lived only during the summer time. It was a period of complete release. It was a time of such great happiness that his stammering began to leave him, proving the affliction to have been the result and not the cause of a deep-seated maladjustment, from which, in Belgium, he was temporarily freed.

Chapin would have liked to stay longer. He was not ambitious in

any of the customary senses of that word. If only life would let him alone. But he had to return, for financial reasons, and plunge again into the business of making a living. He resumed illustrating, chiefly for textbooks. He can afford to say now that he was a bad illustrator because bad illustrating presumes the possibility of good art. If he was a bad illustrator, at least Alfred Harcourt didn't know. Mr. Harcourt, then connected with the publishing firm of Henry Holt, became interested in his work and commissioned him to illustrate Robert Frost's *North of Boston*. The artist met the poet. Came friendship, a friendship in which the younger man submitted to the influence of the elder. Up to that time, no first-rate man had taken the trouble to make an impression upon the young artist. Frost showed Chapin the way to a larger horizon and impressed upon him the worth of integrity in art. Chapin became particularly interested in poetry at this time, and not only Frost's. Because of Frost, he returned to the country with a deeper sense of its formal art values. It was Chapin's impressionability that made Robert Frost's impression upon him the deeper. He was hungry and he had not been fed.

In 1913 came the famous Armory exhibition which introduced American artists and the public generally to the latest developments in French painting and to what has since been termed "modern art." Impressionable and humble as he was, Chapin could not escape the winds of influence that blew from that new quarter. Incidentally he demonstrated that Greenwich Village after 1913 was closer to Paris than Antwerp had been between 1910 and 1912. Chapin discovered Cézanne and then he tried to imitate him, and what he did with and to Cézanne might have made that artist whirl around in his grave in vexation. As Chapin puts it now, in the perspective of a generation, he was over-influenced for a time by the style of Cézanne and only later began to understand the force of his structural relationships. This period was one of ferment also in poetry and in literature and no one living in America's metropolis could escape it.

Up to about 1924 he had a moderate kind of success, exhibiting at the New Gallery and at Rehn's, in one-man shows and in groups. Then in 1924 followed the flight to the Marvins in the hill country of northern New Jersey, and five years of productive reorientation toward American subject matter and as personal a painting style as he could achieve. Within those five years he won the most desirable art prizes and began selling to museums, the Phillips Memorial Gallery being the first such purchaser.

In New York, at first, these paintings made no particular stir.

They were boulders in the puddle of art in the West and in the Middle West, which may have seen reflections of themselves in the Marvin portraits and felt accordingly flattered. When, after a while, the art critics got around to the Marvins they expressed either their pleasure or displeasure intensely. The painter had the satisfaction of knowing that his work did not leave the onlooker indifferent. But he felt lonely none the less because, despite his prize-winnings and sales, he fell between the Academicians and the Post-Impressionists, neither of which schools found his work within their molds. For many years, he declares, he has been without a home and has had to make the most of his own resources. We have in Chapin an artist torn between the desire to be accepted in a group and the desire to be left alone, a temperamentally solitary man not strong enough to stand alone.

Sometime in 1929, feeling that he had exhausted the possibilities of the Marvins and their country, he returned to New York and threw himself into its crowded, seamy life—at a reflective spectator's distance. From this year date his paintings of subway crowds, street scenes, peddlers, prize fighters and gangsters. He has also executed portrait commissions, among his sitters being Robert Frost, Katharine Hepburn and Ethel Waters. *Blues Concert* (reproduced), in which Miss Waters appears, is a recent product. He has a feeling for character, as his *Old Man in a Railroad Carriage* shows, and a feeling also for caricature, which *Pork Chops*, thinly painted as it is and illustrative, demonstrates no less clearly. It seems to me that he is probably more successful in the small genre picture than in the large museum pieces, for which he blows up the small theme to a scale he is incapable of mastering.

During the summer of his return from the Marvins he engaged in an adventure of gipsy enterprise. He bought a laundry truck and drove it to the coast of Maine. Except for a brief stay at Jonesport, Maine, where he rented a fisherman's cottage, he cooked his meals and ate them, slept and painted in the truck. During the Summer of 1939 he crossed the country both ways. He had a session of teaching at the Claremont Colleges in California and made artistic hay by seeing as much of the country as he could coming and going. He spends most of his summers in a rented house at Stone Mill, in that section of northwestern New Jersey most intimately associated with his boyhood memories. A member of a long-lived family, James Chapin confidently expects to go on painting until the age of eighty or ninety, with the expectation of no other reward than the satisfaction of doing the best of which he is capable. ##



## The Pursuit of Hoppyness

Continued from page 85

the product is matured in a chilly place. But the beer is different right from the beginning. It is made with a different breed of yeast which goes to town at the bottom of the fermentation vat instead of at the top (ale style), and takes three times as long in doing the job, and won't operate except at low temperature. In short, lager is a colder proposition both in the making and the subsequent keeping and won't stand warmth unless specially treated for bottling or canning. As a new experience for drinkers, it became so popular in Continental Europe that old breweries were revolutionized to fit it and new ones set up, and within a year or two lager had leaped the Atlantic to conquer America. Today it has our national palate at least four-fifths sewed up.

But the staunch pewter-mug-men of New England and Old England never flew off the handles. That upstart! Did the passengers of the "Mayflower" and the crews of Captain Cook and one-arm Nelson drink lager? The raucous answer was "No!" So in Piccadilly or Ditheringham-on-the-Dilly the beer milady barmaid hands you is ale. And certainly this brew as of ye olden time doesn't treat a steak or a chop meanly, nor quarrel with a churchwarden clay pipe. Devotees go so far as to aver that the effect on the human chest is hair-raising. In general, the designation "pale" as applied to ale has no connection with "wan."

On the dark and less tart side are porter and sumptuous-bodied stout—a snack in every swig. These get their rich color and some of their character from an adroit over-roasting of the barley as the finale of malting procedure. Foam in both instances is opulent, creating an approach problem replete with handlebar hazards. Of the two, porter, named for its ability to impart carrying-power, is less hefty, but is no light-weight at that, being plenty malty, with a hint of sweetness. Stout has oomph, breadth, and slickness.

Nor has America been idle in the brew line. The Indians had their beer, as Columbus discovered, but we didn't let that halt us. By 1623 lower Manhattan had its brewery, established by the Dutch, than whom few are beer-wiser. Quaker William Penn fostered brotherly love with the aid of a brewhouse set up in 1683. Ogelthorpe was on the job in Georgia and the squire of Mount Vernon also had his sudsmaking equipment. Recently I sampled a batch brewed for history's sake according to the George Washington formula. As far as taste was concerned, it was pretty primitive, but the power—foam climbing right out at you—was fit to knock your three-cornered hat off. Were he with us today, the Father of our country would certainly think his children had gone subtle on him in their beer requirements.

It's simply that we're scientific nowadays. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, brewing was lifted from a mere folk craft into an industry by Louis Pasteur, who found beer as fruitful a field for research as milk and wine. By the time he finished his test-tubing and spying into the private life of yeast, hit-or-miss methods had to apologize for themselves. And on Pasteur's heels came practical brewer Emil Christian Hansen of Copenhagen, turning basic discoveries into brass tacks emulated everywhere.

Playing pupil, the American Industry managed to roll up a pro-

Beer had regained citizenship the preceding Spring—April 7th to be exact.

The industry was in no shape to resume. It had to start afresh, with new capital, new or completely remodeled buildings, and new equipment, the total outlay running to more than two hundred million, largely spent in wages to constructors.

From the point of view of progress the fourteen-year blackout was a boon in disguise, for it junked any obsolete paraphernalia, any antiquated methods that had been held onto out of force of habit. Modern science was handed

**Next month: The September Esquire will be the Back to School Issue, featuring all the new clothes and accessories for the scholar, man and boy.**

duction of sixty-five million barrels a year, put forth by some 1,500 breweries, each taking pride in looking as much as possible like a cross between an armory and a schloss on the Rhine. Even the horses—proud, sleek Percherons with their tails done up in hair ribbons—that trotted the beer on its rounds, were treats to the eye, rivaling Santa Claus's reindeer in popular esteem. If here and there a band of sourpuss sistren paraded and tiraded against all this, nobody felt alarmed. The country would *never* take such screwloosers seriously.

So *they* took the country—appallingly seriously for us all. Huge plants, located from coast to coast and representing \$792,914,000 in money invested, had the choice of either shutting down cold and giving their 75,404 employees the air, or attempting some other line of manufacture such as ice cream, soda pop, or that pathetic of pathetics, "near-beer" (less than 1/2 percent alcohol), named, its tasters agreed, by the world's poorest judge of distance. Needless to say, the breweries that managed to limp along on these strange crutches were few.

Meanwhile, gangster-made "beer" (of a quality which griped the gut) flowed tax-free from ex-garages where it was needed. The underworld gained wealth and strength, its chieftains bold deigning to shine in speak society. And Uncle Sam held his throbbing head. Much as he hated to harbor doubt after the confident assurances he had received from such experts, it *did* seem to him that there was something wrong somewhere.

That something, called Prohibition if I remember rightly, lasted nearly fourteen years, finally expiring December 5, 1933. Friend

a free field, three thousand miles wide—and deeper than before, for now there were breweries dotted south of the Mason and Dixon Line in regions which because of conditions following the Civil War, had been inadequately serviced.

Accepting the invitation to go places, our brewery laboratory chemists and biologists have delved, tested, appraised, and evolved, with the result that America is now the acknowledged leader in ideas and techniques. Tradition insisted that a beer barrel was a wooden keg. "Why must it be of wood?" they challenged. And presently there were steel barrels with specially treated interiors to protect flavor; likewise stainless steel ones and aluminum ones, requiring no such lining—all three types constituting new-found business for the metal industries. Yet wooden kegs still keep a-rolling along in vast numbers, with constant renewals. By the same token, cans have come in triumphantly, yet bottles are more active than ever before. The fact is, beer has had to gain greater efficiency in distribution because it has an unprecedented number of mouths to feed.

Moreover, the prevailing type of beer is distinctively "modern American" in character, geared to our present-day taste and mode of living. It is light-bodied, clear, and of very delicate flavor. Being made entirely, or mostly, of American-grown ingredients (for which the farmers receive about \$100,000,000 a year), its brewers can't build its bouquet with foreign formulae: it isn't a duplication, it's an evolution attained in accordance with brand specifications.

As compared with the average Old World beer this modernity has the virtue and convenience of be-

ing spoil-proof, which represents no slight accomplishment on the part of the technicians who have thus reckoned with the cussed carelessness of the consumer. Beer *deserves* to be treated as politely and considerately as though it were a fine wine. For it is a composite of subtleties and sensibilities that ought not to be slambanged, frozen to death, or sun-baked. Yet we toss a bag of cans into the rumble of the roadster and expect their contents to be just right when we reach for them. The wonder is, how long-sufferingly right they are!

(If you're thirsty for statistics, the United Brewers Industrial Foundation, fact-and-figure clearing house of the foam world, will tell you that eighteen to twenty million cans a year are filled and emptied, and about ten times that many bottles; which means that "package" beer, formerly only one-third as popular as draft-beer-at-the-bar, is now 50-50 with it.)

In the interests of justice to the cooler with the collar, I offer the following 10-plank platform:

1. Bottled beer doesn't thrive on sunlight. Hide it away till you are ready to put it away.
2. Don't keep it in a warm place, either.
3. Nor up against the ice, nor cube compartment, in your refrigerator. It needs coolness, not such extreme cold as to cloud it.
4. If cloudy, remove from excessive chill which has caused this temporary condition. Served immediately, it would have a weak head.
5. No jiggling or jouncing before serving.
6. Pry off bottle caps briskly, and plunge can opener boldly, to avoid spray effects.
7. When pouring, tilt glass so that beer makes its entrée on the slant; then straighten for a collar.
8. Glasses should be washed in a solution of salt or soda. Never soap. And do not dry with a cloth.
9. Ale and pewter are particularly congenial.
10. Steins with hinged lids keep beer fresh for leisurely drinkers.

And don't cry over stale beer left from the party. Feed it into a Welsh rabbit, prepared thus:

Place 1 tablespoon butter and 1/2 cup ale or beer in a chafing dish or double boiler. When hot, put in 1 pound Cheddar cheese and melt unhurriedly, stirring the while, till smooth. Then add 2 egg yolks which have been intermingled with 1/4 cup milk, dash of salt, and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce. Stir these newcomers into the cheese-scape a moment or two, till thickened.

Serve upon slices of bread whose downsides have been toasted. Sprinkle with paprika. Side issues: celery, olives, salted nuts. Computed for 6 persons.

Since beer has led us to food, as so often happens (seems like there is no way of keeping those two apart), we are up against the great calory question: How *fattening* is beer?

Well, the nutrition accountants have figured out the answer. This food-drink, they tell us, has aboard it enough calories per pint to equal a pat of butter or five ounces of lean beef. And that's all.

But there's no denying that it *does* create appetite, especially for more beer. ‡





*"Mr. Miller? I'm sorry but he just stepped out for ten years"*





*“Goodness! You don’t have to get nasty!”*



## Calling the Wild

Continued from page 19

man. He makes the little squeaking noise with his lips, sucking in air as he holds them firmly together. I actually begin to feel sad, thinking of that wounded rabbit, when I hear him. What gets the coyotes is the seductive, plaintive little note at the end, just dying away up there somewhere between high C and the woodwork on the right hand side of the piano.

When he calls, they come.

And they're not the only things that come. Hawks, the keen-eyed boys who're supposed to see a rat a mile away or some such fantastic distance, begin to congregate.

The first time I went out with the ranch hand who calls them in, I was astonished at the conduct of the hawks. It wasn't the simple fact that they came in: It was the way they hovered overhead, looking right down where we were sitting in the open with our guns. Then instead of suddenly flying on, they'd sail off a short distance and perch in a tree, probably not a hundred feet away, to watch.

It was fairly simple to pick them off with a .22.

Then the next day those that hadn't been shot would come on in again. There's something about the call that gets next to them, and they don't seem to have any defense.

Coyotes and hawks undoubtedly know that man is their most deadly enemy—in fact, practically their only enemy except insects and germs. But here these wise ones rush madly up and hang around, in the case of hawks, even after they have seen the two-legged thing with the gun waiting there to slay them.

I will move on to other wild life. Because of its fantastic nature, I will turn to the experience of an acquaintance of mine in calling quail.

This man hunts quail occasionally. He calls himself a "skillet hunter," because he hunts just for the meat. And he calls his quail to him.

He will drive around a ranch in his car until he spots a particularly likely place for quail to be resting in the shade. Then he starts calling—making a squeaking sound that I guess sends out a message like this, "Help, fellow quail! I'm in distress and being swallowed by a big snake."

Whatever the message is, it gets results quicker than any S. O. S. that a man ever broadcast. Out of the brush come the quail, charging in the direction of the noise, their feathers ruffed up ready for a fight. They make a striking and somewhat pathetic sight, these harmless little fellows all hot for battle, ready to help a comrade. At least I guess that's what they have in mind.

On they come in response to the call. If the caller is in a car, they come right up to it, probably figuring on attacking it. One day this friend of mine made a five-dollar wager that he could make a quail

jump on the running board of the car. The bobwhite went him one better. It jumped up on the hood, still looking for the enemy.

This in itself may not seem so strange. But listen to the rest of the story. This skillet hunter, using a .22 rifle, can call in and kill every quail in a covey. They flutter around in confusion when he starts shooting, but he just keeps them coming right back and keeps picking them off one by one.

It sounds cruel and perhaps it is. But that isn't the point. The point is, why don't the quail leave after they hear the shooting and see their mates on every hand falling under the shots? They know what a gun is. They're well-schooled in its deadliness. Yet when they're called, they just stand and wait for the fatal shot.

Let us move on to a wiser bird, in fact, who is supposed to be one of the wisest of them all—the wild turkey.

The best brains of thousands of men have gone into the production of turkey calls, and some truly remarkable contraptions have resulted. Probably the most effective of them all is a device consisting of a large nail driven through a thin piece of hardwood, with the point of the nail bent over at right angles. This point is scraped on a piece of carborundum. I was a turkey herder once in my youth, and I know how a turkey call sounds. That gadget does the trick.

But, as in the case of other calls, none of these man-made mechanical devices will match the human sound box if the man vibrating it knows how to produce the right noise. Any mechanical call may at times give off a false note, and you have to give the wild turkey credit—he won't hang around long after you make one false note.

Let's see what happens when the notes are not false. My father

was a market hunter for a while back in the old days. And he tells me that upon many occasions he flushed a flock of turkeys, then sat down and called them up, killing everyone in the flock. The continued boom of the gun evidently didn't mean much to them.

You might contend that this happened in the early days, when few people hunted turkeys, and it couldn't happen in hunting today. But you're wrong. The same thing happens every once in a while right today, in our much hunted country.

Not long ago I read an article by Jack O'Connor, an outdoor writer whose integrity is unquestioned, in which he told about several turkeys in a flock coming in after the hunter had already killed one or two.

You can easily explain the turkeys coming to the call after they are flushed, although it seems to me if they were very bright they'd go a long way off, then start calling themselves, instead of drifting right back close to where they saw the man with the gun. But it's hard to understand why they will keep coming right in the face of shooting—yet at times they will.

And to cap it all the man calling in turkeys doesn't even have to hide. He can sit right in front of a big tree—not behind it. With all the keenness of eye most birds and animals, including deer, have, they seem helpless when it comes to figuring out the outlines of a man if he sits or stands still.

Take the case of goose and duck calls. It isn't surprising that they decoy to artificial birds made to represent them, nor is it surprising that they answer calls and come on in. But some of the things they do when they come in are truly remarkable.

When ducks are in a mood to decoy, it is almost impossible at times to keep them away. What

duck hunter hasn't had the experience of firing into a flock of ducks which were coming in to his decoys, only to have them circle and come right back to the decoys for more?

I remember an instance where seven pintails came in, hell bent on joining the decoys. One of the hunters was calling them, and the pintails were answering. They swooped down and the hunters got three birds the first round.

The others flared off, swung far to one side, and then came right back to the siren call of the hunter once more, meeting the same fate as the first three.

I saw a goose hunter, using no decoys, call a goose in and fire before the bird was in range. I heard the shot hit. The goose started off but my fellow hunter called him back and finished him off the second time. What manner of cunning is this?

And these are not isolated exceptions. Even without calls ducks and geese will at times do the same thing. A friend and I were driving through goose country once and spotted two geese beside a little pond. The geese watched us as we drove up within fifty yards.

Then my fellow hunter climbed out of the car and started for them on foot. The geese took to wing when he was about thirty yards away. He bagged one but missed the other. And it made a little circle and came right back over him, right over the man with the gun, standing in plain view.

Most birds or animals will answer to calls of various kinds. You can call in curlews and shoot bird after bird. They never seem to learn and they were on the verge of extinction when a kind government stepped in and said the shooting must end for good.

In the case of deer the standard call is rattling two deer antlers together. This works during the running or mating season in many parts of the country. An old buck will figure that two other bucks are fighting over a shy little doe, and he will ease into the picture thinking he might steal her away while they quarrel.

Some strange things happen when one rattles the horns. I have known of deer being rattled up on occasions by a hunter using a bone-handle knife and his gun barrel. I know of at least one buck that was killed by a hunter who called him in by simply rattling two sticks together.

When the old buck answers the call he sometimes is ready for a fight. A veteran hunter of the Texas border country told me of one old buck that came in to the sound of the horns in a strange manner. His head was down low, his nose almost on the ground. His ears were drooping down, and he was walking stiff-legged, stamping the ground as he came along.

He walked right on up to the hunter. The first shot hit him, but he didn't seem to feel it. He never



*"Sorry but I'll have to have your return address—and your telephone number"*

Continued at top of page 112



## Calling the Wild

Continued from pages 19-111

faltered until a second shot downed him only a scant dozen feet from the hunter.

But men, like deer, will do strange things for love, and these instances hardly fit into any general picture where one is searching for a logical explanation.

There are other and even more deadly calls for deer, most of which are banned by law. The device duplicating the soft call of the doe is not legal. But again the old human voice box comes into the picture, and there are many men who can duplicate it with deadly effect.

Most other animals and birds can be called in one way or another. Only recently I saw a man call up an armadillo and catch it with his hands.

All this adds up to the fact that wild animals and birds may be keen of sight and hearing, and may smell you a long way off if the wind is right, but the woodsman who really puts his mind to it can usually make a sucker out of them with a call. Although I won't argue the point, because men with more experience than I can tell of so many instances to back their contention, it would seem to me that the wild things aren't nearly as cunning as they are supposed to be.

I believe few wild animals are as intelligent as a dog. This is more or less demonstrated by the fact that the coyote, or wild dog, is one of the few forms of wild life that has successfully defied the march of progress in spite of the fact that he is hunted relentlessly throughout the entire year.

And you will have to admit that a dog is not a mental giant, even though he may learn to retrieve a stick and do a few other tricks.

Wild animals, it is true, quickly learn what hurts them and what does not, just as a child does. Furthermore, it is astonishing to note the speed with which they pick up the message of danger, and the short time it takes successive generations to fit new dangers into their stock of instinctive knowledge.

Ducks may all be flying low the day before the hunting season opens. But after a few shots have been fired on the opening day, all ducks, even those bunches not fired at, ordinarily will climb on up out of range.

And to demonstrate how quickly their knowledge of danger becomes instinctive, I will cite the case of the white-winged dove in my Texas homeland. This dove does not fly in the same manner today as he did thirty years ago when few people hunted him. Then he floated slowly along, flying low over roads, fence-lines, and all other places. He was a set-up, at least for the first four or five days of the season.

But the flight of the entire species has changed, and now you see them both in and out of season darting and twisting whenever they approach a roadway or some place where a man may be lurking with a gun.

True they will learn these things rapidly. Most wild life can see, or smell, or hear, better than man, and many can do all these things

much better. It is a simple act for a deer standing still to see a hunter moving. And it is hard for a hunter to see a deer standing still, which the deer is usually doing when he hears or smells something suspicious.

Few hunters taking to the woods today for deer are really woodsmen. They seldom stand still. And if they stand in one place they fidget, or smoke a cigarette, sending out clouds of tobacco smoke to announce their presence.

The result is the growing legend of the clever buck, the cunning coyote, and so on. As I say, I admit they're clever in a way. But some of the things being attributed to them are rapidly becoming actually super-human in the astuteness of the mental processes required. The fact usually is that the hunter is simply not what he used to be as a woodsman.

No, man using his head has wild game pretty much at his mercy. But as his weapons improve in range and accuracy, his talent as a woodsman declines, which is fine for the preservation of wild life.

The old market hunter with a .38 carbine having a range of perhaps eighty yards would be as deadly hunting deer today, as the modern hunter using a .30-'06 with about four times the range. The old timer had spent his life in the woods. His idea of bagging a buck was to get up close to it. And furthermore, he knew how to get close, he knew how to keep still and how to stalk.

Today's hunter doesn't have to be a good woodsman, ordinarily.

His rifle does it for him.

And so it went on back into the dim, distant past. The Indian with his crude bow and arrow, by modern standards, got game when the game had to be bagged or he didn't eat. He was a woodsman—and I'll wager he was a wizard with that call-box in his neck. I'll bet he could make the quail jump right into the frying pan.

The fact that the modern Robin Hoods, with infinitely better equipment than the Red Man had, prowl around in fine deer country with only an occasional kill is pretty good proof of the difference in ability as hunters, equipment not taken into consideration.

And going still farther back, the early man with his stone ax or his club got game. He was a meat eater. He wasn't as fast as the game, nor could he smell, hear, nor see as well. So he had to out-think it, which he did, even though his mental processes were probably pretty elemental compared to the complex thinking of man today.

I still do not deny that the deer, the fox, the coyote, the turkey, and so on have a certain amount of cunning. I simply point out that if the cave man with his ax could outwit them, it stands to reason it's a pretty simple matter for a civilized man with a gun to turn the trick, if he really sets his mind to it.

But far simpler than trying to outwit the game is just to get a call and master it. It saves a lot of thinking on both sides—and gets more game. ‡

## Your Squaw Man

Continued from page 66

old cheap shoes and these showed spur marks.

"Howdy!" he greeted Dan cheerfully and with no show of surprise whatever. "Will you have a bait? We just et. But there's plenty left. It may be a little sandy—" he broke off in a pleasant laugh. Then seeing Dan hesitate, he sobered at once into an expression of downright anxiety, it seemed, and with entreaty in his voice he said, "Won't you git down?"

Dan accepted a cup of coffee, but declined the food; thereby missing a chance to sample wild burro meat from the mulligan pot. When he learned, on top of this, that all three infants had shared that strong bitter coffee, he thought that nothing further could surprise him in the domestic life of this astonishing family. But there was one more thing.

When the dishes were wiped, after a fashion, and put away in a kyax box beside the crude rock fireplace, the three wipers dashed madly off around the tents, shrieking in high glee. Dan stepped over to see what was next for them. His heart leaped into his throat with sudden fright. Those three young-

sters had run pell-mell into a horse!

It was a small black with graying temples, lying down asleep with feet tucked under it and chin resting on the ground. In the same instant that Dan got the shock of fear, his reassurance came. Those tots literally threw themselves upon that old pony and swarmed all over it, slid off its rump, pulled its tail, twisted its ears, hugged it about the neck and kissed its face. The pony didn't move, except to lift its chin off the ground and waggle an ear now and then. They might have been so many flies.

Dan turned to the old man and found him smiling benignly upon the playful scene.

Dan released a lungful of breath. "Well, that beats anything I ever saw," he said.

The old man had a government contour map of the quadrangle containing the section of land where he was camped. He showed Dan that it was a government section, open for homestead entry. Of course The Company owned all the patented range around there, but no one could stop him from filing on this section and running his horses on it and on any other sections in the public

domain. The Company's sections were not fenced.

Yes, he'd knowed this country since he was a boy. Raised here partly. Always meant some day to come back and homestead this place. He'd saved his right for it. So when that durn squaw had run off—she wasn't fitten to raise these younguns nohow—he'd just gathered his horses, sold all but the cream of the young geldings—practically *give* 'em away—to pay his debts, cleared out of Wyoming and headed back for Buckwheat Canyon.

Yes, he'd made the drive alone.

What! All that way—across two states—alone with that bunch of brones and those three youngsters!

Sure. Here he was, wasn't he?

But he had to do something. Had to do something right away. He was about broke. It had been a long drag; took all his *dinero*. He'd had to sell all his broke horses on the way, but these two. He'd made shoes for the papooses out of a deer hide he'd tanned. Had to buy 'em some decent shoes and new clothes. And he'd hurt his leg a little—horse fell on it; had to wait till it mended to start any of

the brones. Did Dan know where he could sell any of 'em unbroke?

The more they talked horse and the possibilities of this particular bunch of horses the more surely they approached the sort of temporary business partnership that was inevitable for Dan.

Next day Dan was at Headquarters talking to his foreman.

"Sure, I know," the foreman said, when Dan reported the new settler. "That's Old Barr—Old Barr Macey. He sent me word last week. He don't know we scripped that land. But that's all right. Let him camp there and run his horses in the basin. He won't stay long. Never does. And our cows have got all the good there is for 'em out there this season. Where'd that old coot come from this time?"

"Wyoming, he says," Dan told him.

"Humph. Last time it was South America—about ten years ago. Before that Alaska. It's either gold or horses with Old Barr. And he can't keep either one—especially the gold."

"How soon are you figuring on bringing the rest of my stuff in?" Dan asked.

"Right away," the foreman

Continued on page 114





*"How much would this one be in dozen lots?"*



## Your Squaw Man

Continued from pages 66-112

said. "Them cows go to the valley. Want to go with 'em?"

"Why, I'd sort of like to lay off for a while, if it's o.k."

The foreman thought a minute.

"All right, Dan," he said. "We won't really need anyone in your camp for a while after them cattle are moved. Only I'd sort of like to have somebody there. I'd thought maybe you'd take a string of colts—" he broke off and grinned wisely at Dan. Then he said, as if it explained everything, "Old Barr always was a horse fancier."

"You guessed it," Dan laughed.

"Well, if they're the kind of horses Old Barr would pick for himself and if you break 'em, I reckon the outfit can use a string of 'em."

"You'll get first chance," Dan promised. "But you may have a hard time picking 'em. They're all good!"

"But what I was going to say, Dan," the foreman went on, "Why don't you stay right on at the Sugar Loaf Camp, while you're riding them brones? It's a good place for it—you know that. We might put in some steers out there soon as the feed starts again. Anyway, there's our own colts. They can wait till spring though."

So it was all fixed for Dan. He'd ride over and tell Old Barr tomorrow. He'd lend the old fellow what money he needed, too, until they sold some horses. No use in selling any as brones when they'd bring so much more as broke horses.

But Dan didn't have to wait till tomorrow to see his squaw man. He saw him that afternoon on his way back to camp. The old man was coming back from the little store, five miles away on the main road. He was leading the old black pony with the three children on it.

"Well," Dan was saying to himself, "I wondered what he did with those papooses when he went after supplies." And just then for the second time those little halfbreeds brought the grip of fear to Dan's throat.

Even as he watched them riding along—two in the saddle seat, one behind on the skirts, skylarking as usual, waving doll-like arms, kicking their feet about, giggling and tickling one another—down they went in a squirming heap under the horse's belly.

Dan spurred ahead, slid his horse in a dust cloud as close to the scene as he dared and left his saddle in calf-roping contest style. But before he had taken three full strides he stopped. Again he was seeing an extraordinary show of gentleness in a horse.

Old Barr, finding the lead rope suddenly tightened in his hand, had pulled up his own mount and had barely turned in his saddle when Dan arrived. Now he sat sideways laughing down at the three victims of their own mischief, sprawled beneath the horse. The saddle hung there with them. The old black pony was standing

on three legs, the right hind one held high in the air while the youngest lay giggling where that hoof should have been.

None was hurt; on the contrary, their merriment reached a new high. Dan mentally recorded that these were the happiest children he had ever seen, as he helped gather them up and boost them on top again, after Old Barr had reset their saddle and cinched it tighter.

The old man didn't scold. He said no word of warning for the future. He just laughed and patted the three black heads, as soon as he made sure that no bones were broken.

"Well, you fellers took a spill, didn't you?" was all he said to them.

He slapped the old black horse on the neck affectionately and said to Dan, "Old Nigger here makes a pretty good nurse, don't he?" And it seemed to Dan almost that Old Nigger joined in the general laughter.

By the time they had the first lot of four-year-olds cut out in the horse pasture at Dan's camp and the necessary preparations made for breaking them, Dan had got to know Old Barr well enough to kid him about being a squaw man. Old Barr would say, "Well, that's better'n living with somebody else's old cows!"

Dan found the old man wise in all ways of the range and its livestock, a likable companion and willing co-worker. But except for generalities, Dan could never penetrate the wall of reticence about his past—particularly his immediate past.

Of course, Dan only offered casual outlets for whatever lay behind that wall, but he knew the old man was too shrewd not to see them. A few times it was so obvious that neither could ignore the issue. When this happened Old Barr would look straight and frankly at Dan and let a little careless laugh play in his throat; then abruptly and apropos of nothing he would say, "How much do you reckon we'll git fur them ponies?"

Dan soon learned that Old Barr had told the truth when he said he had bred his horses for disposition as well as conformation. They were the easiest ponies to gentle he'd ever handled and every one, in the end, broke out just as he wanted it to do.

Old Barr insisted that Dan should get a fourth of the net returns when the horses were all sold; which Dan felt was too much, although the selling and delivery was practically all up to him. There were sixty-four head. He figured roughly that it would take about six months to do the job right and get them all sold as gentle horses.

But just as Dan had the first string of six ready for market, and a second bunch started, with a few more on the stake ropes, Old Barr came riding over one day,

leading the "nurse," as usual, with its three charges aboard.

"Don't dast leave these leppies behind. They'd jump the reservation sure." He always said this, grinning at the three youngsters. And he always spoke of them as his papooses, or his leppies, the cowboy's term for any motherless young animal.

Dan lifted them down in one bundle and gave them some candy he had for them. Then he led his partner over to the corral and was about to show him that the first six ponies wearing the Acorn brand were no longer brones. But the old man stopped him. He wasn't interested in the horses.

"Look, Dan," he said, squatting on his heels and shoving back his hat. "What say I sell these ponies to you, as they stand? Here's what I got to do. Got to git them three leppies in a home. This ain't no place for 'em. Soon they'll need schoolin'. There's a home for such at the county seat. I can git 'em in it for a thousand dollars apiece. They'll git the right care there. I can't give it to 'em here."

Dan sat on his heels and chewed a straw over this.

"Look-a-here, Dan," Old Barr started afresh. "S'posing I give you a bill o' sale for the lot. Couldn't you take that to the bank and git the cash for me? Now?"

"I might," Dan admitted, squinting through the legs of the horses in the corral. "But you ought to get more than three thousand dollars out of those horses, Barr."

"No. That's all I want. And all I need. And all I'll take. But I want it *now*."

Next day, when Dan saw his foreman, that wise *hombre's* comment was, "Didn't I tell you, Dan? Old Barr won't stay put. If he had a million dollars, he'd give the last cent not to be tied down. No white woman would ever live with him. Damn wonder he ever got a squaw to stick long enough to have three kids."

By selling the first six head to The Company at the top price of a hundred dollars apiece and giving his notes to a couple of friends, as well as the bank, Dan gave Old Barr three thousand dollars for his bill of sale for sixty-four head of horses under the Acorn iron.

At the conclusion of this, Dan said to him, "Now, look here, you durned squaw man: when you've put your leppies in that home, what are you going to do with *yourself*?"

"Oh, I think I'll take a little *pasear* down in Old Mexico this winter—do a little prospectin'," he said carelessly.

"But—" Dan hesitated. He had already tried all his arguments. You just couldn't make that old man take all that was coming to him.

Dan knew he would be practically penniless after he paid in his three thousand to the orphanage.

"Never you mind about me, Danny-Boy," he grinned. And the grin ended in one of those little chuckles so full of carelessness.

At last Dan got him to agree to let Dan know where he was at the end of six months, so that Dan could send him whatever net sum the horses brought above five thousand dollars, if any. Dan knew there was practically no hope of an average price to total this, after deducting for hay, grain, hauling and other expenses. But he made a mental note that it would be worth something just to learn where Old Barr was six months hence.

On the day they broke camp in Buckwheat Canyon, Dan rode over to see them off. Old Barr had his "forty years' gathering" packed on two little Spanish mules. These and the horse he rode he might sell at the county seat, as well as his camp outfit. He hadn't yet decided about this. But he knew he wouldn't sell Old Nig the Nurse. This faithful servant was to be pensioned off with a farmer near the town and he'd fixed it for the three leppies to be taken out to see their old nurse every week.

As Dan watched the procession string out down the canyon, the papooses waving good-bye to him and Old Barr grinning back at them, he wondered how many men who lived the life Old Barr did, would do as much for their offspring. Also he wondered what the parting would be like for those three infants and that old man. But then they all seemed to take life so casually. In fact this characteristic seemed to be their only resemblance to Old Barr, except that they were undoubtedly half-white.

Six months later Dan got the following letter from his erstwhile partner:

deer fren dan you sed six months this is it i caut up with a good sof job with a raceing stabul outfit doun hear in cuba but i like our kine of horses best how did you mak out with them o k i hop but i dont nede no mony so dont you sen non i wont be hear to git it i think i wil go to canady frum hear now later i go see them three littul injuns may be i see you sum moar then to dan them pappuses thay was not my pappuses i rescured them frum be in beet to deth by thare own daddy he was drunk he was kyoty all tim drunk and meen he was white man but wurse then anny injun i hed to thro him of a clif his nek brok thay thot he fel of goin home drunk thay didnt suspeck me non his skwaw had alreddy run of with anuthre bum abaout as bed as him i cudunt feal rite til i got them lepys in a good home dan i dont spel so good but i kin draw a bran with a hot cinch ring ha ha i know you will birn this up and say nuthin anny how i jest sine it this way

yure skwaw man ##





*“Oh-h-h—let it ring!”*





### ***some wield, some watch . . .***

If there were any phase of men's attire that time could not wither, you'd think it would be the good old tennis outfit—white shirt, white flannels, white socks and sneakers, and there you are. But no you aren't. The world does move and the outfit does change. The wielder sketched here wears a white knitted cotton shirt with blue border stripes, side-striped white cotton gabardine shorts, plain white belt, plain socks and blue canvas shoes. The sweater is a white cable stitch type, and the white tennis cap in the offing has a green under-visor. The spectator wears a blue flannel blazer with gilt buttons, oxford shirt, foulard tie, the new Sandune slacks, reverse calf shoes and cocoanut palm hat. Separate sketches show crystal links and tie clip in nautical design, coarse cotton scarf, shell stitch sweater with vertical stripes, red and blue elastic cord belt and yellow wool socks in an interesting weave.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



## Arrow's choice for this month... Pawling Stripes

ON A FINE, LIGHTWEIGHT, end-to-end madras, Arrow has superimposed slender, widely spaced twill stripes—white stripes, alternating with dark-tone ones.

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## ARE YOUR VACATION PLANS SET?



**IF SO . . .** By all means read *Planned Vacation Economy* in the new July issue of Coronet Magazine. You'll be amazed at the variety of money-saving short cuts you'll find to more economical vacation enjoyment . . . enough hints, in fact, to leave your vacation budget open for some of the many "extras" you've always wanted to enjoy but could never before afford.

**IF NOT . . .** Clara E. Laughlin, famed travel advisor and author of this article, lists a wide variety of new, unusual vacation packages to fit the average budget . . . from which you can take your pick. In this article you'll learn how to go, where to stay, what to do and how much it will cost. Here you'll find every conceivable vacation detail prepared for you in easy-to-read form.

**B**UT there's a lot more than this in the July issue of Coronet now on sale at all newsstands. For instance, while the above mentioned vacation education in easy-to-read form will doubtless prove a lifesaver to many . . . we especially recommend for its sheer dramatic punch and sensational disclosures, *M-Day Hits Home*, written by a well-informed Washington authority! Here you'll find a fresh, exciting, pre-eyewitness account of what will happen to every mother's son of us if and when the United States goes to war . . . no generalities . . . no dry military theories . . . but actual brass-tack cases . . . telling exactly where you and I will go as soon as war is declared. And most important of all . . . for the first time . . . *M-Day Hits Home* will bring to you new sensational facts concerning the little-known but all-powerful Civil Draft which will affect even the children! Where will YOU be when *M-Day Hits Home*? Read the July Coronet and find out!

All in all, you'll find the July issue of Coronet especially stimulating for midsummer reading . . . because we've custom-tailored its editorial approach into a presentation of brief editorial-entertainment bits to suit any whim or mood! For instance, there's a section devoted to how *They Got the Job* . . . revealing some of the unique and ingenious approaches that have landed employment. Also, *Not of Our Species* . . . which begins a series of the most unusual animal stories you've ever read . . . proving once and for all that truth can be stranger than fiction . . . and more exciting too! Then, for the game-minded, the July Coronet presents three exciting and thought-provoking quizzes (including *Presidents on Parade*) which should make excellent mental diversion for warm summer evenings! You get all of this, of course, in addition to the usual Coronet monthly galaxy of stimulating articles on every conceivable subject, unusual personalities and pictorial eye-pleasers by the world's master photographers.

### WATCH FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE OF CORONET...ON SALE JULY 25<sup>TH</sup>

Don't miss the dynamite-blast at *Rackets In Insurance* which tops this exciting issue. Learn how you can pre-test the values of your new policies by applying the simple, fundamental rule this article discloses. Then, if you want to be sure you've picked the healthiest spot for your vacation, we especially prescribe *A Vacation Health Policy* which gives you the medical lowdown on the best place to go if you have anything at all wrong with you! . . . Plus other features, pictorial, amusing, entertaining . . . all in all the biggest little 25c magazine your money can buy.

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## Efficient Camp Chow

*Continued from page 41*

a cook fire so big that he can't get close enough to it to cook over it, and there's a lot of truth in that aboriginal wisecrack. In any event, the most unique cook fire I've ever seen was in a Seminole settlement deep in the Florida Everglades. Instead of piling up wood across the fire as we do, the Seminoles cut about eight medium-sized logs of any desired length and lay them out on the ground in a circle like the spokes of a wheel. A fire of light wood is built where the hub would be and the eight logs are pushed in so that only the ends burn. As required, the logs are edged in toward the heart of the fire (which can readily be built up at any time by the addition of more twigs). And aside from an even, slow-burning blaze, the Seminole cook always has a convenient log to sit on while tending the pot!

Just how much food to pack for a trip is a question that has about as many answers as there are trippers because the range of personal

preference, length of stay, the nature of the country and the accessibility of supplies is so wide. The difference between a two-day jaunt and a two-weeks' stay is something more than a purely mathematical proposition and generalities are likely to be misleading. However, as a starting point for any calculation, the official U. S. Army "travel ration" is as good as any when you begin to figure the amount of food per day per man for which you should allow. This schedule calls for:

|                          |         |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Bread.....               | 16 oz.  |
| Baked beans.....         | 4 oz.   |
| Jam.....                 | 1½ oz.  |
| Sugar.....               | 4 oz.   |
| Salt.....                | 0.5 oz. |
| Evaporated milk.....     | 1 oz.   |
| Beef, corned or hash.... | 12 oz.  |
| Canned tomatoes.....     | 8 oz.   |
| Coffee.....              | 2 oz.   |
| Chocolate.....           | 3 oz.   |

This is minimum requirement: the "garrison ration" adds such items as two ounces of bacon; one

ounce of eggs; one-fourth ounce of cheese, etc., which can easily be thrown in by the camper who doesn't care to fare forth on a skeleton diet. However, these figures are not cited as what you should take—they are offered merely as a guide to your calculations when you get down to the fine points of figuring weights and essential quantities which have to be fitted into the space available.

Incidentally, one thing you might well borrow from the army is their famous Standard Emergency Ration which can be bought at most camp outfitter's. This is a compressed cake made of chocolate liquor, powdered sugar, cocoa butter, egg albumin, malted milk and casein, three of which are packed in a sealed, waterproof can. You aren't supposed to live on these things, naturally; they are strictly for emergency use, and one cake is supposed to equal a regulation meal in sustaining qualities. You'll miss the soup and nuts, but the standard eleven-

ounce tin of these things will keep you going for quite a while, if your supply canoe gets swamped or you get lost on the trail.

However, few of us are setting out to rediscover the North Pole or chart unexplored regions far from civilization, so we can get back to the original theme that a little careful thought about food selection will return a nice dividend in lighter packs and better nourishment. Most fellows' sole eating gauge is that they have had sufficient when they "feel full," and I'm not quarreling with that. All I say is that if you (1) go strong on compressed, compact, concentrated foods and (2) give preference to undenatured, unrefined foods, you'll not only "feel full" sooner but you'll also find it much easier to come within shooting distance of that beautiful but rarely achieved par for the hiker's rucksack: fifteen to twenty pounds per man.

So to camp—and fare thee well! ‡

## The Parmachene Belle

*Continued from page 22*

been closer I could have heard, for I was old enough now. I could even have spoken. We walked a long way.

When we stopped it was almost dawn. "I'll liken to go in here," Solomon said. "I'll be awaitin' fer you at the bridge."

We watched him crawl down the bank. He walked out into the stream and I saw the water pull at his trouser legs. It was wonderful. Then my father started on.

"Do you want to use worms, boy?" he said.

"I'd liken to use a Parmachene Belle," I answered.

"Parmachene Belle isn't much good," he said. He wiped his reel with the palm of his hand. "She's better for old-timers like Sol and me. Maybe for you, afterwhile."

"The dull flies are the best," he said. "Anyway, I think a worm would be better."

"I'll use a worm," I said.

As we walked, he took a gob of worms from the bait box at his belt and reached over and stuffed them into my box. Mine was new and green, with holes in the top.

After while he said, "This is a good place for you to start. Fish down, slowly. I'll go down a bit and fish up to you."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Should I use a split-shot, do you think?"

"Yes, a split-shot would be good," he said. He hesitated, and I knew he wanted to say more.

"Son," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"You be careful. The water's fast and deep."

He said it so that I did not feel hurt. "Yes, sir," I said. "I'll be careful."

He looked at me a long time. "Good luck, boy," he said.

"Good luck to you, too," I said.

He kept on looking at me even after that. Then he turned and clumped down the road. For a minute I felt queer and I wanted to cry, but I crawled down the bank instead.

Beside the stream, I did not thread the worm on the hook as I had done before for sunfish. I remembered what he had said. "Not for trout. For trout, you loop it."

All day, after that, the water swirled against my legs. It was hardly a day at all. It was something else. It was cold like a wet branch against your face. It was the pale sunlight of April. It was manhood, muscles, and the sudden rush of a trout upstream. It was the desperate feel of a trout in my hand and the cruel jaw with teeth and rainbow colors in the creel and being alone all day to dark, except at lunch when my father came from nowhere to eat with me. It was real fishing—and for trout—with Solomon and my father and Buffalo Bill. It was water singing, first in the stream, then in my blood, then everywhere, singing and singing. And then coolness, and the sun going down, and shadows, and growing loneliness, except that sometimes I thought I could see my father at the bend behind me.

In the darkness on the bridge, Solomon said to my father, "Any luck?"

"Six," said my father.

"Nine purty ones," said Solomon.

Then my father turned to me. "Any luck, boy?"

"One," I said.

"You caught a trout?" He lifted the lid of my new creel. "It's a beauty," he said, but his voice was unnatural. "Sol," he said, "the

boy just caught a trout."

"I'm liken to be proud of you, kid," said Solomon. My father put his hand on my shoulder.

### III

I am going to Shade Creek again on the fifteenth of April. I shall go alone, for the two tall men who first took me there are fishing other waters now, and have been for many years. Perhaps I shall be lonely, with no one to show my trout to, and I shall eat my lunch alone on a flat stone in the sunlight, but there will be reunion, too. The stream will say familiar things, its whispers and its roars will be echoed from the rocks, and there will be singing everywhere.

The water will pull at my boots, and the air will smell of hemlock. The tips of the hemlocks will be bright green, and a chickadee will scold.

All day, I shall fish against the current, sending an Iron Blue Dun or a Quill Gordon through the air ahead of me. The dull fly, I have learned, is the best. It will wing its way forward, like a living fly, and will curve to left or to right. It will drop like willow fuzz upon the water, and the leader will fall like a strand of spider web. Once in a while there will be an olive swirl and a splatter of rainbow spray, and a king of the mountain waters will sweep towards the rocks and roots. The rod will vibrate, the line will rise from the water, and he will take to the air again in an arc of liquid sunset. After a time, he will come to net and to creel. There will be sadness, but the sunlight will seem warmer, the air sweeter.

Then, when evening comes and the creel hangs heavy from the shoulder and the bridge is only a few yards away, I shall snip the

dull fly from the leader. In its place I shall tie a creature of gold and white and scarlet. I shall whip her dryly through the air and then send her forward, the Parmachene Belle, into the dusk. She is a creature of fancy and of evening. She settles on the water with quivering lightness and glides through the shadows like a luminous moth. Timeless and not of this earth, she drifts through the darkness and rides upon the water like the reflection of a star.

At the bridge I shall make the last cast. The Parmachene Belle is for old-timers. "Like me and yer dad. Someday, mebbe fer you."

She will sail through the night and fall softly as a dream and sweep back towards me. I shall not stop her. She will sail on past me into water that has been fished, and I shall turn around to watch her go back into currents and time that are no longer near.

Later, when the moon comes up, I shall stand on the bridge, looking downstream. Through the darkness below will come the tinkle of a bell, the smell of Hoppe's Number Nine, two men walking in the dawn, loneliness, the feel of a hand on my shoulder. Standing on the bridge, I shall hear a voice from the moonlit rifles, saying, "Good luck, boy," and again, "Good luck." It will be the same voice that once talked of stars and trout and trees.

Then I shall hear another voice. It will sound like mine, only older. In the bigness of the night it will say, "Good luck to you, too. Here in this now sad place, where our Parmachene Belle floats high, I send you greetings—wherever you are—greetings and good luck, too." ‡



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## The Fanning Smell Theory

Continued from page 27

lurched almost out of his hands as the fish made a dash across the second bar, out into the big rollers and beyond. John sighed, tightened his grip on the rod, and continued to sleep, as the fish swam up the surf at an alarming pace.

All the while I had been shouting to John, and Pedro had been shouting. We finally aroused him.

He shook his head in surprise, then settled down to the task of fighting his fish.

He did a fine job of it. The big red took off so much line that I thought once Pedro would have to take the rod and follow him up the beach. But John stuck to his guns, and finally he stopped the big fellow. He began slowly working the fish down the surf, only to have it make another long run.

The sweat was pouring down John's face, and he called for Pedro to light a cigarette—a pro-fish cigarette, I guess—and put it in his mouth to help him concentrate on his work.

He puffed and steamed and pumped, and finally he had the red back in front of him again, this time for keeps. Working as

skillfully as a fat man seated in a chair can, John brought the fish over the second bar with a big roller, and then after a little running around here and there in the narrow channel, the red came in over the first bar and into Pedro's territory—shallow water.

Pedro gleefully pulled the big fellow up beside John's chair.

"My, isn't he a beauty?" John asked. And what a fine fight. What a fight."

"Now, as you were saying," I put in, "this Smell Theory . . ."

"Some other time," John said hastily. "I'll go into it in detail some day when we're not so busy with fishing. Pedro, bait up the hook again."

That "some other time" hasn't come. John still holds firmly to the Smell Theory, and fishes accordingly, carefully avoiding the bait, lest he contaminate it, sitting in a chair and enjoying his fishing to the fullest.

I don't like the smell of mullet, either. But I can't afford a Pedro to go along and bait my hook, so I guess the Smell Theory wasn't intended for me. ‡

## The Homes of the Stars

Continued from page 28

all that," agreed her husband.

"Where are we going first?" asked the lady, cosily.

"Well, I had a couple calls to pay anyhow," said Pat, "I got to see Ronald Colman about something."

"Oh, he's one of my favorites. Do you know him well?"

"Oh yes," said Pat, "I'm not in this business regularly. I'm just doing it today for a friend. I'm a writer."

Sure in the knowledge that not so much as a trio of picture writers were known to the public he named himself as the author of several recent successes.

"That's very interesting," said the man, "I knew a writer once—this Upton Sinclair or Sinclair Lewis. Not a bad fellow even if he was a socialist."

"Why aren't you writing a picture now?" asked the lady.

"Well, you see we're on strike," Pat invented. "We got a thing called the Screen Playwriters' Guild and we're on strike."

"Oh." His clients stared with suspicion at this emissary of Stalin in the front seat of their car.

"What are you striking for?" asked the man uneasily.

Pat's political development was rudimentary. He hesitated.

"Oh, better living conditions," he said finally, "Free pencils and paper. I don't know—it's all in the Wagner Act." After a moment he added vaguely, "Recognize Finland."

"I didn't know writers had unions," said the man, "Well, if you're on strike who writes the movies?"

"The producers," said Pat bitterly, "That's why they're so lousy."

"Well, that's what I would call an odd state of things."

They came in sight of Ronald Colman's house and Pat swallowed uneasily. A shining new roadster sat out in front.

"I better go in first," he said. "I mean we wouldn't want to come in on any—on any family scene or anything."

"Does he have family scenes?" asked the lady eagerly.

"Oh, well, you know how people are," said Pat with charity, "I think I ought to see how things are first."

The car stopped. Drawing a long breath Pat got out. At the same moment the door of the house opened and Ronald Colman hurried down the walk. Pat's heart missed a beat as the actor glanced in his direction.

"Hello Pat," he said. Evidently he had no notion that Pat was a caller for he jumped into his car and the sound of his motor drowned out Pat's response as he drove away.

"Well, he called you 'Pat,'" said the woman impressed.

"I guess he was in a hurry," said Pat. "But maybe we could see his house."

He rehearsed a speech going up the walk. He had just spoken to his friend Mr. Colman, and received permission to look around.

But the house was shut and locked and there was no answer to the bell. He would have to try Melvyn Douglas whose salutations, on second thought, were a little warmer than Ronald Colman's. At any rate his clients' faith in him was now firmly founded. The "Hello, Pat," rang confidently in their ears; by proxy



they were already inside the charmed circle.

"Now let's try Clark Gable's," said the lady, "I'd like to tell Carole Lombard about her hair."

The lese majesty made Pat's stomach wince. Once in a crowd he had met Clark Gable but he had no reason to believe that Mr. Gable remembered.

"Well, we could try Melvyn Douglas' first and then Bob Young or else Young Doug. They're all on the way. You see Gable and Lombard live way out in the St. Joaquin valley."

"Oh," said the lady disappointed, "I did want to run up and see their bedroom. Well then, our next choice would be Shirley Temple." She looked at her little dog, "I know that would be Boogie's choice too."

"They're kind of afraid of kidnapers," said Pat.

Ruffled, the man produced his business card and handed it to Pat.

DEERING R. ROBINSON

Vice President and Chairman  
of the Board

Robdeer Food Products

"Does *that* sound as if I want to kidnap Shirley Temple?"

"They just have to be sure," said Pat apologetically. "After we go to Melvyn—"

"No—let's see Shirley Temple's *now*," insisted the woman, "Really! I told you in the first place what I wanted."

Pat hesitated.

"First I'll have to stop in some drugstore and phone about it."

In a drugstore he exchanged some of the five dollars for a half pint of gin and took two long swallows behind a high counter, after which he considered the situation. He could, of course, duck Mr. and Mrs. Robinson immediately—after all he had produced Ronald Colman, with sound, for their five smackers. On the other hand they just *might* catch Miss Temple on her way in or out—and for a pleasant day at Santa Anita tomorrow Pat needed five smackers more. In the glow of the gin his courage mounted, and returning to the limousine he gave the chauffeur the address.

But approaching the Temple house his spirit quailed as he saw that there was a tall iron fence and an electric gate. And didn't guides have to have a license?

"Not here," he said quickly to the chauffeur. "I made a mistake. I think it's the next one, or two or three doors further on."

He decided on a large mansion set in an open lawn and stopping the chauffeur got out and walked up to the door. He was temporarily licked but at least he might bring back some story to soften them—say, that Miss Temple had mumps. He could point out her sick-room from the walk.

There was no answer to his ring but he saw that the door was partly ajar. Cautiously he pushed it open. He was staring into a deserted living room on the baronial scale. He listened. There was no one about, no footsteps on the upper floor, no murmur from the

kitchen. Pat took another pull at the gin. Then swiftly he hurried back to the limousine.

"She's at the studio," he said quickly, "But if we're quiet we can look at their living room."

Eagerly the Robinsons and Boogie disembarked and followed him. The living room might have been Shirley Temple's, might have been one of many in Hollywood. Pat saw a doll in a corner and pointed at it, whereupon Mrs. Robinson picked it up, looked at it reverently and showed it to Boogie who sniffed indifferently.

"Could I meet Mrs. Temple?" she asked.

"Oh, she's out—nobody's home," Pat said—unwisely.

"Nobody. Oh—then Boogie would so like a wee little peep at her bedroom."

Before he could answer she had run up the stairs. Mr. Robinson followed and Pat waited uneasily in the hall, ready to depart at the sound either of an arrival outside or a commotion above.

He finished the bottle, disposed of it politely under a sofa cushion and then deciding that the visit upstairs was tempting fate too far, he went after his clients. On the stairs he heard Mrs. Robinson.

"But there's only *one* child's bedroom. I thought Shirley had brothers."

A window on the winding staircase looked upon the street, and glancing out Pat saw a large car drive up to the curb. From it stepped a Hollywood celebrity who, though not one of those pursued by Mrs. Robinson was second to none in prestige and power. It was old Mr. Marcus, the producer, for whom Pat Hobby had been press agent twenty years ago.

At this point Pat lost his head. In a flash he pictured an elaborate explanation as to what he was doing here. He would not be forgiven. His occasional weeks in the studio at two-fifty would now disappear altogether and another finis would be written to his almost entirely finished career. He left, impetuously and swiftly—down the stairs, through the kitchen and out the back gate, leaving the Robinsons to their destiny.

Vaguely he was sorry for them as he walked quickly along the next boulevard. He could see Mr. Robinson producing his card as the head of Robdeer Food Products. He could see Mr. Marcus' skepticism, the arrival of the police, the frisking of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.

Probably it would stop there—except that the Robinsons would be furious at him for his imposition. They would tell the police where they had picked him up.

Suddenly he went ricketing down the street, beads of gin breaking out profusely on his forehead. He had left his car beside Gus Venske's umbrella. And now he remembered another recognizing clue and hoped that Ronald Colman didn't know his last name. #

Another in the F. Scott Fitzgerald series, *Pat Hobby Does His Bit*, will appear in the September issue.



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# VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!



## Keep Your Horse Happy

Continued from page 83

there. It's hard, I know. Few men I see now-days can do it. But when you find one who can, horseback riding is a graceful, a beautiful accomplishment.

To ride properly you have to acquire a sense of balance. Actually all there is to riding is just that, balance—your own and your horse's. Only practice will give it to you. If you sit down tight in the leather, keep poised and balanced so that no matter which way the horse goes it doesn't disturb your balance, you are really riding.

If a man rides a horse correctly and keeps the horse happy in his work, he can get unbelievable service out of this hardy animal. Horses vary in ability just as humans do, however. Some are 50-mile-a-day animals, while others will bat out 80 or 90 miles and be ready for the same job the next day. The farthest I ever rode in a day was 124 miles; did it in twelve hours; had to. I have heard of men riding 150 miles, 200 miles a day, but I always thought too much of a horse to ride him till he dropped.

Proper grooming is another phase of horsemanship that is im-

portant if a man wants to get the most out of his horse. My methods differ from those of many horsemen. I don't believe in over-coddling or over-grooming. Most horsemen believe in both—or seem to. I really believe that fussing with a horse, bandaging his legs and tendons and hour-long brushing, does more harm than good.

This is the way I handle my horses: First I brush them to keep the hides clean, but I never rub nor fuss with them when they should have rest. If my horse has had a hard day, I clean his hide, wash out his mouth and sponge off his back where it is wet and tender from the saddle; and then I give him a good bed and let him rest. Next morning he's ready to duplicate the job he did the day before.

In feeding a horse there is no need to go to any outlandish extremes. Commonsense is best. Oats and timothy hay will keep a horse fit. In my long distance races I used to feed half a dozen eggs, plus a little raw chopped beefsteak with the oats. These gave a little extra endurance the next day. But this specialty feeding is

not necessary for ordinary riding. You can't fool a horse by feeding him improperly. A horse doesn't lie. At least, I never saw one that did. Feed a horse the right way and his condition will tell the truth.

You can loiter around a horse ring or stable any day and hear much argument about this breed or that being better; about horses of a certain height being ideal; about this and that weight being required. But I'll tell you what more than 60 years of horsemanship have taught me about it: A horse is no smaller than his ability, and no larger; he is no better than his ability, and no worse; it depends entirely upon the horse, not upon his ancestors, size, weight, color or conformation.

I have been in horse outfits that had little ponies weighing 700 to 800 pounds that could carry a 180-pound man and a 40-pound saddle for ten hours a day, day in and day out. In the same outfits I have seen big 1,000- and 1,200-pound horses that couldn't stand the work and could be used only two or three times a week. You can't tell much by size or looks.

Sometimes the most likely lookers will prove to be the most useless, while a horse that doesn't look like ten cents will win honors. My only rule in selecting a horse is to make sure he has the right bone and muscle and is put together in the right way.

Of course, I have ideals. All horsemen have. My ideal is a horse weighing not over 950 pounds. I want him short in the back. I want him well ribbed out to the hips, with long muscles that cover the kidneys. I want him fairly long in the hip, with fairly straight hind legs, closely linked between joints. I want him with deep shoulders and well muscled forearm. I don't care a rap about his color, but I insist that he have strong bones and close-linked joints.

If I have a horse of this kind, I have all the horse I want or any man needs. And if there's a long distance race in prospect, a race anywhere from 500 to 2,500 miles in length, I'd be almost willing to wager that when the judges come into the roadway to meet the winner it will be this horse—with me on its back. ‡‡

## Let's Catch a Lion

Continued from page 64

Hunt Club—Walkers, Blue Ticks, and so on—foxhounds all. But their coats aren't clean. They are lean, rangy, and tough, used to coming to grips with all kinds of varmints that smell like cats, reconciled to sleeping where they can around the ranch house, and fending for themselves. Maybe Harry has experimented a little and mixed some bloodhound corpuses with their foxhound blood in order to improve their noses. In any case they are much like their pampered and sophisticated cousins of the effete East.

But they have one great difference—they are foxhounds who wouldn't look at a fox on a bet. They know if they did that Harry would proceed to knock the tar out of them. Trying to scratch out a living from a few brood mares and a hundred cattle and make enough to send the wife and kids down to Pine Valley for school in the winter when the snow gets too deep on the mountain, doesn't leave Harry much time for teaching dogs. He has trained his pack by putting them on cat scent and landing on them when they got off on coyote, fox, or deer. Now, foxhounds though they are, Harry's dogs wouldn't even resent it if all the foxes from Arizona to Virginia walked up and made faces at them. Dim instincts might stir obscurely among them but they would sit and take it. The memory of Harry's outraged bellow and stinging lariat would be too strong. They are cat hounds now and will follow cat smell as long as they can stay on their feet.

And how does Harry dress for this dead-serious hunt of his? In pink coat, white breeches, and

shiny black boots? Not on your life! In the first place Harry, who is a simple and unpretentious fellow, would feel like a dogged fool in any get-up like that, and besides the boys down at Cherry Creek would kid the very life out of him. In the second place, such clothes would be torn off Harry's lean frame in the first half-hour. The man who follows the dogs must ride hell-bent through brush and over rocks and down into steep arroyos. As a consequence, he wears high-heeled cowboy boots that will peel off if he takes a tumble, a wide-brimmed tengallon hat that will keep the rain from running down his neck and shield his eyes from brush and branches, tough leather chaps that will keep brush from whipping him and snags from gouging his knees, and a short tough leather jacket over a wool shirt. In addition, he'll carry a rusty, battered old .30-30 carbine in a boot under his leg, a canteen full of water and a handful of jerky to sustain him.

Now the mountain lion is a long way from being a proud, courageous, truculent king of beasts like his African cousin. Old *Leo Africanus* values his integrity more than his life, and if sufficiently pressed, he will always turn on the hunter and charge. On occasion he sometimes turns man-eater and terrorizes a whole countryside. But the American lion, game and cattle killer though he is, definitely is *not* dangerous; and if you ever read of one attacking a person you're pretty safe at putting the story down as a tall one.

Instead of lying around under a thorn bush like an African lion, he stays hidden in rocks and brush

during the day and is almost entirely nocturnal. Men who have spent their entire lives in lion country and have seen evidences of the beasts almost daily, have never encountered one that was not treed by dogs.

The lion is definitely a coward. He will chase and kill anything that will run from him and run from anything that will chase him. In fact, the only times lions have killed human beings have been where small children saw them and ran. I have seen a cowboy climb nonchalantly into a tree with a 200-pound tom, get within a few feet of him, and drop a lasso over his head. That big lion was spitting and threatening like a cornered tabby, but only tried to push away the lasso. I know of another lion chased and treed by a French poodle pup and shot through the head with a pearl-handled .22 revolver.

A lion will run from any dog that goes after him as if he means business, and a pack of dogs, particularly a pack that makes a lot of noise like our friends the foxhounds, will send him flying in terror. This abject cowardice of his is his greatest weakness—the chink in his armor which enables the indignant ranchers of the West to keep him under control and to push him slowly but inevitably toward the eventual oblivion of extinction.

Yet—and this is a curious thing, something highly indicative of the lion's cowardly psychology—the beasts have been known to chase and kill dogs which fled from them. Except for this one thing, his terror of dogs who chase and bark at him, the lion would have remained

an almost insurmountable menace to stock-raising. It is impossible to poison or trap him, as he prefers to kill his own meat and often doesn't go back to a kill that he has made, once he has feasted.

Dogs are his nemesis. Though he is a powerful creature that will often weigh 200 pounds, he kills his game in one incredibly swift rush and has but little endurance. He cannot run before the hounds like a fox, a coyote, or even a bear. When he is pushed hard he takes to a tree or the top of a boulder and sits there, spitting and unhappy, except perhaps for one more short, desperate run, until the hunter rides up and puts a bullet through his head.

Perhaps I have made the hunting of the mountain lion seem easy—as if all the hunter had to do was to put the pack on the trail, follow it, and shoot the lion out of the tree. It isn't. For one thing, picking up the trail is hard. In the windy arid West, scent does not lie long. Often dogs will find a plain trail in some cool, damp canyon, follow it to a sunny wind-swept ridge and lose it. Often they will spend the entire day on a cold trail, finding it, losing it, picking it up again, only to be called off when darkness comes. Winter with snow on the ground, spring and fall after rains, are the best times to hunt lions. Late spring and summer, with their heat and winds, are almost impossible. For another thing the big cats, long harried by dogs, habitually live near the steepest, roughest, rockiest country they can find and nearly always have some maze of peaks and cliffs where no dog can follow them, to flee to. A lion hunt nearly

Continued on page 124



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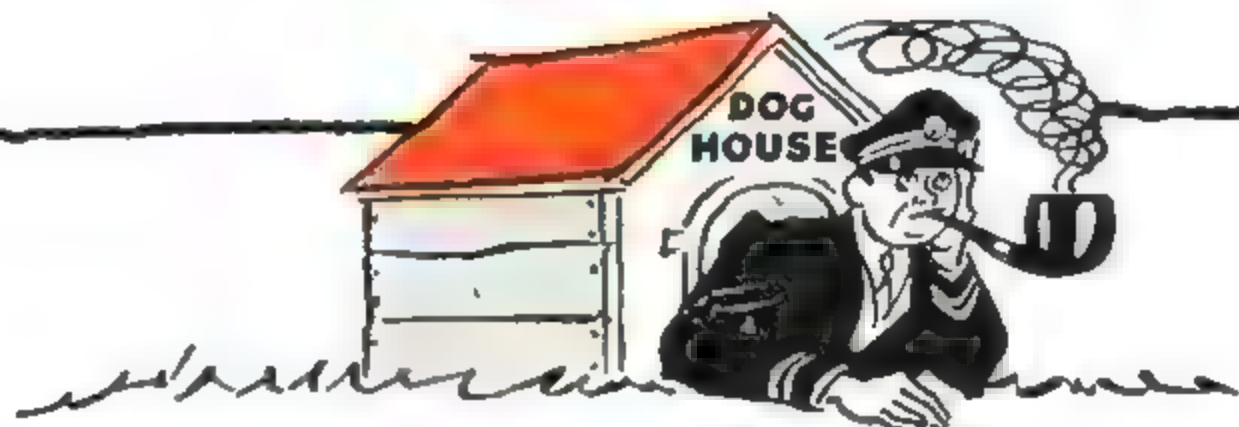
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QUICK AS AN IRISH temper, McGinty plunged to save it. SPLASH! Has he a chance? Is the pipe worth saving? Maybe some of the caked-in bite and smell will get soaked out.



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock as McGinty climbed back up. "But you better smoke a mildertobacco from now on. Ever tried this Sir Walter Raleigh?"



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## Let's Catch a Lion

Continued from pages 64-122

always resolves into a chase with the lion heading for some favorite refuge and the dogs trying to overtake him. In the gentle rolling hills of the East—and even the highest Appalachians are rolling compared to the straight-up-and-down mountains of the West—lions were exterminated in short order simply because they had no place where they were safe both from dogs and the hunters who followed them. But in certain sections of the West the great cats will probably continue to prey on game and cattle for another century. There will always be lions in the incredible cliffs and crags of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, as a lion can jump farther and climb more handily than a dog and make even the surest-footed mule look like a monkey.

So let's follow our indignant friend Harry Williams to see how he hunts lions. He starts with a decided advantage over the casual hunter, since one of his half-thoroughbred colts has been killed and partially devoured and he has a relatively hot trail to start with. He leads his pack to the upper pasture, where the lion has left the carcass of the colt under a pile of twigs and leaves. The dogs open up immediately, with the same deep mellow voices that all fox-hunters love, and string out through a beautiful open forest of yellow pine and twisted alligator bark junipers toward the ridge. There for a few minutes they fall silent. They circle, sniffing as they go. Occasionally one of them will give a yelp of excitement which means a bit of very cold scent. Already Babe, the youngest dog, seems perfectly willing to quit. He finds the heart-shaped track of a big mule deer buck and begins to bellow. An older dog inspects and rejects it, and Harry rides over and whips him, coldly, thoroughly, but completely without malice. Now Ranger, who is pure Walker and a daring and experimental fellow, widens his circle and finds fresh scent. Immediately he goes off, nose to the ground, opening up with the sweet musical bay which is music to the heart of the dog-and-horse man. The other dogs join him instantly and confirm his find by joining the chorus.

Again and again a dry wind-swept ridge halts the pack momentarily. The sun grows high and hot. Occasionally the dogs stop to rest, and Harry, wise in the ways of the hunt, lets them. But around noon he begins to swear softly to himself. The big cat is moving fast and is headed for the top of the range where giant boulders and steep cliffs may stymie the hunt.

A long deep canyon that cuts into the side of the range provides dampness and moisture that enables the scent to lie, and now the dogs are running on a trail so hot they can catch the scent with their noses six inches from the ground. The country grows rougher, brushier. Often, Harry has to detour and

several times he must stop on a point and listen for the distant voices of the the dogs.

He hears them barking "treed" a couple of miles away and takes off across the country on a gallop over a terrain where many a bridle-path rider would get off and walk. Leaves whip his face, a piñon snag tears a deep gouge in his cheek. A crack against a tree-trunk numbs his knee in spite of the heavy chaps he wears.

Now he can hear the dogs deep in a canyon below him and when he tops out he sees the lion perched high in a dead juniper. He might shoot from where he is, but he knows better. He couldn't place his bullet, and he knows that a wounded lion could kill the dogs which he loves in his undemonstrative offhand way. He works closer, bucking brush with his sturdy cowpony, jumping him off the banks of side canyons, sliding down loose rock.

But when he is still over a hundred yards away he hears the dogs running again and knows the great cat has jumped to make another run for it. He is still headed for a wilderness of rocks that is a favorite lion fortress. After a swift run of a quarter of a mile the winded lion again takes to a tree, but again it jumps and flees before Harry can get there.

They are at the very top of the range now. The sun is beginning to sink and the thin mountain air grows colder. Excited though they are, the dogs are beginning to tire, and even Harry, who is all bone and wiry muscles, knows he has been doing some plain and fancy riding. That's really a broncho lion—some old Tom that's been chased again and again and knows just about all there is to know. A couple of times Harry sees him fleeing through rocks and twisted timber ahead of the dogs.

Now he hears the bellowing of the pack which tells him the lion has gone where the dogs cannot follow, and when he comes up to them he sees that the great cat has jumped to a narrow ledge on the face of a sheer cliff that drops straight down for two hundred feet to a steep slope of weathered boulders and stunted spruce.

Harry acts quickly. The ledge is fifteen feet below, but he makes his lariat fast to a tree, sticks his revolver in his belt, takes old Ranger in one arm, and slides down the rope to the ledge. The dog is away along the ledge the moment Harry turns him loose. Harry is right behind him. In less than a hundred yards, he comes on the old cat backed up at the dead end of the ledge, trying his best to knock the head off of the clamoring dog. Harry aims carefully and fires, and the old Tom is down in a tawny heap.

Well, it's all in the day's work. The only good lions are dead ones, Harry thinks, and if a man plans to raise colts he has to chase lions on the side. He gets himself, his



dog, and the carcass of the lion on top once more, swiftly and skillfully deprives the creature of its skin, and heads for his cabin. As he rides homeward he reckons that old Tom must be the same cat that got away from him two or three times before and he hopes that some misguided dude will come along and give him ten or fifteen dollars for the hide.

Most of the West's lion hunters are men like our friend Harry, who hunt from grim necessity. A few are professionals employed by state game departments, by syndicates of ranchers, or by the biological survey, and move their dogs and outfit from place to place as lions grow relatively plentiful and make inroads into stock and game. Because the hunting of lions demands a pack of relatively expensive dogs and good horses, few amateurs enter it. However, there are exceptions. One enthusiast I know is a retired Eastern capitalist who has gone into it as heavily as his associates have gone into chasing the red fox of Virginia. Another is a dentist who spends all the time he can spare away from the molars and bicuspid of his patients in the fields with his dogs. Now and then some man like Harry discovers to his delight that dudes will pay him good money to be allowed to go along. When they do, they usually devote part of each year to chasing the great cats for hire. Many of them will guarantee their dudes a lion for a hundred dollars, and each year more dog-and-horse men from the East get off trains at some lonely Western station to try their hands at chasing old *Felis Concolor* over rocky mesas.

Usually lion hunts end like Harry's, with a head shot that writes *finis* to the cat's career, but some thrill hunters climb the trees with them, rope them, and take them alive. If you want the ultimate in thrills, try it. Then try to get the cat on a horse who has a deep aversion to all lions. After you get him home maybe you can sell him to a filling station zoo.

Almost any lion hunter has his tales of lucky hunts, as like all human beings they forget the unpleasant and remember the pleasant. Actually the typical day's hunt either results in a trail that finally becomes too old for the dogs to work out or ends in a maze of cliffs and crags where nothing but a mountain sheep could follow.

But like all hunters the ones who go after the big cats like to recall the times that luck smiled on them. A friend of mine once took two Eastern women for a little ride to exercise his dogs, struck a hot trail within a half-hour, and shot an old female and two half-grown cubs out of a tree before their astonished eyes. They returned to New York and reported that Arizona was practically overrun with lions and that they could be secured by anyone who had a few dogs and a couple of hours to spend. I know another hunter who once followed a very cold trail for several hours. Finally when it was

getting late and the trail seemed to be getting no fresher, he started to call the dogs off when suddenly he heard one of them barking "treed." What had happened was this: They had been following the wanderings of a hunting cat and were about to give up a hundred yards from the place where the lion had killed a whitetail buck, eaten his fill, and gone off to sleep. For a half-hour they had been within a quarter of a mile of the lion and one dog, circling to pick up the scent, had jumped the lion right out of his bed.

The most amazing lion story I know of concerns not a lion hunter at all, but a turkey hunter. He was stalking a flock of the great birds early one morning when a lion saw him on hands and knees, thought he was a deer, and commenced to stalk him, belly to the ground, tail twitching. Luckily the hunter discovered in time that he was hunted. He shot the lion before it got close enough to begin its swift death rush. Otherwise there would have been a very astonished, and probably injured, hunter, as well as an astonished lion.

Fun to chase though he is, the lion must eventually go. His tremendous animal slaughter of stock and game makes his extermination necessary, and even now, thinned in numbers though they are, lions still probably kill more deer annually than all Western hunters put together. The whitetail herds of Pennsylvania would never have increased so spectacularly if there had been lions to prey upon them. Because Uncle Jimmy Owens caught and killed his hundreds of lions along with such notables as Theodore Roosevelt and Zane Grey on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon the mule deer there increased in twenty years from 3,000 to at least 30,000.

But the extermination of the mountain lion right now would not only be impossible—it would be a bit premature. The reason? Bloody old *Felis Concolor* is the natural check on the deer population, and until a region has enough hunters he is a necessary evil. Again the Kaibab Forest on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon is a case in point. Uncle Jimmy removed the lions, but a misguided Arizona Game Department would not let hunters remove the deer. By 1920 the herds were starving. Thousands died, and the forage on the whole plateau was permanently injured, something the lions would not have allowed if they had not been killed off too fast.

In the thickly populated East the big cats are unnecessary, but in the West there are many places where a serious game problem would result if they were eliminated. But don't worry just yet. The big cats are pretty good at taking care of themselves, and for a long time they'll be around to give you an excuse to ride hard from dawn until dark, to bruise your knees, to tear chunks out of your thighs, and to push a weary cowpony over country as rough as any horse ever traveled. ##



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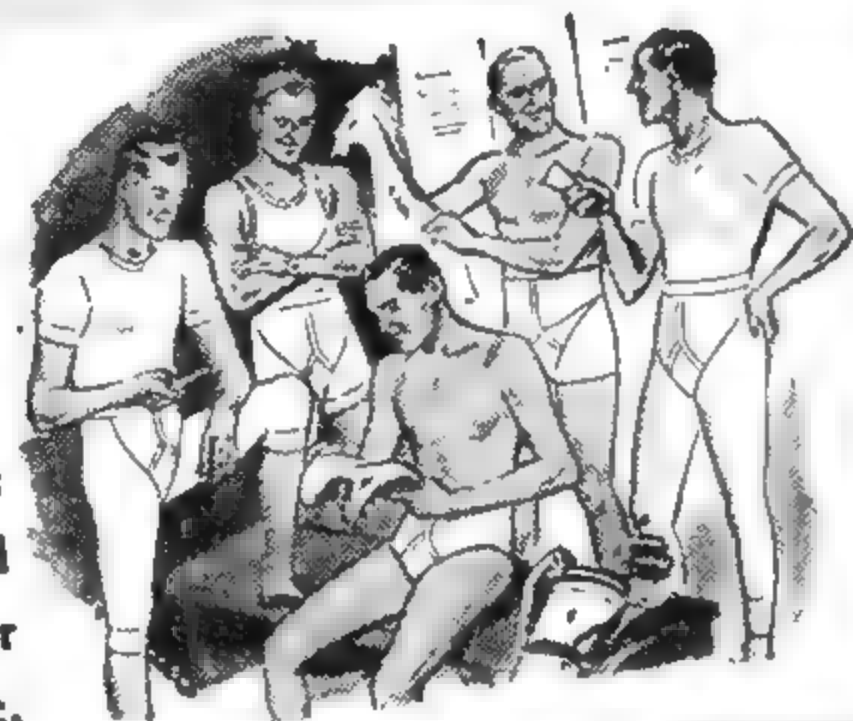


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## Grouseings of a Gunner

Continued from page 62

an animal is far luckier than most of us.

But if a man is more or less at the mercy of fate in the matter of his four-footed companions he has only himself to consider in the selection of his shooting partners.

It is pretty generally agreed among shooting men that, while there is a considerable amount of grouse shooting done, there are comparatively few *grouse gunners*. This is not said in disparagement of those who love a smoothbore gun, but take their sport principally on other species of feathered game. Watch an expert wildfowler in action and see his consummate skill in taking a double on mallards, as they scale over a pass at express-train speed. He is a specialist in his field. Though he can handle a gun with the smoothness and precision of clockworks, the chances are that in thick grouse cover he would be entirely lost. Just as I would be a dummy in a duck blind.

The grouse hunter must have something besides shooting ability—though heaven knows that is an attainment hard to achieve. He must, like a good pointer or setter, have bird sense. Now bird sense isn't something that one can get by reading a book. Nor can it be entirely acquired through experience. I have known men to hunt grouse year after year, without seeming to learn anything. They just plod through the cover and take their birds when and if found. Such men are not grouse gunners—and never will be. I become more and more convinced that what I have called bird sense is a talent, strong in a very few individuals, latent (but capable of development) in others, and entirely lacking in most cases.

Anyone who has spent some time in the field knows that the ruffed grouse is the toughest shooting proposition on wings. And it isn't entirely because of the thick wooded cover. Under most circumstances the woodcock is just a pushover, as compared with the ruffed fellow. This is because the woodcock spends so much time in contemplation; valuable time which the grouse devotes to scheming and devising escape tactics. When the dog points a wise old fantail you can never be sure just what is going to happen. If the bird thinks it expedient—and quite often he does—he is just as apt as not to roar almost into your face, then veer off at a crazy angle, leaving you practically a nervous wreck for the next half-hour. The old trick of putting a tree trunk between himself and you is as traditional as it is effective. Then there is that one of ripping out of a pine or hemlock at an acute angle, with the throttle down to the floor board, just as you least expect it. The man who takes these birds—one for every three shells fired—is a grouse gunner; no one else is.

But shooting is only a part of

grouse hunting. You must first find your birds. And that is where bird sense comes in. It is the other half of the equipment of a really talented grouse gunner.

If the following statement seems arbitrary the fault, perhaps, lies with me. I write in a critical vein, and am trying to be absolutely honest in the matter. In twenty-five years or more of following the fantail I have hunted with scores of men in several states, covering some of the best grouse country in the land. Of those scores I should be hard-pressed to name more than a dozen of what I might critically term Grade A grouse gunners. All of these fill me with admiration—and, I fear, a degree of envy.

Near the top of the list I would place a chap with whom I hunt each autumn in Vermont. Our acquaintance started a decade ago, in Connecticut, where I became dazzled at his uncanny ability not only to find birds, but to collect them under circumstances which seemed like black magic. He has the feel of the thing to a greater extent than I have observed in any other individual.

In the matter of locating birds he seems never to be puzzled; just goes up to them like a piece of iron, drawn by a magnet. Time after time I have seen him poking around a bit of commonplace cover in his easygoing way. Generally the dog starts making game and soon there is the roar of a flushing grouse, followed by a shot. You can depend upon it, the dog will "find dead."

When he says that the frosts haven't been sharp enough to drive the birds down from the hardwood ridges and into the feed pockets, and that we had better do some climbing after them, I know better than to argue. I follow him meekly and am shown birds.

He is generous to a fault, too, in the little amenities of the hunt. Puts you in a place where you are sure to get a shot, and never fails to applaud when you are so fortunate as to score. With him hitting birds is such a customary thing that I never fail to be surprised on the few occasions when he misses. He never brags about a shot, which is a swell quality—provided you can master it. I have seen him pull down a double on grouse, a tremendously difficult task, and he would say, "Just a fluke. I got the breaks. You could have done it yourself." Now if all of this isn't talent I don't think I am capable of recognizing it.

Another man with whom I hunted the Connecticut covers for years, a loyal friend who sometimes visits us now to shoot in our more rugged country, is a grouse gunner of exceptional ability. Though fifteen years my senior he is so keen that I sometimes have a time of it keeping up with him. A superb shot, he is quick as a mink. On several occasions I have seen him land snap shots which seemed all but impossible. Best of all, in

our years of field companionship I have never heard him complain about anything—from nasty weather to missing an easy bird, a "sucker shot," which we all do once in awhile.

Important as is the dog in grouse shooting I am sure that it takes second place to a good partner in the true enjoyment of a day in the covers. For the grouse is one of the few birds that can be successfully still-hunted, in a pinch. On such an occasion, particularly, one appreciates the sterling virtues of a partner who not only understands grouse, but knows you, as well. What a comfort to hunt with a dependable man. One who will agree to walk a certain course through cover and stick to it; who will call Mark! in time to give you a shot, if the bird comes your way; who will *not*, under any circumstances, place a charge of shot near enough to endanger you; who will hunt quietly, signal at intervals by a whistle, and refrain from bellowing and shouting.

If you know such a man you will, if you are as fussy as I, go out of the way to insure the lasting possession of his friendship. Which means, of course, that you will make his virtues your own. By way of contrast let me mention some types you may unfortunately fall afoul of, if you are not careful:

**THE DUMBELL.** A rather common species, found in any game cover from the Gulf to the Strait of Canso. Characteristics: affability and a desire to please. I. Q., however, decidedly low. Thinks (if he thinks) that grouse hunting is a game one plays to pass away the time, like tiddlywinks. Has the "isn't it just jolly" attitude and believes that his partner ought to share it. Goes through the cover like a McCormick reaper, leaving a swath of broken brush in his wake. Continually bellows out in a loud voice anything that comes into his head, breaks out into snatches of popular song. When the terrified birds flush two gunshots ahead he fires at them enthusiastically—and wonders why he never gets anything. He is a first-class dwindlewit; and a hundred years of experience couldn't possibly make him anything else. Not particularly dangerous, because his boisterous disposition reveals his exact location at any given moment; and it is, therefore, easy to keep out of range.

**THE NERVOUS WRECK.** Almost the deadliest of gunners, without intending to be. If you wish to emerge from the cover at the end of the day as you entered it, *i.e.*, with the various items such as ears, nose and arms still appended, you will shun this fellow as you would a reformer. The signs are unmistakable and easily recognized. There is the tendency to start when a chippy bird flushes; to shy at drifting leaves. If he clutches his gun and jumps vio-

lently when the dog shakes his head—a sound which, I must admit, does resemble a flushing bird—look out! He is about to start firing at random. And heaven help you if you happen to be in the way. If you value your life you will promptly flee and make your apologies at a later date—if you feel it necessary. The nervous wreck can't, of course, help his actions. But he belongs in a sanatorium, not in the hunting field.

**THE SELFISH FELLOW.** This type is insidious and clever, and it may take more than one trip to get on to him. Invariably he is a keen hunter and a good shot. Your person will be perfectly safe in his company; he will go out of his way to be nice to you and to the dogs. You may at first be deceived into thinking that he is a corking companion—until you suddenly wake up to the fact that you are doing all the work, while he is getting the birds. He has a way about him, as you will shortly discover. When the dog points in a particularly thick tangle of brush he will affably invite you to walk in and take the shot. He may even seem self-sacrificing about this. Don't be deceived; he knows right along that you won't have a Chinaman's chance. You wade in, flush the bird and blow off a couple of barrels at an indistinct blur you can't even see. An instant later you hear a shot—his shot—followed by a thump. "Just happened to be in a place where I got a shot," he explains apologetically. True, but for one detail: he should have enclosed the word happened in quotation marks and underlined it. After that it is not hard to figure out why you have been plowing through the swamps and briar patches, while he has been taking the easy path on open ground. And why his pockets are full, while yours are empty. The selfish fellow continually changes hunting partners—by necessity. Finally he becomes a lone wolf.

**THE RECKLESS GUY.** This fellow gives me such a shudder that I can scarcely bear to write about him. He is poison ivy, T.N.T., arsenic and nitric acid, all wrapped up in one sweet little package. He has all the horrible potentialities of a mine field. Because in his company you never know when the lightning will strike. He drags his gun through a fence by the muzzle; lets off a blast of nitro powder so close to your head that you are deafened for hours; sprays the cover liberally and frequently with chilled shot (if you happen to be in the way it's *your* fault). He continually treats you to a view of the inside of his gun barrels, thinking, no doubt, that you are interested in the make of shells he uses. He shoots pheasants off the farmer's porch, shatters window lights and terrifies the countryside. He may be lucky for a time, but eventually he is bound to have a very smeary accident. May Allah deliver you and me from the clutches of the

Continued at top of page 131





*“Somehow the yellow seems out of place”*



## he travels fastest

Let's say that they have finally discovered your real name is Philip Musica. Naturally, you want to travel—light, fast and alone. And as a clever means of disguise, you want to be well-dressed. In that slightly hypothetical case, we have exactly what you want right here on this page. Note, first off, the luggage. This piece is durably constructed, with a brown leather cover that can stand all the gaff you're in for, but is unusually light in weight. One side holds all the accessories, separated from the other section by a slide-fastened cover. The remaining space accommodates two suits, held on hangers to retain their shape.

Each of the two suits shown here has its own complement of accessories. The double breasted jacket on top is in a neutral tone tropical worsted fabric that can be worn by almost any man. The pincheck shirt of open weave blends well with the jacket on which it rests, and the two ties on top of this shirt offer equally smart selections. The hat for this combination is the blue lightweight felt model at the top, and an alternative neckwear choice is the blue-ground tie with large red figures, seen beneath the hat. The sock choices are red and grey striped and blue lisle.

The basis of the second combination is the tan gabardine suit, in a three-button single breasted model. The lightweight felt pork pie hat resting on this suit has the right tone for it. Two shirt and tie choices are suggested, one of which is the tan and white striped oxford shirt at the bottom, with a maroon and gold striped tie. The other is the mesh shirt at upper left, which may be worn with the green and white lightning pattern foulard tie or the checked tie adjoining it. Either the tan and copper colored striped socks or the green and white socks, at left, go well with the tan gabardine suit. The reverse calf shoes may be worn with either outfit. The grey flannel slacks combine well with the tan gabardine jacket. Unrelated to the clothes but necessary to the trip are the miscellaneous traveling companions shown at upper left: two pipes, pigskin tobacco pouch, soft leather toilet set, electric shaver, brush and toilet water.

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## how do you do?

This baby tips his hat as if he means it. In fact, you can almost hear him chirping, "Good morning, dear teacher, good morning to you." You might call it the Continental manner, but at least he is dressed American from the neck down. From the neck up, to get down to cases, he wears a coconut palm hat with open weave crown, a style that made its first appearance last February during the height of the season at Nassau. The natives ingeniously figured out how to plait the palm strands with this open effect and the vacationists bought out the product of their toil with great avidity.

American manufacturers have since tried their hand at this hat. It would, of course, be impossible for them to produce it without effecting improvements, but it must be admitted that the improvements are acceptable ones. For one thing, the stiff oval that was formerly stitched into the top to reinforce it has been dispensed with, resulting in decreased weight and greater airiness. The open weave braid, used only in the crown, has enough shape-retaining character to stand up under daily wear. The brim has the regulation braid and the blue and white printed silk puggree band is in keeping with the ornamentation that also made the northward journey from Nassau.

A *summa cum laude* fashion rating is accorded the grey and blue mixture of this suit, a shade that may not only be worn by men of all complexions but is definitely becoming to them. The thin fabric permits the wearer to walk all the way to the office, if he is pedestrianly disposed, without working up what is vulgarly known as a sweat. The impression of coolness conveyed by the long roll of the lapels to the waistline button doubtless accounts for the greater popularity of the two-button model for summer suits. The back of the jacket is plain, and high armholes keep the coat from riding up when the arm is lifted, as per the illustration. Blue and grey stripes on a white ground constitute a shirt pattern that harmonizes well with the suit. The red ground foulard tie with blue and white figures is fastened with the popular Windsor knot, larger than the usual four-in-hand knot, to fill the space of the widespread collar.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



## Grousings of a Gunner

Continued from pages 62-126

reckless guy who is inconsiderate!

THE SYSTEM ADDICT. Finally, there is the chap with a flair for mathematics, statistics and high pressure business. Life, to him, is just one big graph. If it works in Wall Street, he reasons, it'll work in the field. Having decided upon a course there is no hope of swaying him. Being the heavy executive he will take the running of the hunt entirely over, leaving you only to follow orders. Here is the way it works:

When a grouse flushes he will invariably fly not over two-hun-

dred yards (won't he, though?). The bird has a doctrinal objection to changing its line of flight (oh, yeah!). So when we move a bird we immediately make a big circle, spreading out on both sides, pass the bird's position by a safe distance, close in and hunt back. At the proper point the confused fowl will flush *in the line it was originally traveling* (how very interesting!), giving one of the gunners an easy chance. If you happen to blunder upon the bird by accident on the trip out you mustn't shoot—that would spoil

the system, which of course wouldn't be playing nice. I should explain that the parentheses are mine—and the grouse's.

Problem number two is the boxing stunt. In this you keep following wild birds which won't lay for shots until they are driven to the edge of the cover. One of you sneaks out into the open and carefully posts himself in a position to command a point where the bird will pass when flushed. The other fellow bulls through the brush and drives the quarry. In order that there may be no de-

lusion, that fellow will be you. If the executive does get a bird, as often happens, he will point with pride to his system. If he fails, it will be because you didn't do it right.

I must candidly admit that systems do sometimes work. But to me they must always remain interesting exercises in reconnaissance, deployment and skirmishing. Anyone who is that fond of war can find plenty of chance to practice his talents nowadays.

Me, I'll take my grouse shooting in the good old-fashioned way. ##

## The Parlor Car

Continued from page 42

peered ahead anxiously, looking for more snow. Presently he saw some, across the road. He crept up to it and stopped. Again he got out. The drift seemed about the same as the one he had come through, but this time he saw others ahead. Yes, there was more snow ahead. The question was, how far would it last? He stood there in the increasingly cold wind and thought of turning around and going back. But he thought of the narrow escape he had just had. Going back would mean going through that drift. Perhaps the drifts ahead would be smaller ones; perhaps that one back there was the worst of all. It would be easy from now on. It would surely be easy. If he went back, he was almost certain to get stuck in that big drift.

He hurried back into his car, and with trembling hands he put the car into gear and charged the snow. The car went in a short distance and stopped and the wheels began to spin. He tried rocking it, as before. But he could not back up.

No matter what he did, the car stayed in place: the wheels just spun. He sat there and looked at the complicated instrument board of the car, and nervously jiggled the accelerator so he could listen to the power of his engine. Then he got out and walked around in the snow, in his low shoes, and looked at the rear wheels.

Only one of them was stuck. He dug the snow away from the tire with his bare hands and saw that it rested on smooth ice beneath the snow. He dug in other places, and found ice beneath the snow every place. Snow on top, ice beneath. He got back into the car, taking long steps through the snow, and this time his motor roared at top speed and the tire whined against the ice, but the car did not move.

He got out. There it was, the ice. A few inches of ice. A tiny bit of ice, just where the tire met the road. He walked to the side of the road and tore branches from the juniper, and put them beneath the tire and tried again. The tire simply spewed the branches out behind. He got more branches, he tore them until his hands were

bleeding, but the result was the same.

He tore the carpets from the car and put them beneath the wheel. Once the wheel caught, but then the other one whirled. He put the carpets beneath both wheels, and once the car actually moved forward, but it moved no more than five or six inches, then slid sideways and one wheel went into the ditch beside the road and the other remained in the snow, on the ice. The driver looked the situation over and instantly recognized it as completely hopeless. He got back into the car and sat with his cold and bleeding hands on the wheel and raced the motor, and put the car into gear and raced it some more, desperately; he raced it with his eyes closed and his teeth clenched. The car stood still, as he knew it would.

The perspiration on his forehead was cold as ice. His whole body was shivering.

The sun had dipped behind the hills ahead of him.

He got out and stood in the freezing wind. He looked back. Back there, forty-odd miles, was a town. Between here and the town were no ranches that he could remember. Just these hills, and then the desert. He got back into the car and took out his road map and turned on the lights of the car and looked at it. The map had contour lines on it, and he could tell about where he was. The town he was trying to reach was still seventy miles away. There were no other towns.

But there was a railroad.

The railroad, as near as he could figure, was about five miles ahead. Maybe four, maybe six. More likely six. A railroad means habitations. Especially when there is a crossroads. It was the best chance. The railroad. There must be a ranch of some kind up there.

He shut off the motor and turned out the lights, withdrew the key and put it into his pocket, got out of the car and started up the road.

When he had got through the immediate snow he stamped his feet on the road but the snow stayed in his shoes, packed in around the edges, and he went forward without stopping to take it out. When he came to the next

snow he walked through it heedlessly, carelessly, and when he was through he started to run. He was not used to running and he had to stop, panting, gasping. He decided not to run any more. It wouldn't do to run. When he went through the next patch of snow on the road he slipped and fell twice.

Ahead of him he saw that the road went over a rise. He could not see what was beyond the rise, but he could tell, in the faint light, that the trees ended there. When he got there, perhaps he could see the railroad. He went on, his knees trembling and tired, into the cold wind. The black places on the road were few now: there was more snow than dirt.

When he got there he saw the railroad.

It was on a great white plain, a plain of snow that reached for miles, and he could see the railroad because a freight train stood there, with smoke swirling from the engine in the wind, and lights in the caboose. It was just standing there, about, he guessed, two miles away.

There was no road now. Everything was white. A white plain, that slanted down toward the railroad. There were no houses on it, this side of the railroad or beyond, or at either side of him. It looked like a desert, only it was white.

The thing now was to get there before the train moved on.

He hurried forward, following the road by the telephone wires. He could no longer feel any ice beneath his shoes now, he did not slip as he had before, but the snow was deeper. In some places it came to his knees. Now and then he fell down and plunged his hands into the snow and it packed up his sleeves. His feet were numb.

It was nearly dark now, and he could not see the train, but he could see its lights. He walked on. Sometimes the snow scarcely covered the road; once in a while there was no snow at all; again he would step into a drift and fall down. In spite of his efforts, he was dreadfully cold. It was the wind. He was going directly into it.

Now he counted ten steps, then rested. After awhile he counted five steps, then rested. Sometimes when he rested he sank to his

knees, and when he started again, he started on his knees. His feet had no feeling in them.

The train still was there.

It was dark but he could see the telephone poles against the sky, and he followed the road. The train came closer.

When the train was so close that he was about to call out, the whistle sounded and the engine let off steam and began to move.

He shouted. He could not even hear himself.

Then he saw a headlight, and looking down the tracks saw another train coming. It came up past the freight train, and he could see the lights from the windows against the snow, and knew it was a passenger train. He stumbled forward and stood beside the tracks. The train came on, and it was moving very slowly. When the engine passed him he realized it was not an ordinary engine, but a streamlined one. The cars began to pass him, and to his delight the train was slowing down even more. It was evident it was going to stop.

He looked up at the windows and saw people. He shouted.

The train stopped. It was the end of the train. He looked up into the windows. He saw people, and one of them was just lifting a drink to his lips. He saw the warm soft light, and he heard voices and laughter. There were ladies in pretty dresses, laughing, and men sitting at their ease, and he pounded on the train with all his might and screamed. Nobody heard him.

The train began to move, almost imperceptibly. He screamed again and again, and tried to take hold of the car, but it slid from his fingers.

As the very end of the train passed him, he tried to run after it, still shouting, waving his arms. It kept on going.

He stood there and watched it go on into the night. He looked in the other direction: the freight had gone. After awhile the passenger train went around a distant bend and he could not even hear it, because of the wind, the cold wind.

He reached down and felt of his legs. When he pinched them at the knees he could feel it, but when he pinched them below the knees he could not feel anything. ##



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# DOBBS

FIFTH AVENUE

PARK AVENUE AT 53RD

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

## Take Down Your Rope

Continued from page 47

every stand of timber. Still no cattle. We could not pick up their tracks, because most of the ground was sheathed with exposed bed-rock, or "slick rock," as this naked stone is known. Baffled, we wondered if our quarry had grown wings.

We were about to give up the search when we noticed a small copse of greasewood, not more than four feet high. It didn't seem to offer enough cover for a grown animal. Nonetheless we pushed into it. There, in the center, lying flat on their sides, were our three steers. Not until we were almost on top of them did they lunge to their feet for another mad dash.

It is no time to start wondering, when this final desperate race begins, what your life expectancy will be if your horse falls on you out here, forty or fifty miles from the nearest hospital. The chase is right up a good cow pony's alley and he grows as reckless as the steer. You swoop full tilt down rocky ledges, jump boulders and gullies, bash through brush and close growing trees.

Brush is the most painful element to deal with. The branches cut like steel whips—particularly if they are thorned. Bull hide chaps and wristlets help, but chaps reach only to your waist and the amount of anatomy defensible by a wrist is limited. You duck as best you can, stretched out now along one side of your pony's neck, then along the other, and sometimes doubled back toward his tail. You daren't protect your eyes by closing them, for you need to watch against being brained by some low-hanging limb. The blows you can't fend off with your wrists, you counter with hands, elbows, shoulder and skull. But in spite of your efforts, your clothes and face are likely to be clawed a bit.

Meanwhile you attempt to maneuver the renegade into a corner or opening big enough for you to take down your rope. It is not always a successful attempt. The brute stands a good chance of out-distancing you. And there is a lot of spirit in these animals. I recall one Colorado heifer who ran until she dropped dead in her tracks, literally bursting her heart in her fury to escape. And occasionally a trapped steer will jump off a dizzy rim to the boulders below, preferring suicide to capture.

Obviously you need a fleet horse. He should be husky and well trained, too. For if he isn't deep chested and iron legged, weighing eleven hundred pounds or better, he may end up with the renegade dragging him off at rope's end, rather than the other way around. This puts you in a dilemma that can be solved only by cutting loose and letting the steer make off with your new lariat. Your pony must also be rope-wise, or else, no matter how strong he is, he will not know how to keep his feet under that terrific shock which comes about when the hurtling steer hits the end of the hemp.

You generally rope the renegade around the neck or horns, because you have neither time nor opportunity on the rough ground you are crossing to exercise the skill necessary to catch him by the feet and trip him. As soon as the steer realizes he is caught, he will try to gore either you or your horse. At this point it is handy to have help along. While you dodge the maverick's charges, your companion lassos his feet. You stretch him out between you. Trained horses will then hold him down by keeping the ropes taut while you dismount and hog-tie him with "pig strings" carried for the purpose.

A good steer buster can accomplish this feat alone. He will catch the animal and "bust it proper." That is, he forces the running maverick into hitting the rope so hard that it—and, he trusts, not his horse—is slammed to the ground. When it gets up, he busts it again. If the rope holds, the critter will eventually have the wind knocked out of it and will lie quiet long enough for the rider to leap from his pony and lash the wild one down.

You now have a wild steer on your hands, a problem approximating that of the white elephant. You might butcher it—if you are certain its ownership isn't elsewhere established—but you will discover that its meat is almost as tough as its hide. And you can scarcely handle all that gristle, even if you do succeed in kidding yourself that you can chew it. You might brand it with your initials and the date, as evidence of your victory, and then turn it loose. Or, if you haven't had enough excitement already, you can try to take it alive to the home ranch of the range on which it was caught.

Cowboys always make the attempt. Their employers don't want the mavericks running loose to tax range that is better devoted to more desirable animals. And after a little fattening, the renegades can be sold to some unsuspecting packer for enough to repay at least part of their grazing bill.

Handling a captive renegade will make you step. By the time the animal is thrown and tied, it is nothing short of berserk. When it regains its feet it will deliberately, and with no small prospect of success, try to murder any living thing it can reach. Its horns are formidable weapons and it knows how to use them. Consequently, hack saws are sometimes carried on wild cattle gathers and used to cut off the ends of the horns. Frequently, however, you jump a wild one when you are without a saw. In that case you hope that you are more nimble than it is.

Ordinarily the next step is to put a rope around the stub of the critter's horns, tie it to the closest tree and leave it there until some of its fury simmers down. During that time the renegade will fight the rope until the roots of the horns are sore. A rider can then

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take over the lariat and start working his reluctant prize toward home.

You can't drag the steer all the way, it would wear your horse out. Instead, you snub the rope around your saddle horn and let the renegade get ahead of you. This gives it the notion it is escaping and it tries to bolt. A few yanks on the rope tied to its sore horns may overcome this habit.

You gradually shorten the rope until the steer is trotting along beside you. It is getting mad all over again, of course, and will attack you from time to time. You kick it away as best you can. If you and your horse aren't exhausted before it is—if, indeed, you aren't maimed—you have a fair chance of reaching camp with the steer. It can then be turned in with a herd of gentler animals from whom it will learn the etiquette of the trail—you hope.

But no matter how docile it may seem, the renegade is still likely to stampede at the first opportunity. A cowboy can't spend all his time watching a single critter. So various methods have been devised to keep the wild ones in check.

One way is to lash a stout stick horizontally across the beast's horns. When the steer rushes into the brush, the stick catches on branches, retarding it. Another method is to "side-line" the animal; that is, run a rope around its neck and down one hind leg, drawing the cord tightly enough that the renegade can't take more than a short step without falling.

Another way is to yoke two

wild ones together, head to tail or neck to neck. They will bolt, but trouble begins when they get different ideas of direction, or when one tries to rush by the left side of a tree while its companion chooses the right. A few such interruptions and they are content to settle down to a walk.

A gentle cow may be yoked to a wild one. In this case the gentle animal soon wearies of the other's nonsense and literally drags it where it ought to go. In the mesquite thickets of Texas, the "brush poppers," as wild cow hunters there are known, have trained lead oxen to return home, like carrier pigeons. When a wild one is caught, it is tied to a lead ox, brought along for the purpose. The cowboys then ride off and leave the two to their own devices. In a day or so the patient ox shows up at the ranch with its captive. There may even be a moral in the fact. The lead ox knows what it wants: the grain and warm stall waiting at home. The wild steer aims simply on running willy-nilly. Invariably the fixed purpose is triumphant in the end.

Well, that's the rough of the game. And rough it is, from the time you take down your rope until you reluctantly coil it again. But it offers, in addition to scenery, fresh air and good comradeship, all the suspense of a hunt, the heady exhilaration of a wild chase, and the opportunity of pitting your wits, skill and strength against a formidable opponent. There's not much more that you can ask from any sport. ##

### When Is a Yacht?

*Continued from page 61*

apiece as much as the poor man's rowboat and somehow the whole setup, according to those who have tried it, provides a feeling of luxury that you just don't find elsewhere.

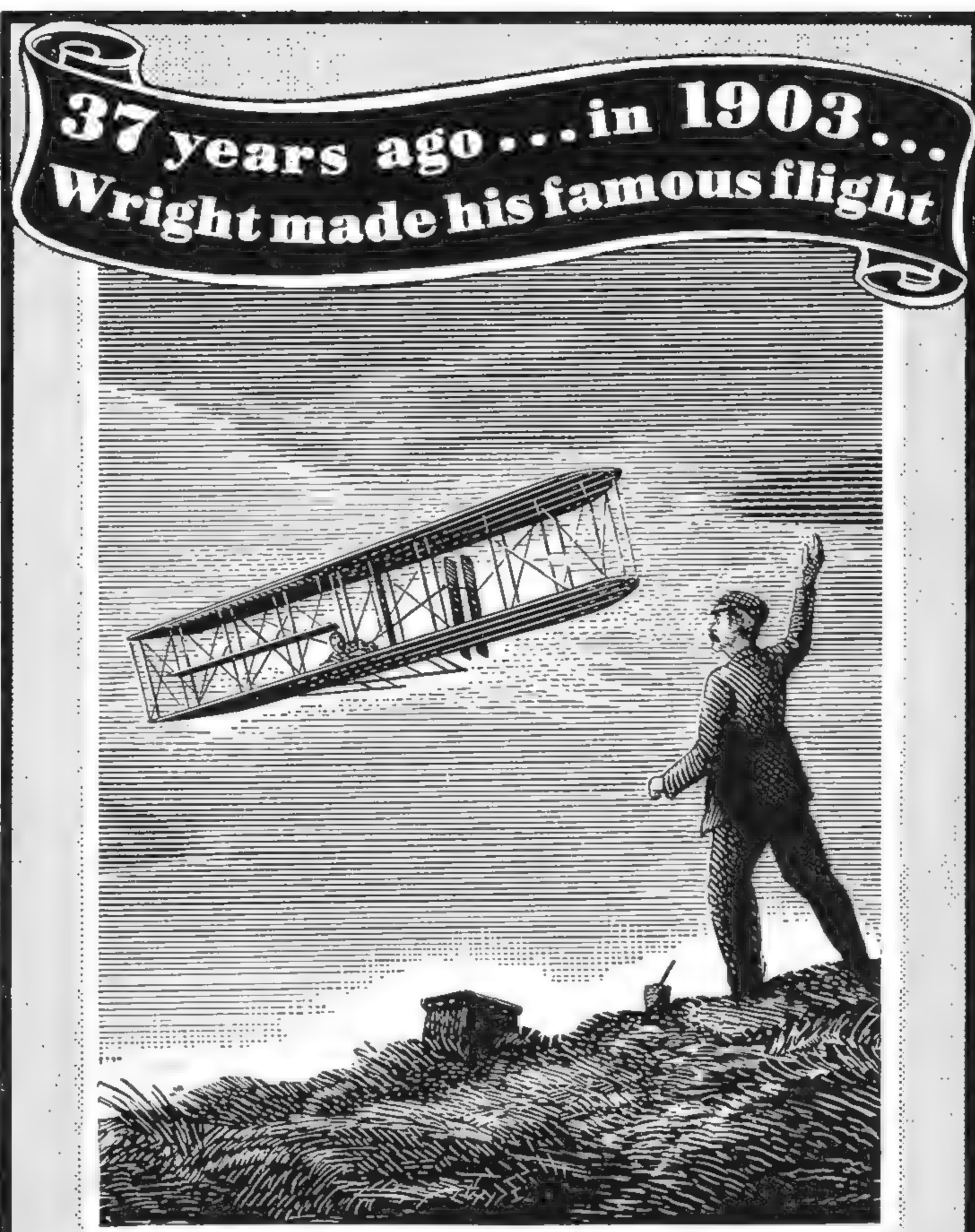
The *Orion* sports her own complete bakery, laundry, and a dark room for developing snapshots. There are deep rugs in her lounge; and in her huge dining room is a table at which thirty persons can be seated in high-backed chairs. The entire craft is air-conditioned, and a physician reportedly is in attendance on long cruises to take charge of any medical emergency. Lacking—although Mr. Forstmann doubtless could afford them—are the \$25,000 pipe organ, gold-plated guest room fixtures and gold water taps present on another super-yacht that I might have described instead.

Smaller, but by no means a boat to be dismissed lightly by anybody in search of the last word in yachting elegance, is Eldridge R. Johnson's 278-foot *Caroline*. Constructed for the Victor Talking Machine Company's founder in 1931 at a cost of over \$1,500,000, her deck-houses and superstructure, like her hull, are steel. Her owner's bedroom, with its teak-paneled walls, boasts two baths. The four guest bedrooms measure 12 by 16 feet each, and each has its adjoining

bath room. The living room, 37 by 25 feet, has pine-paneled walls, a fireplace that is used, and built-in bookcases. Finished in teak is the 20 by 14 lounge room, as are the equally spacious dining and breakfast rooms. Moved through the water with the greatest of ease by a couple of 1,500-horsepower Diesel engines, the *Caroline* has all the conveniences of the finest home on land. And she is just as safe.

Vincent Astor's *Nourmahal* is another outstanding example of the extent to which modern marine engineering skill can go in the super-yacht. Although she has few frills, her navigating equipment is as costly and perfected as that of the newest ocean passenger steamer. Her decks are as wide as those of a North American express liner, and her bridge and wheelhouse have been planned for last-word efficiency. In every room and at every important location on the craft is a telephone that communicates with every other strategic point. Automatic safeguards protect against fire. Bulkhead doors may be opened and shut without leaving the bridge. Every three minutes a complete change of air in the nine roomy cabins is effected by a ventilating system that controls both temperature and humidity. Sensitive stabilizers hold

*Continued on page 134*



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## When Is a Yacht?

Continued from pages 61-133

the craft steady in the dirtiest seas and, in the pilot house, a mechanical hand mans the wheel while another records on a chart any deviation from the course that has been set. Only in crowded waters, or when the yacht is entering or leaving a port, is it necessary to station a steersman at the helm.

It is when the prospective owner begins to delve into the cost of maintaining one of these babies that he is likely to suffer his worst attack of the jitters and moan, "Why didn't somebody tell me these things?"

Even if you have never been on a yacht, you perhaps know that to handle a 65-foot yacht a two-man crew is necessary. What you probably don't know is that a pleasure craft double this length requires a paid complement of not four, but ten professionals. Before the 250-foot length is reached, the crew has swelled to 40 men.

The total upkeep of an up-to-the-minute 65-foot yacht that cost to build, say, \$28,000, averages annually about this:

|                                                  |         |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Wages and keep of two-man crew (six months)..... | \$2,880 |
| Miscellany and insurance....                     | 830     |
| Paint and varnish.....                           | 300     |
| Annual engine overhaul.....                      | 240     |
| Gas and oil (1,000 miles of cruising).....       | 265     |
| Winter storage.....                              | 170     |
| Total.....                                       | \$4,685 |

On a yacht of this size, the captain's salary accounts for \$200 monthly, with the second man taking \$125. Three dollars a day must be set aside to buy food for them, and each has to be furnished uniforms costing approximately \$150. So direct crew expenses are responsible for more than one-half of the bare operating expenses that annually total nearly sixteen per cent of the boat's original cost. Yet this does not include the food served to the owner and his guests, the cost of their laundry, or the other household expenses that vary with the number and tastes of the passengers and the time they spend aboard. When the moneyed yachting enthusiast travels, all these extra bills are plenty steep.

I don't know what Vincent Astor spends to keep his 274-foot *Nourmahal* in the pink and on the go. But this is the reported sum it cost one banker for the upkeep of his 210-foot yacht, manned by a crew of 30, during 1939:

|                               |              |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| Payroll of crew.....          | \$40,053.27  |
| Food and liquors.....         | 32,551.12    |
| New furnishings.....          | 30,122.50    |
| Repairs and depreciation..... | 20,355.05    |
| Fuel.....                     | 6,820.19     |
| Total.....                    | \$129,902.13 |

At \$1.50 daily per man, the crew's food bill, on some of the super-yachts, reaches \$1,200 monthly. The grocery and liquid refreshment expenses of the owner and his guests vary, of course. But they average on most big yachts over six dollars per person daily.

To the owners who go in for entertaining on a grand scale—and most of them do—that means the neat little amount of \$4,000 or more monthly when the yacht is in commission. Monthly laundry bills have been known to reach \$400, with odds and ends swallowing almost as large a sum.

The crew, of course, must be fitted out with natty uniforms, those of the officers being decorated with all the braid and insignia of rank in keeping with the boat. Sooner would a yacht owner call a funnel a chimney than omit this personal touch. So many an officer wears \$15 worth of blue and gold braid and only \$10 worth of trousers. The result each season is a set-back for uniforms alone of several thousand dollars. Another requirement is membership in one or more of the nation's 575 private yacht clubs. In a few instances, the fees for this are the cheapest expense the super-yacht owner has to meet. But if he can hurdle the high-hat social obstacles, he always is glad to dig down for the \$200 entrance assessment and \$150 annual dues that entitle him to fly the burgee of the New York Yacht Club—the *ne plus ultra* of private boating clubs.

From this viewpoint of being provided with all the possible trimmings and extras, regardless of cost, H. Edward Manville's 267-foot *Hi-Esmaro* stands out as one of the slickest. She is capable of a 20,000-mile non-stop cruise. Another in the same class is the 272-foot electrically-driven steam yacht *Viking* that Norman B. Woolworth purchased for a reported \$475,000 from the estate of the late George F. Baker. Still others are Mrs. William Boyce Thompson's *Alder* and Julius Fleischmann's *Camargo*.

The current *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts* lists eight pleasure craft owned by various members of the Vanderbilt family. Because of his three-time successful defense of the America's Cup and contract bridge skill, Harold Stirling Vanderbilt is perhaps best-known of the clan. But his largest boat, the 149-foot *Vara* is dwarfed by quiet, self-effacing General Cornelius Vanderbilt's 225-foot super-yacht *Winchester*. Fourteen to sixteen knots an hour is top speed for most yachts. Twin turbines drive the *Winchester* at a 30-knot hourly gait, making her the speed champ of the super fleet.

For a period following the World War, William K. Vanderbilt—who with his brother Harold Stirling controls the bulk of the family's New York Central Railroad stock—was content with the 213-foot *Ara*. Fast, seaworthy and startlingly outfitted, she was a superb yacht whose only fault was that she was "too small" for her owner's purposes. So several years ago Mr. Vanderbilt contracted for the 264-foot *Alva*, which he has navigated pretty much around the world ever since. The craft has the



stability and interior spaciousness of a cargo vessel. Since her owner engages in considerable voyaging in the interests of science, the *Alva* in addition to elaborate living quarters, is equipped with a complete marine laboratory and devices for deep-sea fishing. That sets her apart as perhaps the most unorthodox of her kind.

All in all, the super-yacht owners are a whimsical lot. I recall one who never took a real cruise in his \$250,000 water chariot. He was content occasionally to board the craft at her New York wharf for an afternoon sail to Sandy Hook and return.

Between these harbor trips, the crew had nothing to do except sit around and sing old-time chanteys, their talent for which pleased their employer no end and seduced him, I suspect, into retaining them on his payroll. Another owner, now deceased, liked nothing better than to take a party of friends to outdoor boxing matches in his yacht. The guests went aboard at the New York Yacht Club and dined as the craft navigated up the East and Harlem Rivers to a landing near the Yankee Stadium or Polo Grounds. There they disembarked to continue on their way in waiting automobiles. It is to rich men like these that yachting is an expensive and ceremonious diversion that has to do with decks peopled with gay loungers and bustling stewards, regatta cups, club bars, dances and photographs in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers.

Every so often a friendly rivalry breaks out between owners. When it does, the chain of events is exciting, with perhaps the most thrilling race for individual supremacy going back to the thriving '20's. It's said to have started when the 46-foot *Wo-Wo-Tay-See* (Indian for firefly) drew up beside the 55-foot *Margo* in the obscure port of Three Rivers, Michigan. Out of the former stepped Eugene Francis McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith Radio; out of the latter appeared Burt Alend Massee, vice-president of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

The two men met, and talked yachts. Soon McDonald noticed the extra nine feet of the *Margo* and was filled with apologies for his own boat. He returned to Chicago and bought the *Zenith*—80 feet. When Mr. Massee saw the latter, his *Margo* lost all charm for him. He contracted for a *Margo II*—98 feet. Mr. McDonald raised his eyebrows and purchased the *Naroca*, a full 110 feet. Massee presumably buttoned his waistcoat and ordered another *Margo*—\$500,000 and 165 feet.

McDonald looked and perhaps he rubbed his chin. A little later a new queen rode at anchor at the Chicago Yacht Club—the *Mizpah*, \$1,000,000 and 185 feet. Only then did Mr. Massee say uncle and make overtures to call the whole thing off.

It is this competitive spirit that perhaps soon will incite one of our

Midases of finance to order a yacht larger even than the *Savarona*. Constructed nine years ago for Richard M. Cadwalader, she, until her sale to the Turkish flag in the spring of '38, was largest of all our super-yachts. She measured 408 feet—which is a lot longer than a football field—and cost about \$2,200,000 to build. Her equipment included eleven bulkheads so distributed that any three compartments could be flooded without causing the craft to sink.

All doors were watertight and hydraulically-operated from a control on the bridge. Special escape stairways connected the various living apartments with the main deck, to which were lashed four lifeboats and two 30-foot launches for use just in case. In addition to her owner's quarters, consisting of multiple bedrooms, dressing and sitting rooms, she had twelve sleeping rooms and as many extra baths for guests. With a crew of 83 to operate and take care of her, she was practically a full-fledged ocean liner in private use.

Fully as breathtaking, if not as large, is J. Pierpont Morgan's present 343-foot, coal-black yacht *Corsair*.

Electric elevators join her three decks and her corridors, writing, lounging and dining rooms, with their paintings from the Morgan art collection, outdo those of the most luxurious metropolitan hotel. But then the craft cost \$2,500,000 to build and not a great deal less than \$500,000 annually is required for her upkeep.

What happens to these nautical toys when their owners become fed up with them, die, or fall upon evil days? Well, most of them are listed for sale with one of the yacht brokers, some of whom actually have waiting lists of prospective purchasers. One dealer estimates that annually ten per cent of the craft change hands. Following the upset in '29, a juicy buyer's market developed. The turning point was reached in 1933, when the 137-foot *Wanaloa*—that originally cost Charles T. Aldrich, one-time Rhode Island cotton merchant, \$150,000—was let go for a begrudged \$2,500. Even at that figure, she was sold completely furnished and equipped with two launches, dinghy and winter covering.

Just how far the pendulum has swung lately in the upward direction may be inferred from two yachts. In the spring of '39, they could have been bought at second-hand for \$200,000 and \$95,000, respectively. Last fall, they were sold at prices higher by 10 per cent.

Shipyard officials, who are unanimous in the belief that 1940 will be a flourishing yachting year, have estimated that several hundred of these super-water-babies, representing an investment of 100 million dollars, will be in commission in American waters this summer. Included will be a majority of the largest, and most extravagant, private pleasure craft in the world. #

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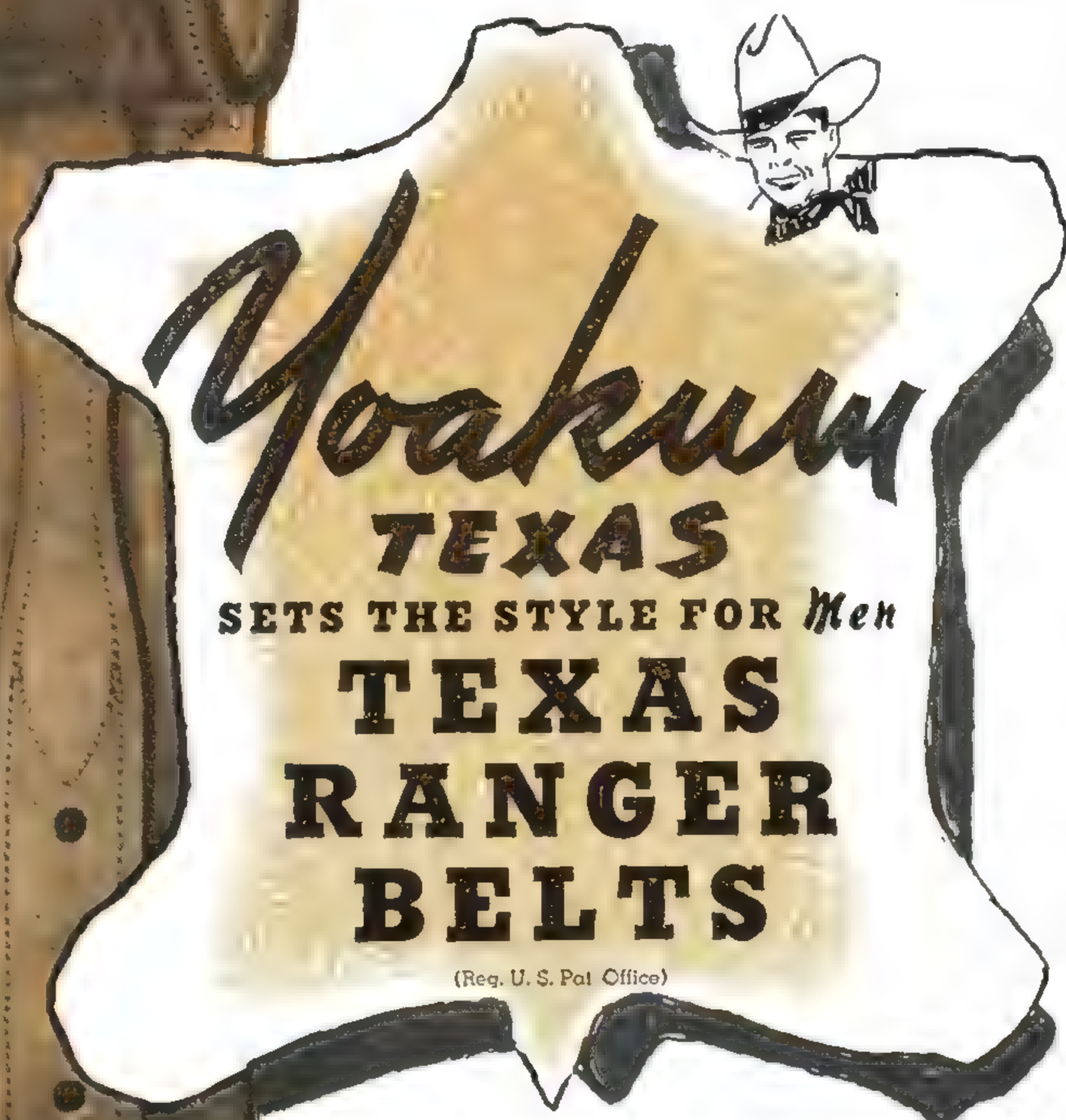


## Safety with Firearms

Continued from page 52

FROM Paris, Hollywood, and Fifth Avenue come milady's fashions. But for men, real he-men, new belt style comes from Yoakum, Texas, land of the hell-for-leather Texas Rangers. The same kind of handsome stamped and hand-tooled belts that hard-riding Rangers wore for extra comfort and security. Rich, mellow leathers stamped and hand-tooled by leather craftsmen who are sons of the old West—steeped in the colorful lore of the Lone Star State.

Wait 'til you stroke the soft, attractively tooled leather in a Texas Ranger. Wait 'til you feel the solid comfort that comes with a belt with buckle attached to outer billets—straps so the surface next to you is smooth like the tongue of a shoe. But why wait! Go to your dealer's and examine a genuine Texas Ranger Belt right away. Wear your Texas Ranger for sports or leisure. Many like them for business, too.



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1. Tough, heavy, full-grain, solid, saddle leather. Soft and pliant.
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3. Over and under-lapping feature makes inside smooth like the tongue in a shoe. No pinching or
4. Original designs, embossed, hand-stamped and hand-tooled by Texas leather craftsmen.
5. All edges stained, enameled, finely finished.
6. Loops are hand-stitched, blocked and creased.



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THE "JAMES BOWIE"—When severely wounded at the Alamo, Bowie ordered his cot moved into the midst of the fight to die for Texas. Hand-tooled and shaded in leaf-scroll design—1 1/8" wide. Heavy saddle leather. Colors: Saddle Tan; Duo-Tone Brown; Black . . . . . \$2.50

THE "SAM HOUSTON"—Named for the hero of San Jacinto. President of the Texas Republic and Governor of the State of Texas. Defiantly hand-tooled and shaded. Genuine Russian Calfskin—1 1/8". Finest Texas Ranger Belt made. Colors: Saddle Tan; Duo-tone Brown; Black. With hand-engraved, sterling silver buckle set, \$10.00. With regular nickel buckle, \$5.00.

IF DEALER DOESN'T HAVE, MAIL COUPON NOW  
TEXAS TANNING & MFG. CO., Makers of famous Hereford Saddles,  
Yoakum, Texas.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Texas Ranger Belts by parcel post. If not 100% satisfactory, I reserve right to return belt within seven days for full refund. Send C. O. D. ( ) . Remittance enclosed ( ) .

- |                                                                   |                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Sam Houston" with silver buckle set     | <input type="checkbox"/> Saddle Tan     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Sam Houston" with regular nickel buckle | <input type="checkbox"/> Duo-Tone Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "James Bowie"                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Black          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "David Crockett"                         |                                         |

Waist measure \_\_\_\_\_ inches.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

accidental deaths from automatic pistols and clip-fed rifles would be eliminated. In fact, several arms manufacturers have seen fit to build their weapons so they cannot be discharged unless the clip is inserted. There are times when such a feature is a handicap, but it's evident that the average citizen doesn't know his posterior from third base where guns are concerned.

So, if you happen to own an automatic pistol of any make, shape or caliber, don't pull the clip and then give it to Junior to play Cowboys and Indians.

A revolver—thank the Lord—considering its prevalence, has about as fool-proof a magazine as it's possible to make. All you have to do is open the cylinder and look at it. Either it's loaded or it isn't, and it isn't likely to go off in the meanwhile. There are just two things to be said about 'em: Stick to weapons of American manufacture—and that goes for all guns. You know what they're made of. And as an additional safety precaution, leave one chamber empty for the hammer to rest on.

Whenever you handle a firearm, assume that it may be discharged at any instant, loaded or not. I know it isn't likely, but it doesn't cost you anything to consider the possibility. You may drop it, stumble; your clothing or projections on furniture may catch the trigger. If it isn't cocked, the same things, unknown to you, may cock it. For all I know, they might even load it. If you can get that into your head without all the accidents and near-accidents I've had, so much the better.

Several times I found that a .22 automatic pistol I was carrying in an open-belt holster had mysteriously become cocked. Close observation showed that my sleeve would catch occasionally on the hammer spur, the mainspring was none too strong, and there we were—rarin' to go. And that's just one incident, if somewhat unusual.

With all the caution and care in the world, you'll still make mistakes, driving or shooting. So we must emphasize the possibility of an accidental discharge. The thought of it isn't supposed to scare you and it shouldn't. When you're scared you don't think clearly.

The idea is merely to train yourself so that if you, through carelessness, thoughtlessness, or just plain mental fatigue, ever cause a firearm to be discharged accidentally, it will be relatively harmless because your instincts will have been trained to the point where you never, under any circumstances, allow a gun to be pointed at anyone. A long-winded sentence maybe, but simple. And that's the only way your safety campaign can work.

"Safeties" on firearms should be trusted only to a very limited extent. The Boy's First Rifle (of all guns!), the single-shot .22, is one

of the worst offenders in this respect. A great many of them have no pretense of a safety at all, which may be better than a poor one at that.

In these weapons (not toys), the cocking piece is allowed to rest loosely on the cartridge in the chamber when not cocked, with the result that the only thing needed to fire it is a sharp rap on its rear end.

A friend of mine once had one of these little rifles drop from his hands to the running board of his car. Oh, he knew it was loaded, all right, but he wasn't figuring on dropping it. Anyway, he'll never feel the breath of Death any closer and live to brag about it, than the wind from that little .22 on the side of his neck.

No safety-notch in the hammer should have any faith put in it. Nine times out of ten it can be jarred or pulled off easily, and the tenth time it'll go off by itself.

The only arrangement that can be depended on at all is that found on some modern guns.

It consists simply of a device for locking the one thing that can fire the weapon—the hammer, or cocking-piece—by the simple expedient of imposing a very solid hunk of steel between said cocking piece and its goal, the loaded cartridge. This device takes many shapes and forms in various weapons, but once found it is easily identified, and is the only thing I'd care to trust at all.

A fair modification of it is an arrangement whereby the safety forces the sear tightly into the hammer-notch, preventing the piece from being jarred off by making it impossible for the sear to release the hammer—you hope.

If you can't fire it with the safety on by pulling the trigger, try whopping the butt of the gun on the floor a couple of times as though you meant it, and maybe you can put one through the roof.

If you don't know already which one of these gadgets is incorporated in the peashooter under your pillow or the one you drag over the hills once a year to shoot does with, you'll do well to find out and then treat it accordingly. The only answer to a poor safety is never to have a cartridge in the firing chamber until you're ready to fire it. A good one should be treated the same way, the difference merely being your chances of killing somebody off, previous-like. You'd be surprised at the way perfectly good safeties can mysteriously assume the "off" position!

Speaking of safeties brings up the subject of automatics, or auto loaders. They're fine weapons, and reliable enough these days, but still bad medicine in untrained hands. For the man who is not a highly skilled shot, there's no reason or excuse for using one, and their mechanisms are more or less intricate. They're awkward for the layman to clean and care for properly, and sure hell on shootin' the



wrong guy in the tummy. Just remember it's the pill that connects that bags your bear or burglar; not the noise you make that scares him to death.

By the same token, you're a lot better off with a .22 pistol you can shoot reasonably well, stoked up with a flock of high-speed hollow points, than you could ever be with a .45 army automatic—through which you have only fired a box of shells in the eight years you've owned it.

That is my own idea. No less an authority than Lt. Col. D. B. Wesson, of Smith & Wesson, contends that the psychological effect of the roar of a heavy gun will do more to discourage a burglar than all the pecking away you can do with a .22. But that's something for the individual to decide for himself, and may depend on how well you can handle either gun. There's no doubt that—if you miss—the walls, floors and roof of your house will stand a better chance of stopping a .22 than a .45, and in my own case at least, if said intruder doesn't scare easily, I want something in my hand that I feel capable of performing with, and that is, regardless of caliber, the gun I shoot most of the time—at tin cans, targets, and game.

The .22 is one of the most underrated and played-with cartridges in the world. This little pellet never was any weakling, and with the coming of the high-speed breed, its deadly range has been extended to a mile or better. These bits of lead, getting over the ground at the rate of about 1400 feet a second, impelled by a breech pressure in the neighborhood of 15,000 pounds per square inch, are not to be started on their various ways in anything resembling a careless manner. If you get what I mean.

With children in the house, we're up against an important and perhaps complex problem. The solution depends not so much on the children as on their home training.

If you are accustomed to reasoning things out with the kids, and you *know* they will obey your instructions, it should be a simple matter to explain that guns are not toys, must never be handled except on the rare occasions when you give them one to admire under your personal supervision, and that if they follow your instructions now you will teach them to shoot to their hearts' content when they're old enough. That should end the matter. Your guns may then be kept wherever you wish; in a gun cabinet or the inevitable top-dresser-drawer, without bothering to lock them up. It is certainly true that a gun locked up and crossly tabooed with assorted threats will hold much more fascination than one which is a household object like a kitchen knife, but must be left just as strictly alone.

However, if you are the father of a precocious child, a problem child, or a cute one who climbs all over your friends' furniture and draws on walls with crayon, despite the fact that you've threat-

ened to lick him any number of times; if your friends show a certain uneasiness in his presence and you've caught them watching him warily out of the corners of their eyes—especially old sour-puss bachelors and married couples unaware of the blessings of parenthood; if he whimpers and screams so every time you tell him to do anything, and flies into such a tantrum that the only thing you can do is press him to your bosom and comfort him—all this so you can read the signs easily—the only place for your gun is in a chest or closet, and under lock and key. There are no exceptions. Cleverly hiding it doesn't count. He can find places you never knew existed, and when he does. . . . Well, it's got to be a lock to which he can't find a duplicate key, that's all.

In any event, never leave a gun loaded. If the one in your dresser is for the defense of your home, you have a definite reason for its presence. Load it at night when you wind your watch and unload it in the morning when you get up. Train yourself to do this *every* night and morning, until it becomes a habit. Your watch doesn't run down very often, does it? Nor is this a childish act to perform sheepishly. You would think nothing of buying burglary insurance, but the only insurance available that will keep your wife from collecting as the beneficiary—if *she* survives—and will materially aid the police in conducting their investigation *after* the crime is committed, is a gun, sufficient ammunition to teach you how to handle it fairly well, and enough of your valuable time expended to achieve that skill. All of which ought to be a hell of a lot of fun in itself.

There's one "danger from firearms," however, against which you can apply only one means of protection: When the point is reached where, every time you go hunting, the only thing between you and a six-foot hole in the ground is a red hat, you'd better do what I do—stay home.

A friend of mine was mistaken for something resembling a six-point buck one time, by a couple of poor shots. He was afraid to yell for fear they would think the buck was bleating and try to finish him off. So on the assumption that no deer carries a rifle, he shot right back.

Whether he was as poor a shot as they were, or whether his was only a half-hearted attempt, cannot be said. But he certainly got more game, for when he arrived at the spot from which they had been shooting, though there was no one in sight, he found two shiny, new .30-30 rifles lying in the trail.

Anyone intending to excel in the shooting game not only does a great deal of it, but he indulges even more in what is known as "dry-shooting"; that is, snapping an empty gun at targets and such objects as an accidental discharge could not damage seriously.

A state officer of my acquaintance, a very fine and capable shot,

*Continued at top of page 138*



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## Safety with Firearms

Continued from pages 52-137

by the way, was partaking of a bit of this practice in his home not long ago. When the time came for him to report for duty, he loaded the weapon and dropped it in its holster.

For some reason the assignments were changed or something, and he didn't leave the house. Nothing would do then but that he continue his dry practice. Visualize his embellishments when the next "shot" resulted in a roar that shook the house and a .38 caliber hole blossomed in the small-scale target on the wall!

One of our city-fathers was doing the same thing one evening,

only he was using his reflected image in the mirror of his wife's dressing table. The idea being to catch the slightest deflection of the front sight when the hammer falls. For a while he didn't know who had shot who, and did his wife raise hell!

But the bouquet for the gem of all times goes to the police department of a near-by city (no names, thanks).

A member of the railroad police who is a target fiend par excellence dropped into the police station there, got to talking with the various officers and showed them where dry shooting would mate-

rially help their gun work.

When he left they were converted. Guns were out and snapping at every safe thing in sight. A huge alarm gong, being a tempting target, was the first to suffer. One of the boys drew a bead, eased her off, and WHAM! there was alarm gong all over the place.

Well, the chief figured it was the fortune of war or the price of education or something, and let it go.

Having no gong, the locks on the men's lockers were elected as targets and held office nicely until one was sent flying across the room by another gun that somebody'd

forgotten to unload. Again the chief figured it was one of those things, probably told them to be more careful, and went back to work.

Then one day a patrolman entered the chief's office. Maybe the chief said, "That's a nice gun you have there." And maybe the cop said, "Yeah, it sure is." Anyway, he hauled it out, gazed lovingly over the sights at the chief's pet pen-and-ink desk set, and BLOOEY!

When the mess was cleaned up the chief proclaimed, "Any..... I catch dry-shootin' around here again gets his walkin' papers!"

I don't know what they're doing for practice these days. ##

## The Gamest Warrior

Continued from page 59

middle of March you can catch tarpon almost anywhere on the West Coast of the state. But by that time the Miami taxidermists have shipped home to the button-busting tourists their spear-headed sailfish, all prettily mounted on a board, to become the *pièce de résistance* at a cocktail party or a house-warming as the host tosses out his chest and relates how the fish almost dragged him overboard into the maws of a flock of hungry shark; and how he fought for hours to keep from losing his right arm. Of course the truth is that without the able seamanship of the captain and his smart handling of the boat the novice would have lost a dozen sailfish. But the button-buster doesn't know that. If he does he doesn't talk about it. He is concerned chiefly with telling the world what a great guy he is and how he caught this mighty warrior of the deep, when the truth undoubtedly is that the fish was self-hooked by the automatic outrigger; the captain so maneuvered the boat that the fish couldn't possibly have gotten an inch of slack line; the line itself was probably 24-thread, with which he could have handlined the sailfish in; and all in all it isn't so much a matter of the fish being caught by the fisherman as the fisherman having been made into a sucker by the organized brotherhood of smart fishing captains and sailfish man-handlers. Nor will I go into the angle that around Miami at least, the captains need a lot of hard-headed, level-mouthed talking to make 'em toss back those sailfish that aren't going to be mounted. They are more liberal-minded about it at Palm Beach, where I'd guess that five out of eight sailfish caught are released. But then sail-fishing is not new stuff to Palm Beach, and it is fairly new to Miami. I can only repeat what one of the foremost sailfishing captains said to me at Pier 5 one day when I started needling him a little about the practice of bringing defunct sailfish to the dock, exhibiting them to the gaping populace for a few hours, and then calling the garbage collector. "Howinell am I going to get business tomor-

row," he said, "if I don't bring in some sailfish and lay 'em at the stern of my wave-jumper? These people see these other boats lay sailfish on the dock, day after day. If I turn mine loose out there in the briny they'll think I'm just a punk fisherman who doesn't catch fish. They don't notice the flags I'll fly if I catch fish and release them. Half of them will never notice those flags, and the other half will think they're pretty little bits of bunting cut from Junior's pants; some kind of signal. It's a signal, all right, a signal that I've caught sailfish and released them. But the public won't know that. The only way we can advertise is by showing the meat of a sailfish right here on the dock. And the guy who lays more sailfish on this dock than the other fellow and keeps on doing it, is the one who is going to get the business, and keep on getting it." All of which has some reason in it, at thirty-five potatoes a day, for a season that at the most, stretches out to not over one hundred fifty days. And that's counting in the before-Christmas trade, when money isn't as free around Biscayne Bay Park as it is in February when the big spenders from Park Avenue drop down to look over the gee-gees and the night spots and tie the palm fronds and the blondes in knots.

They're all gone by the time the tarpon come back to town; the big spenders. Which is probably one of the major reasons for the recent decline in the yarns you read about tarpon; and the upturn in the fiction about sailfish and marlin. And right there, on marlin, they caught more of this species off Ocean City, Maryland, in July and August, 1938, than they'll catch off Miami and Palm Beach in half a dozen seasons. A marlin on Pier 5 at Miami is a comparative rarity. They probably don't average three or four a week during the tourist season. But the day during the two runs of marlin at Ocean City when they didn't lay fifteen marlin on the dock was a bad one. I know one man who caught in a few days' fishing more than two dozen. Paul Townsend caught nine in a single

day. Remember that when you hear the spearfish crank say: "Oh, yes, but you can catch tarpon like kingfish when they're running."

Maybe you can—if you happen to be man enough to do the trick. Few men are. Sure, fellows like Ashby Jones have caught a dozen tarpon between dawn and dusk. I've caught half a dozen myself on a single ebb tide in the Shark River, where the tarpon come in in droves to feed on the mullet and the crab and shrimp washed down by the tide. But it wasn't any captain's trick that did it, nor was the motor of the boat running. Nor, by the way, were any of the tarpon those big tackle-busters that you sometimes meet in the Florida rivers. I'd like to see a man who can land—on 12-thread line—a tarpon of 125 pounds in less than an hour, even though the fish may give him a dozen jumps—all out. The tarpon simply isn't built that way. But I've landed many a sailfish, on the same tackle, in twenty minutes.

If you happen to get into a really big boy, one hundred fifty pounds or more (and these, by the way, are becoming increasingly scarce) you'll wonder whether you aren't the fish in all the wild melee that goes on after the first mighty jump. And if you happen to get into a one hundred eighty pounder, as Arthur D. Whiteside, president of Dun and Bradstreet, did off Everglades City in 1937, you'll find you've bought a large stick of dynamite. The average seventy-five pound tarpon will take all the man you are, on eighteen-thread line, for about forty-five minutes. And at the end you'll reach for the bottle and congratulate yourself, because good people like the tarpon and his conqueror are hard to find.

But maybe, if you aren't able to get away after tarpon in April or May when Boca Grande, and Sarasota and Venice and the other tarpon hot-spots, swing into the peak of the season, you can have tarpon. You can have them in February or March, if you are willing to go after them down around Key West. "Sure, we have tarpon here all year," said a

weather-beaten sponger out of Key West. "We see 'em all around the boat every month in the year. But I dunno why you fellows want 'em. They're no good to eat." Which is true. But neither are the sailfish nor the marlin. There is a spot over northwest of Key West called Jewfish Channel where tarpon roll all the year 'round. Right out in front of the Key West docks lie Calda and Jack channels, smack in front of the Fleming Key Military Reservation, where you can catch tarpon any time. The tidal channels through the middle keys, around Boca Chica, Key Vacas, and Saddle Bunch Keys, have tarpon in them early in March. You can do business any night on the ebb-tide. But have a guy in the boat with you with steady nerves. I once had a Bahama colored guide jump out of the skiff when a tarpon brushed his mustache as he came down from one of those ten-foot somersaults on a dark night. "Boss, I had to leave in a hurry," he panted. "That fish was after me." I wonder how he would have felt if one of those fifteen-foot sharks had nudged him as he swam for shore. The tarpon couldn't have hurt him—much. But you can't reason with a shark.

The tarpon has lost his publicity punch. He has had to take a seat back in the smoker behind the sailfish and the marlin, because he isn't around when the tourist trade rolls into sight of Miami's tall city hall. The tub-thumpers in their walnut-lined offices in the Miami publicity bureau haven't gone much for the silver-sided jumping jack of the rivers, and the tarpon spots don't have the highly-organized drumming squad of the metropolitan centers. But the tarp are around, just the same. You can even catch 'em around Miami, although they aren't as thick there as on the West Coast. And I'd like to hear your reaction as to which is the best, in case you are lucky enough, and good enough, to land an average tarpon and an average sailfish. If you're honest, you'll agree that the big herring is a man, while the sailfish still needs to grow up. ##





*"I was starving to death with a monkey"*



## down to the sea

There's one thing on this page that money can't buy, and that's the splendiferous shade of tan that adorns these three bathing beauties. The artist must have seen these complexions in a movie or read them in a book. At any rate, they impress us as representing a rather idealistic departure from real life. But more matter and less art.

The coral beach slacks are something. This is the new Bahamian coral shade that headed the fashion line-up last February at Nassau and is now appearing at the various beach clubs. Give it a little more time—it's bound to get around. The fabric is almost as unusual as the color; this is a honeycomb doeskin, the small self-pattern of the weave reminding one of a honeycomb in appearance and giving the fabric a smooth, cool feel. The grey knitted lisle pullover worn with these slacks illustrates a sound principle in the combination of articles of apparel. Its neutral tone is a reminder that when one item is fairly high-keyed as to color, the balance of the outfit should be calculated to neutralize this tone.

The man using his sun glasses as a lorgnette wears coarse-ribbed knitted shorts. The fashion for hand-knit effects manifested itself some time ago and American manufacturers are now able to turn out machine-knitted articles in the same coarse texture that distinguishes the hand-made fabrics. Worn with the shorts is a belt of red webbing. The copper colored knitted cotton pullover has a short pile surface and is pre-eminently practical for warding off chilly breezes. The blue and white cotton mesh beach sandals fit the foot closely but have enough elasticity and give to prevent them from binding. The soles are of crepe rubber.

The man at the bottom wears a multi-colored striped cotton robe, a fabric that can be traced back in various guises to original peasant patterns and has since found a welcome reception as an article of beach wear, due to its high color content. The shorts are of blue and white pincheck worsted, extremely light in weight. The separate drawing shows a pair of pale tan rayon shorts with pockets and contrasting green belt, primarily worn for land sports but also suitable for bathing.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Rick Hammel

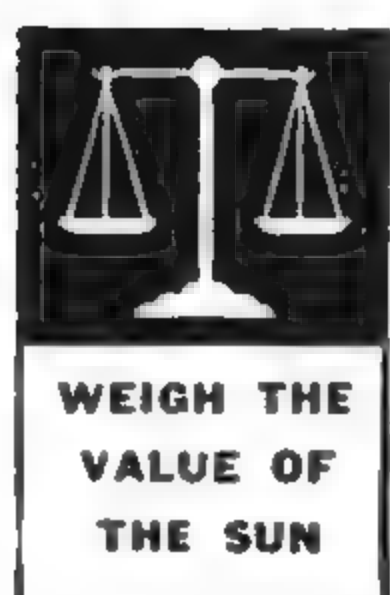
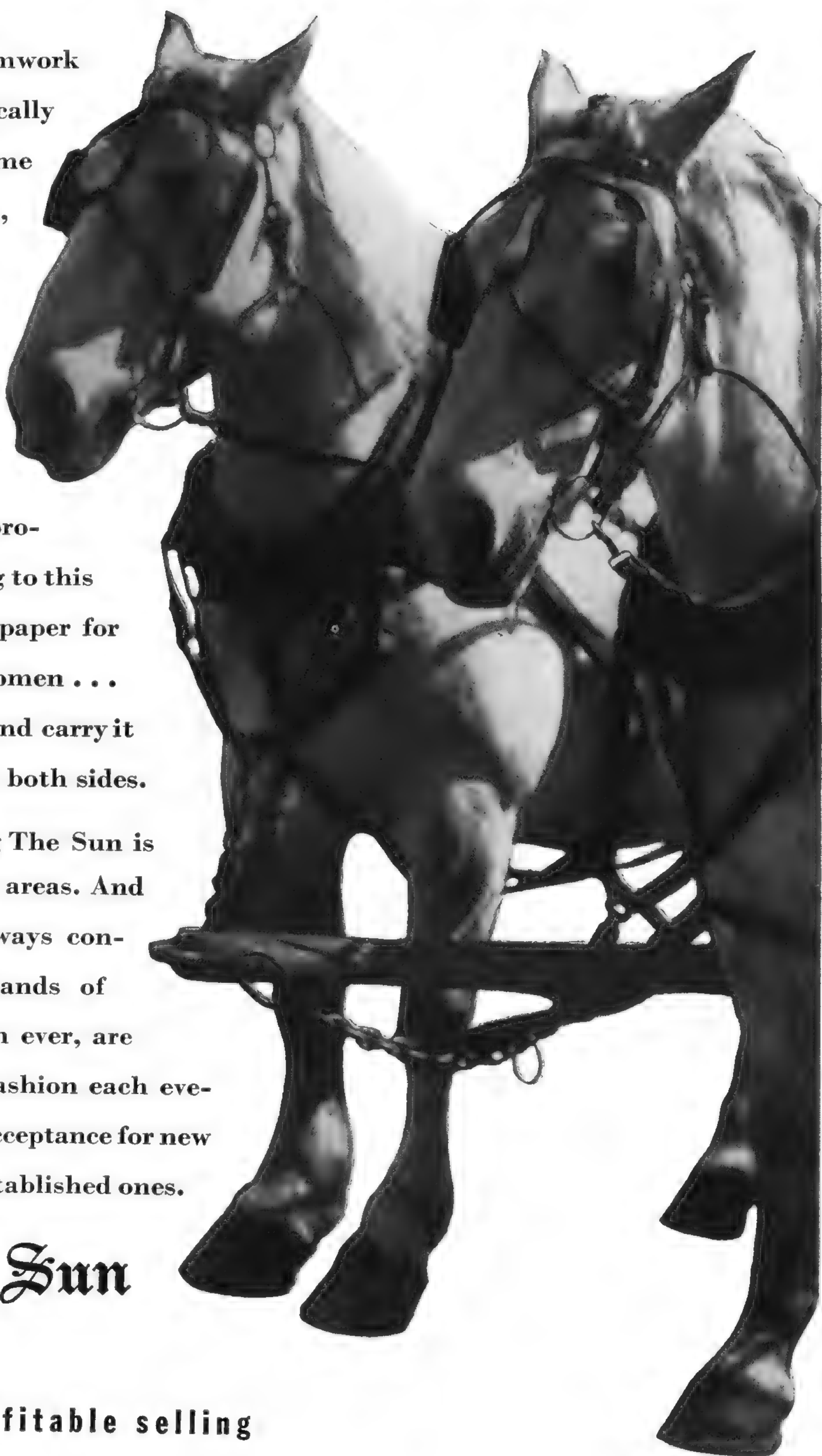


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## our own night school

Listen, my children, and you shall hear exactly what to wear for a midsummer night's formal, R. S. V. P. We can't tell you the whole story here but if you pay attention to what we do have to say, you'll get by with enough to spare. Pattern yourself after either of these two worthies and you can free your mind for concentration on more important things for the duration of the evening. Attention, class!

The man at the left wears the lightweight midnight blue evening suit with black satin lapels rolled to the top button of the double breasted model. Smart in every respect, it may not look quite as cool as a breeze; the fabric, however, is a tropical worsted and the lining and padding of the jacket are at a minimum, insuring adequate comfort. Note that the trousers drape slightly over the low cut patent leather evening shoes. The butterfly bow tie is of satin, and the soft bosom dress shirt carries an attached collar with a fairly wide spread between the points. The white linen band of the coconut palm hat places it in the correct nocturnal category. A sennit straw would be a correct alternative choice of headwear.

The man with the highball prefers the single breasted shawl collar model white jacket. The trousers are of midnight blue with a single silk braid down the side, and a midnight blue cummerbund is also worn. The shirt is something new. In the fly-front model, it may best be observed in the separate sketch at the left. There are two eyelets instead of buttonholes, calling for the use of studs as shown in the figure drawing. The fly-front portion of the shirt is below the bottom eyelet and is fastened with a concealed pearl button, while the tab at the bottom holds the shirt front down. Originally seen in England where the shirt was invariably made-up in silk, it has been copied here in both silk and cotton. Other accessories shown with the white jacket are the black ribbon-shape silk tie, patent leather pumps and silk dress socks. Separately sketched are an elastic mesh garter and clocked dark blue silk socks, completing the round-up of essential accessories with the exception of such incidentals as pocket handkerchiefs and boutonnieres.

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## Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 76

do love-making. The American business man, according to them, tells his girl: "It is wonderful, darling, wasn't it?"

They nod their heads knowingly: "Oh, yes. You have lots of dollars. You pay the highest fees and hire the world's best. But you don't love music—how could you? You feel nothing deeply."

Often I think we, as a people, feel more deeply than they. The Latin gives himself easily to life, love, and music. It is harder for us to find abandon, to give ourselves up. But when we do, it means more.

The average South American has no conception of the vital and spontaneous interest in music here. He pointedly refuses to believe that nearly 10% of our entire population listens to a symphony concert every Sunday, that more people attended concerts in the midst of the depression than in the boom years of 1928-29, that we have the richest and most varied musical life in the world today, spend a larger part of our leisure time listening to it than he does. If he did, he'd have more respect, greater admiration for us. And, the Latin more than we, insists on doing business with his friend,

with a man whom he likes and respects.

Nothing is accomplished by telling him about our great musical life. That's the sort of bragging we have done too often. Let's share it with him.

Stokowski, exciting as are his talents, and stimulating and valuable as is his idea of an All-American Youth Orchestra—is not exactly an ideal ambassador. The Argentines, for example, being musically where we were about twenty years ago, are not yet ready to accept him. They have not heard so many orchestras as we, and cannot take him in their stride. The leading dowager in Buenos Aires told me: "If Mr. Stokowski came here with the Philadelphia Orchestra, you know, I shouldn't go to hear him. We don't want Hollywood in the Argentine."

If Stokowski were God and his Youth Orchestra played like angels, they'd encounter opposition in Buenos Aires, especially if they played in a big movie house and, as Mr. Stokowski planned, "brought their own acoustics with them." The Argentines not only want what is good; they want what has, as well, the reputation for being

good. No substitutes will suffice.

A youth orchestra brought together for three or four weeks' rehearsal is, to their mind, a rank insult.

Don't get angry and say they haven't as good at home! Don't be patronizing as Europe has often been to us! They are snobs. We must accept them as such. Opera is still their No. 1 musical hobby. If they are not exactly in the stage where they consider *Les Huguenots* and *Il Trovatore* sublime creations, neither do they go in for Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Sibelius or Debussy festivals. The *B Minor Mass*, the Passions and chorales of Bach, a Beethoven cycle and his later quartets are only now making their appearance on the Rio Plata. Most of the ladies and gentlemen who profess to be music-lovers in Buenos Aires express with every shrug of their shoulders the conviction that a pretty ankle, a chic costume, and a high C—or a tenor with legs—are of more importance to them than all the symphonies and cantatas in the world.

Give them time. They will learn. They have an instinct for knowing what is good and a desire to improve themselves that is almost as great as that which we take pride in.

Other South American peoples are less sophisticated, more natural, and hence easier to approach. We should send them other of our great orchestras . . . our dance bands . . . our native artists. They have heard Marian Anderson—and acclaimed her. They should have heard Rosa Ponselle in her prime. They should know Yehudi Menuhin . . . Dorothy Maynor . . . Lawrence Tibbett. But, because of the loss of time in travel, their fees aren't comparable to what celebrities earn during the summer in our big outdoor stadiums.

Congress should appropriate the money and send our artists to South America . . . to the West Coast as well as the East. Toscanini should have gone to Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela. It would bring far greater returns than the expeditions of flying fortresses which are paid for out of our War Department's budget. It is in our national welfare. Last year the French government was willing to lose two million francs in Rio alone presenting the *Comédie Française*. Nor did they bill it as a Good Will gesture.

Good neighbors don't advertise. ‡

## Ordeal at the Mopang Fair

Continued from page 75

friends again. Zack and Miles Austin had been watching a twilight baseball game; and Zack, standing on the third base line, had stopped a hot grounder with his ankle. Later, in a desperate effort to improve their wealth, they had invested Zack's spare quarter in a ring-tossing game which paid dividends in cash—provided your ring dropped perfectly over the lucky peg. Uncle Jeff walked up just as Miles Austin missed with his last ring.

"Well," said Miles wryly, "that leaves us a quarter each for the kootchie tent. That gypsy girl was no lady!"

"What'd she tell you?" Uncle Jeff inquired.

"Said I'd been in a streak of hard luck, but was coming out with a roar. The luck was to change around some heroic deed in which I was to figure. She told Zack the same."

"Jest what she told me!" said Uncle Jeff, chagrined. "Well, anyways, Jock MacGregor didn't get none of our coin."

The mingled odors of hot dogs, peanuts, and simmering onions reminded the three fair-goers that they hadn't eaten since morning. They sought vainly for a friend who might offer them either food or cash. The cries of children, casually squandering dimes for rides on the rickety ferris wheel, augmented the three friends' mounting sense of desolation. They saw no opportunity to participate in an heroic act. The blaring of the calliope, the laughter and back-

whacking of friends uniting at the beer tent, were dispiriting. There remained only the hootchie kootchie show, and a long, hunger-haunted paddle uplake in the night.

Crawling under a high-axled hayrack near Miles' car, they lay down to await the beating of the tom-toms. The hayrack stood not far from Jock MacGregor's beer truck. Once Uncle Jeff crawled over to ransack the truck on the chance that Jock might thoughtlessly have left a case there. The old poacher slid back under the hayrack empty-handed, muttering: "If Jock had a single bottle in that truck there'd be six men with shotguns guarding it!"

The lights had come on, and the coughing of the gasoline engine hooked up to the generator came muffled through the sounds of merrymaking. The hayrack was isolated well outside the lighted areas, but the beer tent shone like a transparent balloon. They saw the silhouettes of revelers, and, as they licked dry lips, they whiled away a happy hour inventing splendid revenges against Jock MacGregor. They would anchor him off shore in a canoe, both hands tied. And they would dangle ten dollar bills on fishrods before his nose. They would dance on the shore, each with a kootch girl as partner, while the blazing sun parched MacGregor's throat. Then they would toss him a beer bottle containing a saturated solution of salt and water.

From far down the midway

came the first, faint beating of the tom-toms.

"Well," said Miles. "Our time is come."

"Let's go," said Zack, getting to his hands and knees.

"Sh-sh! Wait!" hissed Uncle Jeff, dragging Zack down beside him. "Look there!"

Sneaking around behind the beer tent was the derby-hatted man who had sold the old poacher his glass eye. The man was clearly silhouetted. As they watched, he dropped a soft bunch of something from under his coat, looked about hastily, and, striking a match, thrust it into the bunch of stuff he had tossed on the ground. Flames leaped up, and the beer tent caught instantly.

Miles Austin and Zack shot out from under the hayrack in pursuit of the firebug, who had raced off across the dark, furrowed field toward the entrance gate. Uncle Jeff started after them, but tripped on a tent rope and fell headlong. Scrambling to his feet, the old poacher decided to leave the firebug to the capable hands of his friends and put his own shoulders to the work of rescuing beer.

Cries of "Fire! Fire!" had brought a surging crowd. A line of MacGregor's helpers formed from tent to beer truck, handing cases along to each other. Uncle Jeff took up his position at the truck end of the line and there did yeoman service.

The beer tent was an almost total loss, but the beer itself was saved. Zack and Miles Austin re-

turned presently with the derby-hatted man between them. His derby, however, was now down around his neck, where Zack had placed it with a flat-handed blow. Proudly they turned their prisoner over to the law. They explained what had happened: the man had fired the tent, drawing the crowd's attention. Then he had run to the gate, and scooped up the gate-tender's take, while the gate-tender ran the other way, toward the fire. Only for the three fair-goers' languishing in the dark under the hayrack, his strategy would have succeeded.

Many congratulatory hands fell upon the shoulders of Zack Bourne, Miles Austin, and Jeff Coongate. Strangers fought to buy them beer, but the beer was now securely loaded on the Scotchman's truck.

"Hey, Jock!" a voice called. "Will you bust open one for these boys?"

"Not only that," said Jock MacGregor. "But I wish to make a present of a whole case to Jeff Coongate, who done good salvage work on the truck for me."

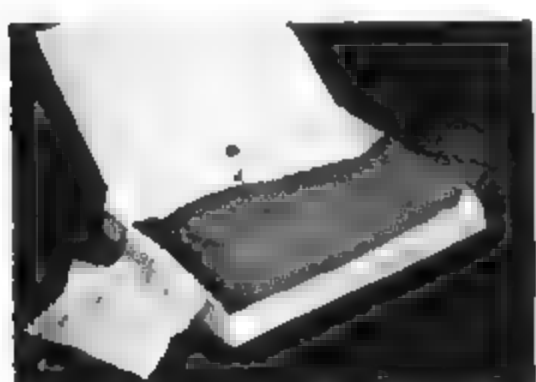
Miles and Zack, feeling that the gypsy girl had made a remarkable prediction, pumped Jeff's hand, and cried: "Gosh, Jeff! A whole case!" and "Lordy, am I thirstin'!" But their faces fell, when Uncle Jeff, drawing himself up, declined the Scotchman's gift, saying: "Gentlemen, if my tongue was black an' my throat like em'ry paper, I wouldn't accept so much as a drop of water from that

Continued at top of page 144

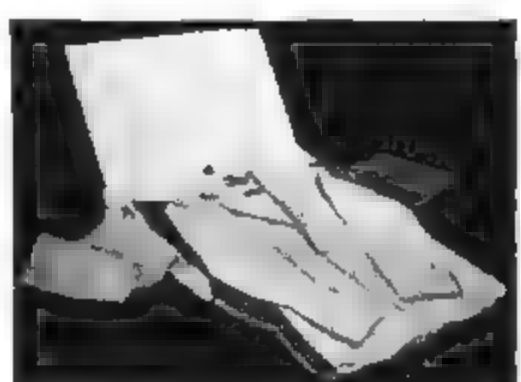




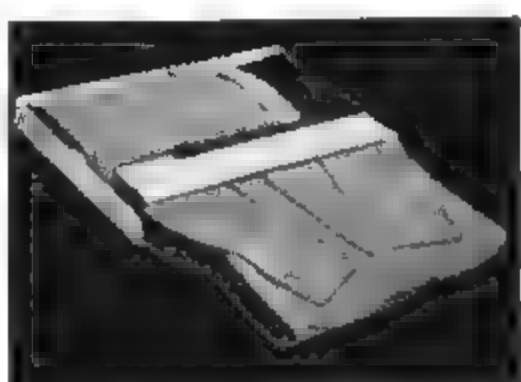
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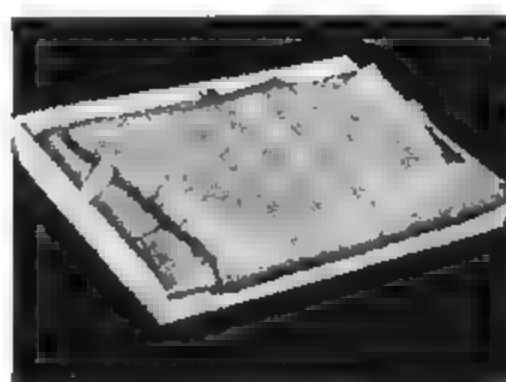
1. Fold vest and lay diagonally in bottom of tray. Lay tops of trousers in tray as shown.



2. Arrange coats on hangers and slip into place. Swing tray cover in place over coats.



3. Carefully fold trouser legs over tray cover. Trouser legs should be smoothed out.



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## Ordeal at the Mopang Fair

Continued from pages 75-143

skinflint—let alone a case of his lousy beer! However poor a man may be, he still has his pride. I speak for myself, an' my two friends."

Zack and Miles, crestfallen, felt there was such a thing as carrying pride too far. As they walked toward the hootchie kootchie tent, they remonstrated noisily. But the old poacher, adjusting his brown glass eye, remained aloof in the tower of his own dignity.

"Why, my God!" Zack cried out to Miles. "I've knowed him even to take beer off'n a game warden!"

"It passeth all understanding," murmured Miles Austin.

Not until an hour after the deeply satisfying hootchie kootchie exhibition, when they arrived in Miles' car at the canoe landing in Privilege, did Uncle Jeff tell his friends what they hadn't known. In the rumble seat, where he had tossed them as they came to him on the beer truck, were three cases of beer!

"So now," said Uncle Jeff. "We got pride an' beer both. I'd of got more, only I was afeared the lid wouldn't close."

"You pinched it off MacGregor!" Zack whooped.

"An' a paper sack full of openers, too!" said Uncle Jeff. "Him that stealeth shalt also be stole from!"

On a fair southwest breeze, under the light of a smoky August moon, they drifted uplake. Miles sat amidships on a case of beer. An open case rested near to his hand. Behind the canoe, at thirst-quenching intervals, the empties floated for a time, then sank, while the fair-goers fondly reminisced about the kootch girls.

"Which one you say you liked

best, Zack?" asked Uncle Jeff, from the stern.

"Well, come to think on it, the one in the middle. She wa'n't so pritty as the one on the right, but she had a kind of a squirm to her."

"Well, sir, you can have her! She had a scar on her belly like someone had paunched her with a scythe. Me, I don't like no blemishes."

Miles chuckled and pried the cap off a bottle. "That scar was a Salpingo-oöphorectomy. Or maybe a Caesarean. Can't tell."

"Jesus!" muttered Zack, from the bow. "Cruel. Cruel. Sounds mighty cruel."

"Then the left-hand girl had an appendectomy—McBurney incision, up on the side."

But Uncle Jeff Coongate was faithful to the girl on the right. Standing with his chest against the packing-box stage in the sweltering, moth-cluttered tent, he had looked long upon this luscious creature. And just before the act concluded, she had bent down and kissed the top of his head. The kiss had been neither as swift nor as painful as the sting of the yellow jacket, but he would remember it longer.

"My girl is the one on the right," he now said reverently. "Spring would come mighty quick in a cabin, if she was with a man. I think of her, an' think, an' think, an' my belly feels like it was full of young mice. I won't sleep for a week, thinkin' how smooth, an' white she was. Oh, goddam it, Miles! Toss me back another bottle! I'm in love!" #

*This is Uncle Jeff Coongate's third appearance in Esquire. The previous Uncle Jeff's stories were published in August, 1938 and January, 1939. There will be another in an early issue.*

## Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 88

are exaggerations, of course, attempts to underline here and be more effective there; the second movement is speeded up, made more dramatic, less profound—the uninitiated like it that way. Tone of the solo violin here is tops for any disc. Technically, the album is O.K.

*Debussy: La Mer, Trois esquisses symphoniques.* Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-643. Dr. Koussevitzky says this is tonally his best recording, and it is easy to agree. Never before has the gramophone witnessed such explorations in the realm of color and sound. No other has Dr. Koussevitzky's quality of pictorial imagination and his audacity. This performance of *La Mer* beggars description. "How can anyone analyze logically creations which come from a dream . . . and have seen the fairy materialization of vague, acute sensations . . . innumerable memories more real than reality."

If you have a loud-speaker ca-

pable of reproducing all that which has been cut into these discs, you will never cease praising the art, the craft, and the invention which brings into being such music.

### FOR THE SEASON

*Moussorgsky: Songs* sung by Igor Gorin, Victor M-636. Eight realistic types of the greatest Russian music by the composer of *Boris*. He who wrote: "To feed upon humanity as upon a healthy diet . . . there lies the whole problem of art," here feeds upon humanity. Mr. Gorin sings his songs with poetic feeling and a certain intensity, if he fails to live them.

*Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 24, in C minor.* Played by Robert Casadesus and Orchestra Symphonique of Paris, conducted by Eugene Bigot. Filler: *Rondo in D major*. Columbia Set No. 356. This recording is uneven the pianist is smooth, poetic, playing with aristocratic feeling. The conductor keeps the tempo, professor-like, and attempts to sustain the



soloists. But his instrumentalists are dilettantes. Casadesus has a clear conception of Mozart—and wisely refrains from displaying all his technique in the *Rondo*.

**Schönberg: Gurre-Lieder.** Performed by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Paul Althouse as *Waldemar*, the late Jeanette Vreeland as *Tove*, Rose Bampton as *Waldtaube*. Victor M-127. You'll almost pop out of your chair when you start this album.

Instead of hearing Schönberg's music, as you confidently expect, Leopold Stokowski's strained, affected accent hits your ears, explaining, "Schönberg's *Gurre-Lieder* is architecture in tone on a vast scale." He tells the story and plays the themes at the piano, which is small help. An early Schönberg work, this is no longer formidable to conservatives. Amid passages of touching beauty, there are long, arid stretches. But it is worth knowing, if only as the point of departure for the composer's later evolvments.

Recorded in an actual performance, the breaks are, of necessity, abrupt and awkward. The orchestra, needless to say, is first-class; the singing, not. Mr. Althouse, who sounds strangely like *Sieg-mund* and *Tristan*, flounders about—and the choruses are slightly vague and diffused. Considering the state of recording technique when this was cut, it is an exceptional job—and it is the only one we're ever likely to have.

#### FOR MODERNS

**Ernest Bloch: Concerto Grosso for Piano and Strings.** Played by Louis Bailly and Curtis Chamber Music Ensemble. Victor M-563. The 60-year old Musical Zionist carries on in his best tradition and manner. This concerto was begun in Santa Fe, New Mexico, December 1924; finished in Cleveland, Ohio, in April 1925. Austere, severe, the *Pastorale* and *Rustic Dances* in the third movement are looked at through futuristic glasses.

**Charles Ives: The 67th Psalm** and **William Schumann: Choral Etude.** The Madrigal Singers (a cappella) conducted by Lehmann Engel. Columbia C-17139-D. The Psalm, in two keys simultaneously, was written before 1900 for a church service in Danbury, Connecticut.

The other, for a wordless chorus, won a prize last year, and the composer gives great promise for the future.

**Darius Milhaud: Opéras Minutes: L'Abandon d'Ariane, La Délivrance de Thérèse, L'Enlèvement d'Europe.** Soloists, chorus and chamber orchestra conducted by the composer. Columbia set 309. Operas of the proper length and spice: absorbing rhythms in the latest French idiom.

**Prokofiev: Piano Music—Visions Fugitives, Suggestion Diabolique, Conte de La Vieille Grand-mère, Sonatine Pastorale, Gavotte No. 2, Etude, Paysage, Andante.** Played by the composer. Victor M-477. Forty solitary minutes

with the man who turned out *The Love of Three Oranges, Classical Symphony* and *Peter and The Wolf*. Not too many to bore you.

#### FOR THE WEEK END

**Brahms-Joachim: Hungarian Dance. No. 1, in G minor, and No. 17, in F-sharp minor.** Played by Yehudi Menuhin. Victor 2010. For those who like *Hungarian Dances* or Menuhin. Passes muster but not momentous.

**Sibelius: Saf, Saf, Susa and Flickan Kom Ifran Sin Alsklings Mote.** Sung by Marian Anderson. Victor 1766. Sibelius' songs vary in quality. These sample the Finn's essential gift for melody and are sung by America's most distinguished contralto. "Singer with heart in throat," said Sibelius when he heard her. The songs employ the full range and beauty of her voice.

**R. Strauss: Traum durch die Dammerung and Der Nacht.** Sung by Herbert Janssen. Victor 1930. Sincere, straightforward, but not inspired Strauss singing. The Met's Wagnerian baritone can do better, but this record will be welcomed by his admirers.

**Stravinsky: Pastorale and Chopin: Prélude in D minor** (Freely transcribed by Leopold Stokowski). Philadelphia Orchestra and Stokowski. Victor 1998. A piquant, pleasant, inconsequential bit from the world's No. 1 modernist. Adequately dashed off by the world's No. 1 orchestral colorist. Unfortunately, it is combined with a dose of Stokowski-gone-wrong. Deplorable as is his taste with Wagner, it is even worse with Chopin.

**Armenian Folk Songs and Dances.** Played by Nicholas Matthey and his Oriental Orchestra. Decca Album 68. Smooth, colorful stuff—an album not likely to be in your next-door neighbor's record cabinet.

**Jamblon-Herpin: Mon Ami and S. L. M. Barlow: The Cherry Tree.** Liberty Music Shop No. 263. Elsie Houston, Brazilian songstress, popularized these ditties at New York's smart *Ruban Bleu*. Regular patrons still clamor for the French number.

#### FOR THE INCINERATOR

**Marcel Grandjany: Rapsodie** (for the harp) played by the composer. Victor 2060. Well recorded display piece, leaving you flat with query: "Who needs this music?"

**R. Strauss: Aria and duet from Arabella.** Sung by Lotte Lehmann and Kate Heidersbach. Decca 23048. Cuts from Strauss' later opera, showing how he lifts from himself. Featured are the well-known edge on Lehmann's voice—excruciating screeches in the higher regions, and a mad scramble for that pitch.

**Jean P. Rameau: Melody for Harp, Flute and Cello.** Barrere, Salzedo and Britt. Muscraft. Three virtuoso instruments and no ensemble. Notes all there, but the playing is dry and dull. The balance is off: The harp is too near, Rameau too far away.

Continued on page 146



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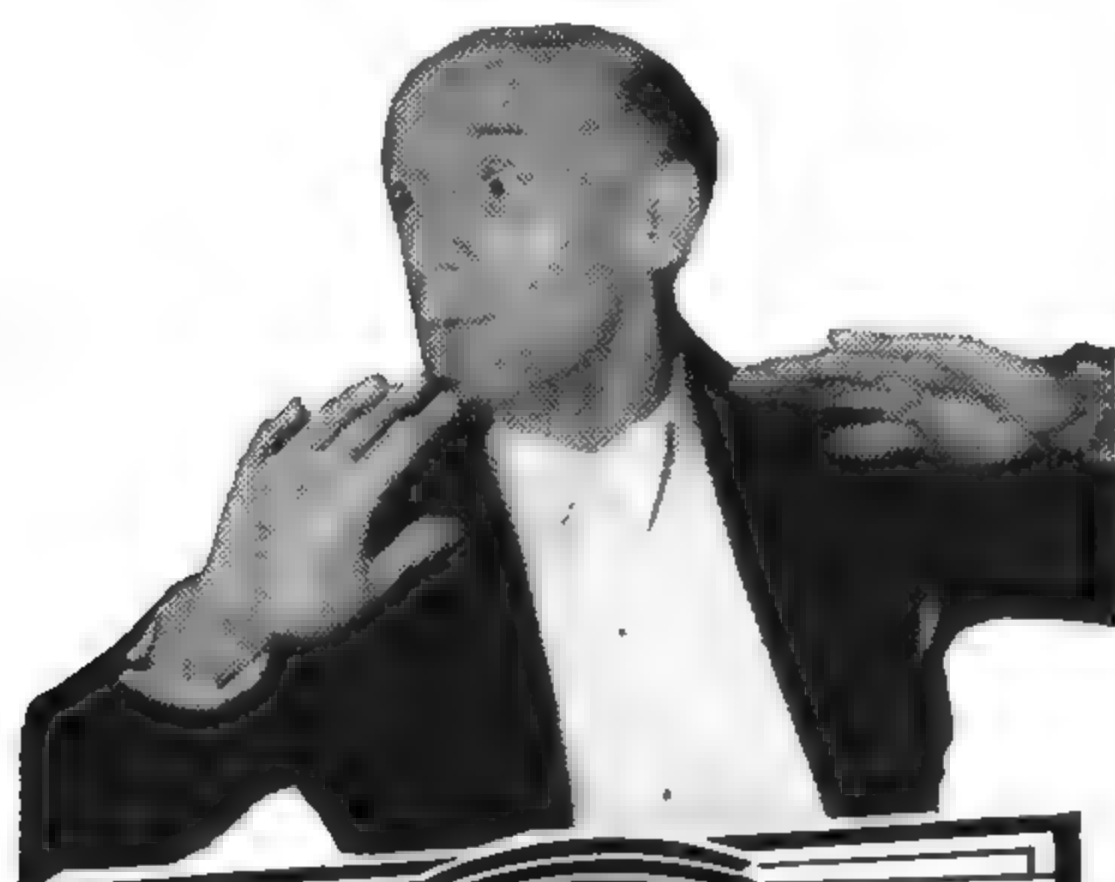
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## Esquire on the Record

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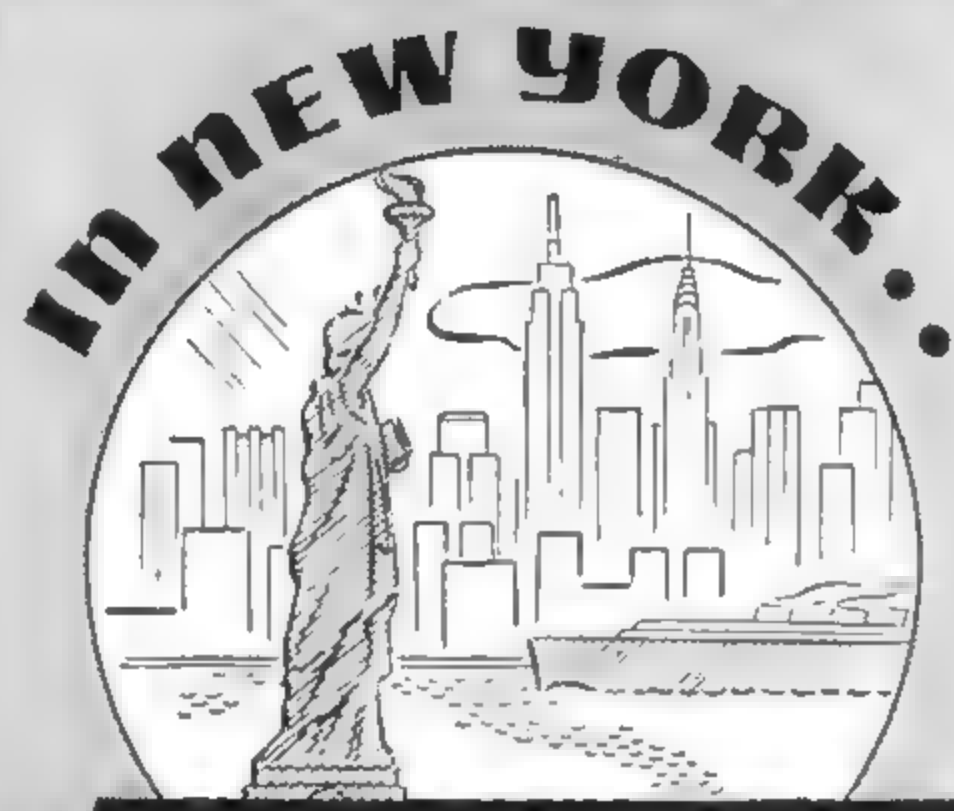
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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 73

far. On the opening night a female singer of dirty songs drove the customers across the street to a decent, quiet saloon.

21. *Very Warm for May*, by MM. Kern and Hammerstein. Kern's melodies, Grace McDonald's dancing, and an amusing performance by Hiram Sherman were the only meritorious items. The book, dealing with summer theatres, was a dose of encephalitis lethargica and the attempted comedy very depressing.

22. *The World We Make*, by Sidney Kingsley. Based on Millen Brand's novel, *The Outward Room*, it dealt with a psychopathic case cured by normal living in a normal world. The author resolved the whole, however, into too close an approximation to the old-time regulation regeneration drama to achieve the effect he hoped for.

23. *Aries Is Rising*, by Caroline North and Earl Blackwell. Claptrap about numerology. When the first act curtain went up, a fat Negro maid was bustling about the stage moaning "Lawdy, lawdy!" When the first act curtain went down, I was bustling out of the theatre moaning the same thing.

24. *Ring Two*, by Gladys Hurlbut. A retired actress goes to the country for peace and quiet and finds that it is just about as peaceful and quiet as the Stork Club. A paltry farce that opened and closed almost simultaneously.

25. *I Know What I Like*, by Justin Sturm. The same in this case with one that concerned itself with a ribbing of painters. The author is a talented sculptor but what he doesn't know about playwriting would fill a book.

26. *Key Largo*, by Maxwell Anderson. A coward seeks soul salvation to the accompaniment of Mr. Anderson's coloratura writing. A feeble play illuminated by dubious blank verse skyrockets. Paul Muni's performance of the leading role was commendable.

27. *Farm of Three Echoes*, by Noel Langley. Dire doings on the African veldt by a Hollywood movie writer. So silly that even Ethel Barrymore's subtle kidding of it couldn't draw customers. In the second act a yokel youth again told a city siren that she smelled good. You get the general idea.

28. *Swingin' the Dream*, by Gilbert Seldes and Erik Charell. A jazz version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, much too long but with some entertaining moments, some pretty stage pictures, and some hot music by Benny Goodman. It drew an acid press and was a quick failure, but somehow it didn't seem so altogether bad to me as it did to most people. Maybe it was those Daiquiris.

29. *Morning's at Seven*, by Paul Osborn. The woes and humors of various elderly folk made into a fairly diverting if rather monotonous comedy. Above the average, but it took too long subsequently to pass its first act's sufficiently given point.

30. *Foreigners*, by Frederick Lonsdale. Back to the earls, dukes, and pearl necklaces, Freddie! Representatives of various hostile nationalities marooned on an island and finally dominated by an understanding Jew who is in turn dominated by a little blonde barefoot cutie constitute a hokum dish that spills itself all over your hitherto impeccable pants, Freddie.

31. *Du Barry Was a Lady*, by MM. Porter, Fields and De Sylva. Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman in a jolly burlesque show whose chief scenes have to do with gents' lavatories. They say it's vulgar. Sure. But is it funny!

32. *The Woman Brown*, by Dorothy Cumming. A stinker about a woman falsely accused of murdering her husband. You know, they mixed up the glasses containing the poison.

33. *Hellzapoppin*, by MM. Fain, Tobias, et al. A second edition of the American classic. Still a very comical roughhouse and good for anybody's laugh despite an Indian called Odessa who, asked Odessa what?, replies Odessa little Indian.

34. *Once Upon a Time*, by I don't know whom, as they didn't give me a program and as it closed the morning after the opening. An allegory about war in terms of children. Some of the children were played by actors of such venerable years that three barbers were stationed in the wings to shave off their growths of whiskers after each act. Awful stuff.

35. *Billy Draws a Horse*, by Lesley Storm. A tenth-rate English comedy on the familiar mountain-out-of-a-molehill theme. It expired after a few days.

36. *Alternate Current*, by Syd Porcelain. The year's absolute worst. It was acted by members of the author's family in an uptown little theatre. Taxicabs did a thriving business after the first act.

37. *When We Are Married*, by J. B. Priestley. Even the bellicose English author didn't once again declare war on the United States for its failure to wax enthusiastic over this high-school comedy about several married couples of long standing who discover they are not legally wedded.

38. *Kindred*, by Paul Vincent Carroll. The author of the worthy *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed* shocked his admirers with a muddled and juvenile plea that artists take the place of business men in the conduct of the world's affairs. A boggled play not the least trying item in which was a duo of ghosts who periodically came on in a green light and instructed the hero to keep a stiff upper lip.

39. *Christmas Eve*, by Gustav Eckstein. A girl is ashamed of her family and the facts of life until her mother gives birth to another baby. (I don't get it either. Nor did the audience, so the play disappeared soon after it opened.)

40. *Folies Bergère*, by And Large. Stale vaudeville acts that tried un-

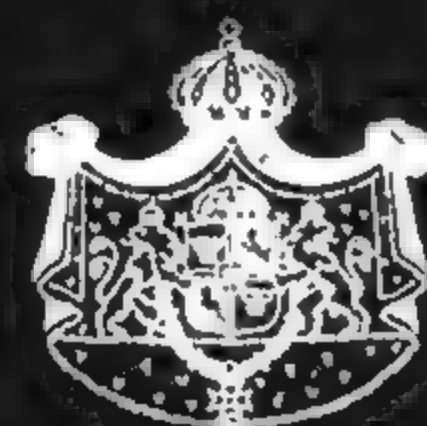
Continued on page 148

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 73-147

successfully to get away with it by giving themselves the sucker French label. Even girls wearing hardly any clothes couldn't help.

41. *The Male Animal*, by MM. Thurber and Nugent. Intellectuals versus athletes and mind versus sexual matter in a mid-Western college. A highly amusing farce-comedy and as American as tomato juice mixed with gin. It will lift your spirits.

42. *John Henry*, by Roark Bradford and Jacques Wolfe. Paul Robeson could do nothing with an unimaginative music-drama about a Negro Paul Bunyan. About \$80,000 thrown away.

43. *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, by MM. Cochran, Rosoff, et al. Mr. Carroll's Hollywood restaurant floor-show elaborated for Broadway consumption, but Broadway declined to consume. The same nude girls, the same plume, bird and crystal ball chorus parades, the same blackout sketches, and the same yawns.

44. *Juno and The Paycock*, by Sean O'Casey. Revival of one of the finest tragi-comedies of the modern theatre, admirably acted by Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood. (Next month, incidentally, I'll tell you of O'Casey's forthcoming play, *Purple Dust*.)

45. *The Man Who Killed Lincoln*, by Elmer Harris and Philip

Van Doren Stern. A snail-paced recounting of the events leading to and from the assassination, with John Wilkes Booth played by an actor who made himself up to look like Robert Taylor and who was manifestly disappointed when he found Lincoln instead of Joan Crawford in the stage box.

46. *Two On an Island*, by Elmer Rice. The trials of a boy and girl seeking fame and fortune in New York. Several diverting scenes but on the whole a negligible play covering the familiar ground. Betty Field was charming as the girl.

47. *Young Couple Wanted*, by Arthur Wilmurt. The trials of a boy and girl seeking fame and fortune in New York. Several diverting scenes but on the whole a negligible play covering the familiar ground. (The two exhibits were produced within a few days of each other.)

48. *Geneva*, by Bernard Shaw. A strained and over-garrulous lampoon of the League of Nations. The poorest of the later-day poor plays by the quondam wittiest man in the British Isles. It exhausted its sparse audiences and was quickly removed from the scene.

49. *My Dear Children*, by Catherine Turney and Jerry Horwin. John Barrymore ribaldly kidding a sour play and himself into a periodically comical evening. The

critics deplored his lapse from histrionic dignity, but what would they have said if he had played the gimcrack straight?

50. *Two for the Show*, by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis. An agreeable revue, although Miss Hamilton still writes sketches twice too long for their own comic good.

51. *The Unconquered*, by Ayn Rand. A confused and idiotic drama dealing with the old and new order in Russia. It was yanked off after a few nights.

52. *Another Sun*, by Dorothy Thompson and Fritz Kortner. The difficulties encountered by German refugees in a strange land. Also the difficulties encountered by playwriting novices in a strange medium. A speedy bankrupt.

53. *Reunion in New York*, by MM. Metzl, Michel, et al. A show by Austrian refugees that got nowhere because they foolishly tried to mimic the American revue way of things. Next time, you-all be yourselves.

54. *Night Music*, by Clifford Odets. Again, the boy and girl seeking fame and fortune in New York theme, and the weakest play Odets has written. Nor was the result of his sudden optimism any too happy. It sounded pretty arbitrarily maneuvered, like a small boy ostentatiously kissing his grandma the day before Xmas.

55. *Leave Her to Heaven*, by John Van Druten. A married woman given to \$150 Nile green pajamas has an affair with her young chauffeur. The young chauffeur kills her old husband in a fit of jealousy. The wife, at least so I heard from those who remained for the third act, takes the blame. There is a trial, but how it finally came out I couldn't learn. Nobody seemed to remember. Junk.

56. *The Weak Link*, by Allan Wood. A scrubby paraphrase of the *Three Men on a Horse* sort of thing. This time the little man was drafted to assist a gang of bank robbers.

57. *The Burning Deck*, by Andrew Rosenthal. Sexy rubbish about a lot of epigram-spouting fowl in a hotel on the Mediterranean. It closed after a single performance.

58. *The Fifth Column*, by Ernest Hemingway and Benjamin Glazer. Hemingway's published play "adapted" for the stage by a Hollywood scenario writer, with the obvious result. The parts of Hemingway that were left untouched were the evening's only redeeming feature. The acting company called for some good words.

59. *Goodbye in the Night*, by Jerome Mayer. A homicidal lunatic cut up on a stage so dark you couldn't discern what was going



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on. The theatre was equally dark a few days later.

60. *A Passenger to Bali*, by Ellis St. Joseph. An allegory about dictatorships, laid on a steamer. The steamer sank in the third act. The play sank an act earlier.

61. *Podrecca Marionettes*. The best of all the puppet shows and droll entertainment. It could have stood a little more variety, but even as it was it provided a sufficiently recreative evening.

62. *A Case of Youth*, by Wesley Towner. A 1900-model comedy about a young minx (with a big dog) who returns from abroad in time to help her daddy, whom she hasn't seen in years and who is in trouble, keep out of jail. Just about as decayed as they come.

63. *Separate Rooms*, by Joseph Carole and Alan Dinehart. A Hollywood sex item acted by a troupe of Hollywood refugees. You get the picture without my telling you.

64. *Lilium*, by Ferenc Molnar. A revival of the attractive fantasy damaged by spurious direction. Burgess Meredith and Ingrid Bergman, the Swedish cinema actress, had the leads.

65. *Ladies in Retirement*, by MM. Denham and Percy. A very fair specimen of its English horror-play kind, if you are fetched by such exhibits. Somehow they seldom seem to horrify me as the management hopes. Not that I blame the management, though. Flora Robson, Isobel Elsom and a capital company were the purveyors.

66. *Lady in Waiting*, by Margery Sharp. Dramatized from the author's novel, *The Nutmeg Tree*, it amounted in the main to an old-fashioned, cobwebbed comedy about the uncouth mother (with a heart of gold) who returns after many years to her daughter, now a young lady of excessive refinement. Mother on this occasion had an oomph way with her which wobbled the men, which naturally only added to daughter's grievous disconcertment. Gladys George was Mama.

67. *The Scene of the Crime*, by Frank Gould. Boys, was this one lousy! The ghost of a murderer returns to earth and finds he has made his parents unhappy. (There's a hot new morsel of philosophy for you.)

68. *King Richard II*, by William Shakespeare. Maurice Evans' return engagement. An admirable performance in a presentation with few flaws. The Shakespearean stage at its local best.

69. *An International Incident*, by Vincent Sheean. The well-known foreign correspondent disclosed himself an inferior playwright in his attempt to fashion a comedy for Ethel Barrymore about an expatriate who comes to understand the truth of the America she has deserted. Mr. Sheean apparently believes that a play should be all talk and no action, and that the talk shouldn't be particularly stimulating.

70. *Higher and Higher*, by MM. Rodgers, Hart and Logan, and Mme. Hurlbut. Not much in the book direction but otherwise a

spirited song and dance show. A lewd trained seal given to goosing members of the company and one of the liveliest dancing choruses in town add much to the session.

71. *Suspect*, by MM. Denham and Percy. A hussy who years before has been accused of murder tries to hide her past and even fools the suspicious and foxy Sir Hugo Const (you know Sir Hugo; you've been seeing him in English plays for the last forty years) into a belief in her innocence. Pauline Lord was the fooler. If the English had any shrewdness they would send plays like this to Germany by the carload and win the war by the simple, if inhumane, process of boring the Germans to death.

72. *Medicine Show*, by MM. Saul and Hays. A plea for socialized medicine in the late Federal Theatre "Living Newspaper" form. A very poor imitation of the technique so ably accomplished by . . . *one-third of a nation and Power*.

73. *Morning Star*, by Sylvia Regan. Hokum about a New York East Side Jewish family, but with here and there some sharp observation of character and some amusing dialogue. Molly Picon, the darling of delicatessen society had the leading role of the mama who solicitously looked after the welfare of her chicks.

74. *Heavenly Express*, by Albert Bein. A muddled fantasy about the hoboes' paradise, with John Garfield, returned from Hollywood, embarrassingly acting a dead bum returned to earth as a celestial train conductor like an amalgam of Ariel, Peter Pan and Elisabeth Bergner. (Maybe it was the director who deserved the kick in the seat.)

75. *There Shall Be No Night*, by Robert E. Sherwood. An argument for the day when men will turn from their current insanity and bathe in the light of God, with invaded Finland as the dramatic background. As an argument, not without some eloquence, but as a play leaving much to be critically desired. Lunt and Fontanne were excellent in the respective roles of a Finnish scientist and his American wife.

76. *Love's Old Sweet Song*, by William Saroyan. Another testimonial to its author's talents. An inventively humorous account of a fantastic love affair between a rich old spinster and a patent-medicine hawker, with a ribaldly amusing Okie family and a gay assortment of other nuts providing some of the season's juiciest fun. Walter Huston miscast, but Jessie Royce Landis, Arthur Hunnicutt, Doro Merande and Alan Reed did first-rate jobs.

77. *Grey Farm*, by Terence Rattigan and Hector Bolitho. Just another English-flavored psychopathic melodrama, worse than the average, which is bad enough.

\* \* \*

At this point, the Critics' Circle in solemn congress assembled declared the season officially finished, and left the field to the summer shows. ‡



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Imported Wines; 1,073,000 of Champagne; 948,792 of Vermouth; 1,068,700 of Sherry;  
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## The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 6

### FOR NAGY MINUS DRESSING

I am an artist and old reader of *ESQUIRE* and I know all my colleagues are too. I think that *ESQUIRE* is one of the best illustrated magazines in the world—and I know very well the magazines that appear all over the world.

I always felt that with the excellent reproduction of *ESKY* they could also bring some serious art, and this could be still in the style of *ESQUIRE* with a fine touch of sex. Now I see the wonderful sculptures of Frank Nagy. Each is better than the other. Bravo, bravo, bravo!

I personally don't care very much for the psychoanalysis dressing and probably many people are not friends of psychoanalysis. But this is a matter of taste. Also I don't care for the monotone form of the layout of your nice photos.

Good luck to *ESQUIRE* and to your wonderful series of sculptures and Mr. Nagy.

Sincerely Yours

New York, N.Y. EMERY I. GONDOR

### THIS SHOULD BE A CLEAN SWEEP

After reedeng end lesseneng toe awl thu balleehue thaet haz bin preezentid bye prezedenshul kandidayts, eye stel haefv knot deesydid hoo eye wel kasst meye voat foar. Haowefvir, eye aem serten of ae kandidayt wud yuse thu folloaweng plaatfoarm, hee wud bee ashurd uf v ae laendslyde viktrees:

1. Tue pajez uf v gude komix en efvree nuespaypir. Aebolesh awl re-frins toe gaengstirs, mirdirz, kednaep-pengs, roberryrs, aend kruks.

2. Lemit kumershil anownsmnts oen thu raydeo proagraems toe wun minit pir proagraem.

3. Prochebet eney menshin uf v Ay-dulff Hetl en thu nuedspaypirs, oen thu raydeo, oar en publec speych.

4. Aebolesh eney refrins toe dee-voarses en thu nuedspaypirs.

5. Loangir end stroangir shew strengz.

6. Bigir end betir hott-doegez.

7. Moar dogz inn thu dog-howziz—les hezbens.

8. Aend fiynellie—tue kopeez uf v Eskwyre en efvree hoam!

Efvree prezedenshul kandidayt shud taek heed uf v thisz plaatfoarm—ett isz thu peepulz choys.

Very truly yours

THE CLAMMY PAW  
Schenectady, N.Y. (S. T. Wheeler)

### MOOT POINTS ON PIPE SMOKING

May I take a few exceptions to the article by J. E. Keith in May issue, entitled "So You Can't Smoke a Pipe."

In the main, his article is good, but there are two points on which I, as a pipe smoker for the past 40 years, disagree. Mr. Keith advises the new pipe addict to "Never fill a hot pipe." In this he is dead wrong.

ALWAYS FILL A HOT PIPE, but don't light it until it has thoroughly cooled. The heat of your briar will distill the oils from the tobacco into the wood of the bowl, and assure you of a sweeter smoke, a cooler smoke, and a "right" pipe.

His suggestion to have a number of pipes is admirable, I have about 2 dozen, and altho some of them are 8 or nine years old, I have not, and never have had, a foul pipe. A foul pipe is a sure sign of a lazy smoker. Keep the bitt of your pipe against the roof of your mouth, this can easily be done by holding the pipe in the side of your

mouth, with the bitt between the molars, never hold a pipe in the front of the mouth with the incisors. You're either going to get it loaded with goo, or as Mr. Keith calls it "gunk", and you are going to make your jaw tired and your teeth uneven. It's not necessary to SMOKE your pipe after you have once lighted it. Just breathe thru it, then you get the full value of the smoke, the pipe does not go out, and you have really got something that is a gift from the gods.

Never carry A pipe. Have a couple at least with you. Usually I carry three or four and smoke them in rotation. But they are always loaded. As soon as the heel or dottle is dumped, the pipe is refilled, and when it's turn to get to work comes around, it's cool, it's sweet, and I have something to look forward to.

Always carry a few pipe cleaners in your pocket. They don't take up much room, and the weight is negligible. If a chip of tobacco gets into the stem and slows up the draft, a pipe cleaner will soon remedy that. At night, clean the pipe thoroughly, leave the bitt out of the shank so that both will thoroughly air, and in the morning, fit the bitt to the shank and lay the pipe away until it comes back to schedule.

About six of my pipes are reserved for house smoking at night. These pipes are never carried during the day. These pipes are also smoked in rotation, but they are always filled when hot.

The man who really wants to enjoy a pipe has to realize that his enjoyment will be in proportion to the care he takes of his pipes. You can't abuse your car and have it function properly, if you overwork your horse he can't perform perfectly. Don't think your pipe is any different. Everything has to have a rest.

And the tobacco has ALL to do with your pleasure in pipe smoking. Probably I'm a die-hard, but I'm still whittling my own dark plug, and believe that half of the would-be pipe smokers become discouraged because they want things made too easy for them.

All these present day prepared tobaccos in the fancy packages are doped to the skies with everything under the sun, and one has to be a miracle-man to smoke them slowly. Most of them are so loaded with saltpetre that they burn themselves out. If you want rum flavor, go get a shot of rum, if you want maple, you can find it at the confectioner's, but if you want TOBACCO, get tobacco, and let the rest of the so-called flavors wait.

Another point is the care of your tobacco. Never put apple in with tobacco, unless you can stand right there and keep your eye on it. In a short time the apple, if buried in the tobacco, will mold, and ruin the flavor of the whole works. The juice of an apple is largely water, and the juicier the apple the quicker the mold. Put a piece of orange peel in your tobacco jar, and it will never mold, because the moisture in the orange peel is oil, and will blend with the oil in your tobacco, with resulting richer flavor, richer aroma, and no mold.

If I've taken up too much of your time I'm sorry, but for the sake of the youngsters, and the oldsters, too, that crave the enjoyment of a good pipe, I could not resist the temptation to take issue with Mr. Keith. I am one of those nuts who, as Mr. Keith suggests, are slightly insane on the subject of pipes.

Sincerely,  
Buffalo, N.Y. CON NICHOLS

### OUR INCREDIBLE EDIBLE MAN

Page Mr. Brody. The poet who wrote "The Ballad of Bouillabaise" was W. M. Thackeray. Was there no volume of Familiar Quotations handy? Arlington, Va. W. L. McATEE

### REFUGEE FROM A SLIDE RULE

Nothing infuriates me so much, these days, as a squint at *Sound and Fury*.

Time was when laymen could mull those letter-pages over, and be interested a bit. But now—Bah! You've turned a bunch of crack-pot mathematicians loose in those hitherto sacrosanct pages; giving the chills to blokes like me who can't get chummy with equations.

I'm dead agin' any mathematical puzzles in *Sound and Fury* beyond the level of "if I had ten dollars and gave you . . ."

Yours,

Portland, Oregon CLIFF CERNICK

P. S. Otherwise Esky is Oke.

### FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: From this point on, the *Sound and the Fury* is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.

### ESTANOZY'S PENNIES

Make a deposit of one cent on January 1st and keep on adding to that as many more as there are days in one month or one year without missing one day, in arithmetical progression. On the 31st of January the savings will be \$4.96 and the last deposit on the 31st of December will be \$3.65 making a grand total of \$1156.32. A nice nest egg.

This calculation was done on an adding machine, but, can someone of the readers of *ESQUIRE* find a short method to compute this problem to check up with this result?

I am tired.

Yours truly

Jamaica, N.Y. ORMOND ESTANOZY

### HALFORD'S TRIO

It looks rather as if you were starting a full-fledged competition corner; why don't you? It seems rather unfair to overload the *Sound and the Fury* with mathematics.

Your problems are not very interesting except the old one of the four fours; the difficulty in that was always to produce the number 1 using only one 4, and it was done either by using an infinite number of square roots, or by the Gamma function; this function for a whole number is the factorial of the number below, and therefore applied to the square root of 4, gives 1.

I think what you really want is something on the lines of Lewis Carroll's problems, or those that used to appear in the London *New Statesman and Nation*, but which are now unfortunately discontinued. They never depended on very abstruse points of mathematics, but though quite honest they made you think, and could be done by almost anybody. One of that sort was to find the next number in the series 272, 345, 443, 1015. (Solutions on a separate page, in case you like to put these in.)

I was interested to see that Mr. Wentz has trisected an angle, perhaps he can also duplicate the cube and square the circle—that is find a line which is the side of a cube of double the volume of a given cube; and to find a line equal in length to the circumference of a circle; using ruler and compasses only. I have seen an approximate solution of the latter which has only an error of 10 yards in the earth's circumference, but I cannot reproduce it.

The Cauvel ladder depends on a quartic equation, but has nothing else to recommend it; Sgt. Hurt has apparently solved Fermat's problem, which no one else has up to now, even using

complex hypergeometric functions, or something of that sort; Stauffer's rationalization if it can be done depends on the sixth roots of unity, but I'm not sure if it will come out even then; MacConkey's runner is solved at once by similar triangles; Scoville's interest depends on whether the repayments bear interest, and if so at what rate; Barron's twosome depends on a knowledge of elementary trigonometry and approximation; and that is why I say the problems are dull.

An interesting one which is purely mathematical is to construct a triangle given the sum of the sides, the length of one side, and one angle.

And a catch; two trains start out from the opposite ends of a diameter of a circular track; the total circumference of the track is 240 miles; one train goes at 45 m.p.h. and the other at 35 m.p.h.; a bird starts out from the front of the locomotive of one at the same time and flies to the other, immediately turns round and flies back to the first one and so on; it flies at 60 m.p.h.; how far will it have flown by the time the two locomotives meet?

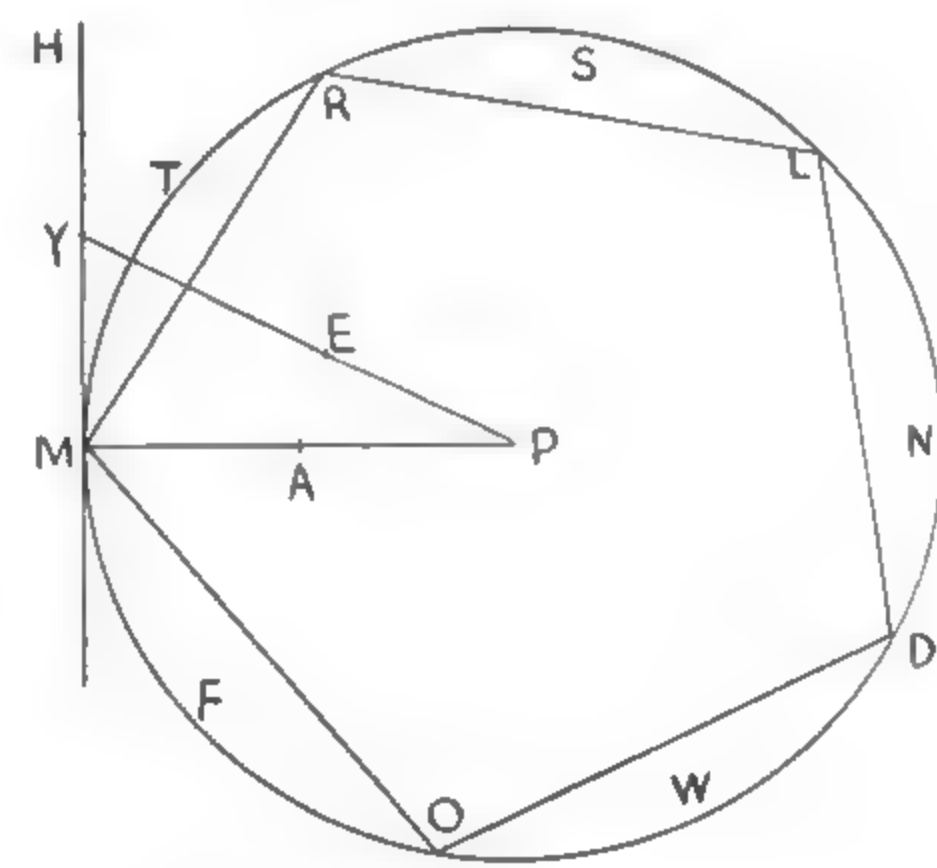
As for 1, 2, 3 and win 6, the author was quite right; it reduces the odds from evens to two to one in your favor, and unless the board is running very peculiarly you must therefore win. I am not much of a mathematician, but the whole thing seems very mysterious, and what is more so, is why no one ever spotted it before. For if at any stage the number of figures written down is x, then if you lose y times in succession, you only need to win  $\frac{1}{2}(x+y)$ ; say you lose 47 times in succession you only need to win 25 times, and at any stage you only need to win once to balance two losses. I must try it out in practice; does the author want a rake-off?

Yours faithfully,

Sukkur, Sind, India D. HALFORD

### SOLVING CHAPA'S CIRCLE-SECTING

Chapa thought he had us on his circle sub-division, did he? Here's a method I learned from my high-school math teacher: draw a circle, center at P. Draw radius MP, construct a perpendicular HM at M. Bisect MP at A, lay off this distance on the perpendicular to Y. Draw YP. Then lay off on YP EP equal to half the radius or AP. The distance YE will go around the circumference exactly 10 times; take every other point and the circle is quintisected, or whatever!



Sincerely  
Yellow Springs, Ohio. PETER M. HAY

### COMBS' CATTLE

I have a problem for the mathematical minded readers of this department. Here it is:

A farmer goes to town to buy one hundred head of livestock. He has one hundred dollars with which he may purchase them. Cows cost ten dollars; pigs cost three dollars, sheep cost fifty cents. He must buy at least one of each kind. How many of each did he buy?

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM C. COMBS, JR.  
Rochester, N.Y.



## Boy, Another Stengah!

Continued from page 25

cleaned during this month.

"Why, I thought that's all we were keeping it for, in case somebody wanted to borrow it for a costume?"

"Well, not Joe Schleck. He'd get tight and maybe smash it. After all, that hat's worth something."

"Not to us it isn't."

"Well," said George.

Anyway, Joe Schleck changed his mind and went as a tramp instead. Gracie remarked that if George had gone as a tramp nobody would have known he was dressed up. He looked that way all the time, she said.

"Well," said George.

It was a Sunday morning in August that the kitten got stuck in the tree. It wasn't their kitten. They didn't keep any, because Gracie didn't like cats—said she just couldn't stand having those sneaky things around. It belonged to the Armstrongs next door; but Lou Armstrong happened to be playing golf, and George, who was cutting the grass, was the only man around at the time; so Jane Armstrong appealed to Gracie, and Gracie went and got George.

"Let the thing stay up there," said George. He was hot and getting tired already, though it was only about eleven.

"You *can't* let it do that! It's yelling its head off! Can't you hear it?"

"Sure I can hear it. But why can't it climb down itself? It got

up there, didn't it?"

"I know, but it's *frightened*, don't you understand? It's only a kitten afraid to come down!"

"Well."

She faced him. Looked right at him.

"George, you're not going to tell me that you're—"

"No, of course I'm not! Don't be silly! Of a kitten?"

"Well, anybody would think—"

"All right, all right! Where is the fool thing?"

He knew perfectly well where it was, and without waiting for Gracie to tell him that he knew perfectly well where it was, he went to the tree. The kitten was about twenty feet up, where the lowest branch joined the trunk, and it was yowling like mad.

George went to the Armstrong's garage and got out their stepladder, which was longer than his.

He opened it right against the tree, sideways, but even then it was wobbly. What's more, he had to climb up to the very top step, and he hated to do that, even with Gracie and Jane holding the ladder. But he did it. It was the only way he could reach the cat.

The stepladder rocked, and he felt a trifle sick. He had one arm around the trunk of the tree. He reached up with the other.

The kitten, panicky, scratched him twice. He grabbed it around the body. The kitten made an awful fuss, struggling, screeching.

Lifting it down, he had to take it right past his own face and he didn't dare move much because of the wobbly ladder. One of the kitten's claws caught him on the tip of the nose. It didn't hurt.

He got down the ladder all right, though his face felt cold and his heart was going lickety-split. Jane Armstrong just couldn't thank him enough. She made a great to-do about the scratch and wanted to wash it with hydrogen peroxide and put a piece of court plaster on it; but he laughed, and Gracie laughed.

"It doesn't amount to anything," he said. "Good for me to lose a little blood now and then."

"Look: it's dripping all over your *shirt*! You must let me—"

"Oh, forget it. This is a filthy dirty shirt anyway."

"It certainly is," Gracie said, and laughed. "I can't see why you ever wore it."

"Well, I was just going to cut the grass . . ."

Laughing and protesting that it didn't mean a thing, and that she was quite welcome, they went into the house. Gracie wetted a piece of absorbent cotton with hydrogen peroxide and washed the scratch. Then she put a piece of court plaster over it.

"Now for heaven's sake, go upstairs and put on a decent shirt. This one was bad enough even before you got it full of blood."

There were only four clean shirts,

and the top two were those semi-stiff ones Gracie had bought him last month. Obviously he couldn't wear those. The bottom two—they were practically always the bottom two—were the plain white soft ones with collar attached. He put one of these on. He got a necktie and went to the mirror.

There, catching sight of himself, he paused. He put down the necktie, undid the top two buttons of the shirt. He joggled the collar, so that it looked sort of loose and careless. He went to the closet.

The kids were out. And he could hear Gracie moving around downstairs, fixing dinner and probably wondering whether they oughtn't to have the Lefevres over for some night next week.

"It had been a close thing. Came upon the beggar suddenly as I walked around a clump of bamboo, and as luck would have it my gun bearer was full fifty paces behind me. Jolly good thing I was wearing my revolver here. Never without it, of course. Ah well, drink up! Another one? Why not? *Boy!*"

But it was not quite the same with that piece of court plaster there. He turned his head a bit, the chin out, and half-closed his eyes; but it wasn't the same.

Sighing, he hung up the helmet. Anyway, you had to be sort of in the mood for that kind of thing.

Still, you couldn't tell. He might really get a chance to wear it yet. ##

## Shopping for a Plane

Continued from page 90

feats that have to be paid for. For unlike land engines, an airplane motor has to embody a miraculous victory of power over weight. If this were not accomplished within a reasonable ratio, any gain that might be achieved in power would be offset by the increase in weight—and before you knew it, you would be digging a subway.

A brilliant example of the progress that has been made in this direction is the 65 H.P. Continental, Lycoming, and Franklin engines used on most of the light planes. Most of these weigh around 170 pounds—which is much less than the mass avoirdupois of Miss Elsa Maxwell. Nevertheless these engines will lift themselves, the plane, a full load of gas, Mr. Alexander Woolcott as well as Miss Maxwell—and zip down to Camp Nitgedaiget at a good 100 miles or more per hour. This all means high-priced light-weight alloys for construction—and the gradual writing off of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of research and manufacturing equipment.

\* \* \*

Let us assume that you are sympathetic to all the problems of cost accounting, and you want to buy speed. What are the problems here? What are the industry's problems, and how do they affect you?

It so happens that the development costs of really high-speed

flying is terrific. For that reason the time-light-relativity ships like the Aircobras have been reserved for the people who are advancing civilization bomb by bomb. Students of theology know that the Prince of Darkness is always in the money.

As a sober, law-abiding, American citizen, loving your neighbor, your wings are clipped. To get a super-speed ship you will have to develop Mongoloid eyes and prove to the satisfaction of the government that you only want a pursuit ship for the pursuit of happiness—defensively, of course, and on enemy territory.

If you can pass the international I.Q. test, you may be allowed to exchange some \$50,000 in yen for such sport items as 404 M.P.H. Lockheed 322-61, the 400 M.P.H. kiss-of-death Bell Aircobra (that blows 37 mm. shells through the propeller hub) or those Brewsters and Vought-Sikorskys whose performance and specifications excite the interest of all the better-informed foreign agents.

But since you are what you are, you will have to content yourself with a top speed of around 212 M.P.H. Of course, if some half a million dollars is unimportant to you, you could pick up a good 240 M.P.H. transport, like the new Boeing 307 Stratoliner, take out the odd 37 extra seats and

restyle the interior for ping-pong, bowling, or the shot-put.

Especially to be recommended among the medium-priced speed buys for this season are the Beech D-17 R and S, 5-seater biplanes slated for 202 M.P.H. cruising and priced around \$18,870. Also, the Howard DGA-15P, a high-wing monoplane, a 4-5 place ship with about the same speed specifications, and in the same price class; and the \$23,500 all-metal Sparton Executive, a low-wing monoplane—a shining, bullet of a job with parallel speed claims.

The engine differences are as follows: the Beech D-17 R has a Wright Whirlwind rated at 420 H.P. at 2200 r.p.m.; the Beech D-17 S a Pratt and Whitney SB Wasp Jr. rated at 400 H.P. at 2200 r.p.m. The Howard DGA-15P and Sparton Executive both have the Pratt and Whitney SB Wasp Jr.

Remember that when you go out to buy a speed plane and intend to do some comparative shopping, don't lean too heavily on the manufacturer's performance figures. Take the problem of "cruising speed." This is a meaningless term unless you know what percentage of the rated engine power is being used. A plane might do 190 M.P.H. at 65 per cent rated power, 200 at 75 per cent, 208 at 85 per cent. Thus two manufacturers, building competitive

ships, but using the same engine, may give two markedly different "cruising speed" ratings—and the more conservative manufacturer will suffer from the inference that his is the slower ship.

Another variable is altitude. The same ship will have different speeds at different altitudes. Comparisons have to be made at the same or corresponding altitudes. And finally, there is the rating of the individual ship—every motor, and every plane, has its own peculiarities in spite of all the abracadabras of standardization. I know a man who had his motor calibrated one day at noon and found a rating of 449 H.P. Coming back after lunch, his gauge showed a drop to 438 H.P. Somewhere and somehow, while he was eating, 11 H.P. slipped away from him. He is still looking for those fugitive horses.

But in spite of these minor problems, you can count on any of the 400 H.P. *plus* fliers to give you a sense of personal power, and a feeling of triumph over time, that has no match in anything weaker than an opium dream. This short, short story is an example:

Between a series of meaningless appointments in Manhattan, I heard that a new Sparton Executive had been delivered to a Long Island field. Leaving my first appointment, I taxied to the field. Standing by the hangar was this

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## Shopping for a Plane

Continued from pages 90-153

shining metal job, standing idle and cold. The taxi pulled up to the side of the ship. I threw away my cigarette and climbed in. The ignition was flicked on, the starter pushed. Three minutes later we jumped into the air. In less time than it takes to phrase this, we had practically cleared Long Island—headed to sea at some 205 M.P.H. It was a simple matter to spit at leisure on the proud *Rex*, idling below.

Split minutes later we were back circling the field. A quick swoop—and the plane rolled up alongside the waiting taxi. The ignition was flicked off. I picked up my cigarette, still burning. Fifteen minutes later I was wasting the rest of the morning at my second appointment.

It is not easy to describe the heightened sense of life which comes from a conquest like this over workaday notions of time and space—although it must be ad-

mitted that a split-minute victory in a lifetime of futility is practically progress in reverse.

This is no place for metaphysics. Possibly speed can be held to be an end in itself, like youth, beauty, a rum swizzle, and the peninsula of Florida.

It's unimportant, anyway, now that Pirandello is dead.

\* \* \*

Now we are set for a quick loop around the industry's vicious circle.

Planes are costly in terms of automobile values because they are practically hand whittled. They are hand whittled because sales are slow. Sales are slow because the average business man—the heart of any money market—has not learned to fly. And the business man hasn't learned to fly (a) because he's never thought of it, (b) because today's flying's simplicity, safety, and low upkeep cost have never been impressed on

him, and (c) the initial cost isn't in line with his sense of automobile values.

If we could get more people flying, the circle would break itself. And the only way to get them flying is to get them flying—the one point that the industry seems backward in realizing. The government has taken the first step—giving free training to college students. But the unhappy corollary is that not many college students can afford a spare girl, much less a plane.

Not many books are sold among the Hottentots, because not many Hottentots can read. If the cost of publishing the Encyclopedia Britannica had to be pro-rated among the literate Hottentots you would have a good parallel to the aeronautics industry in 1940. This doesn't mean that remarkable values aren't being handed out in spite of the problems—but there is still yeoman's work ahead.

A job has to be done ahead of sales. It is true that if you buy a Piper Cub, Taylorcraft, Aeronca, Porterfield, or Luscombe, you get free flying instructions. But the situation is upside down. Most people who can't read aren't interested in books, and most people who can't fly have a holy fear of going up—the way people in the 1890's were afraid of “the night air.”

More than a million men are just waiting to be pushed into flying. They have the money, the drive, the potential interest. Flying is their meat for summer commuting, for travel, and for sport—as well as business. There is no point in their waiting to become angels.

We have to dope out a scheme for teaching the average man to fly either at a negligible cost—or at no cost at all. Otherwise we'll have to put W. C. Fields in charge of sales. ‡‡

## Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 95

door cooking. The quick-burning woods are willow, poplar and cottonwood, etc. When you don't even have these for kindling, use corn cobs, sagebrush, or even cactus stalks. Embers, not flames, make a good fire for cooking. Soft wood merely blazes, and is useful only to heat liquids rapidly. Steaks, game, fowl, stews, corn on the cob, and eggs can be cooked to perfection only among embers.

I pause to confess that I would rather eat roasted corn on the cob or roasted eggs than almost anything else, even if they do say both are indigestible.

Back to the fire: It must have air; so when you are adding sticks or logs to it, be careful always to leave spaces. It is good to build a wall around a fire, even if it's only a few bricks or stones, but it isn't necessary. The so-called “Hunter's Fire” is both excellent and a very old method. This is a simple crane from which a kettle hangs; it should be made of strong, green wood, two upright forked sticks with a cross-piece of lug pole resting between them. Don't touch the hot kettle; use pot hooks for changing and lifting it off the fire.

The great delight for any man is to cook game that he himself has shot; but it is a satisfactory substitute to run around the corner and buy the game before going on the outing. It is difficult to stuff pheasant without sufficient equipment, time and ingredients; it is best to make it on the spit. For a spit take a strong green stick as thick as your thumb; peel it and sharpen one end as you would a pencil. Put it through the pheasant lengthwise and hang it about one foot above a bed of coals by resting the end of the spit in the forks of two stout green sticks firm in the ground at opposite sides of the fire. Rotate the stick now and then. Your pheas-

ant will be done in about an hour. The same goes for partridge and other fowl, only they should all be wrapped in bacon.

Don't smile when I speak of pheasants, supposed to be a rare delicacy in this country because of the short hunting season; now a Mr. Samuel Martin of Seattle, Washington, puts them up in cans in his spare time, when he is not importing tweeds from England. The Martin pheasants are very good, I am told; I haven't tasted them because the sample can was wrongly addressed and went to another department.

Venison is supposed to be tough and unpalatable when eaten immediately after the kill. It ought to hang for seven days. How is it then that I ate wonderful cutlets from a deer bagged near Lake Tahoe in California as soon as we got to the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City?—and let me tell you we sped, with mouths drooling.

Beef and lamb can also be made on the spit in the same fashion as fowl. Steak grilled in a wire broiler is very good, especially if you don't forget to sear the meat on both sides before settling down to more serious broiling. But they say that “brick steak” is the best in the world. The origin of this way of cooking steak is obscure, but it seems to have come from tropical climes. A red brick is put in the fire and heated to a very high temperature; the brick is then taken out, and the seasoned steak is placed on it, and is covered with large leaves, fruit leaves when possible.

One tropical specialty leads to another, and after explaining a bit about it, I shall give you the recipe of *Tasso de Dinde*, turkey for outdoor parties, a great favorite in Caribbean countries and especially in Haiti. It is reported that when President Vin-

cent of Haiti was a very poor young man, he often said he would like once in his life to have enough money to eat his fill of Tasso de Dinde.

The President is quite well-to-do now, and besides a large salary, he receives twenty dollars a day extra for his expenses on food. Life is cruel, or rather there is poetic justice; today the President of Haiti can eat only green stuffs and fruit, and the national turkey dish is strictly forbidden him. As you probably know, the buccaneers were the first settlers of Haiti; they were named after their habit of curing their meat over small fires of green wood on spits, which were called *boucans* by the original inhabitants, the Indians.

The Haitians are still saying *boucanié* instead of grilled. They marinated their meat overnight in fruit juices—they had no wine—hence this recipe:

TASSO DE DINDE  
OR

TURKEY BUCCANEER STYLE

Open a young turkey up its back and patiently take out all the bones with the aid of a small, sharp knife. Make a pickle of orange juice, lemon juice, vinegar, salt and pepper, also tomatoes and green peppers, four large onions, cut up; but no garlic, for this absolutely spoils it. Close it up in a large pan, and keep it this way overnight, so the turkey will get all the perfume of the pickle. In the morning throw the juice away, and dry the turkey in the sun, but not too much; it should remain a bit moist. Cut up the bird on a wooden plank, put it in a kettle with chopped onions, butter, a little lemon juice, salt and pepper, and cook it over a lively campfire.

Mutton or veal fillets are very good when outing food is made into Eastern Kebabs, or Shish-Kebab—page Mr. Saroyan—on the skewer, with onions, apples, rashers of bacon, salt curry powder and powdered ginger. As to fish, Kedgeree gets first mention.

Make it of boiled fish, rice, butter, pepper, salt, eggs, and ketchup.

Trout is quite marvelous on the spit, and lesser fish becomes a dream in goulash; you make it exactly as you would a meat goulash, but it doesn't take so long. Salmon barbecue is said to surpass anything edible. Everyone knows how to make fried fish. In order to make pickerel palatable, it should be soaked in cold water for a couple of hours; meanwhile, brown finely cut bacon, chopped onions and green peppers in a pan, adding salt, pepper, sage and mustard.

Bass is a huge success if boiled in white wine. Deboned fish is a blessing, but it takes skilled hands to take out each little bone. I heard of someone vacationing in Gloucester who dressed up in appropriate camping attire, took his fishing tackle, purchased a can of sardines, and went on an outing. This provident fellow said afterward that he never enjoyed sardines so much as on that day.

Corned beef is a must in the knapsack, whether the camping lasts for a day or a week; so is canned tuna fish, tomato sauce—for soups, spaghetti, and sauces—Worcestershire sauce, corn, and possibly baked beans; notwithstanding the fact that Pythagoras says repeatedly in his verses that the “chief principle of morality is to abstain from eating beans.” Mr. P. lived in another, less natural era. Cheese is a must too. Another famous man, the god of all culinary writers, Brillat-Savarin, asserted that the only dessert suited to a knapsack is cheese, be it Roquefort or Gruyère, American or imported. American cheese is excellent, some varieties vastly superior to foreign kinds. All cheeses contain protein, without which, dietitians say, we can't exist happily and healthily.

If the outdoor affair is to last

Continued at top of page 156





*"I don't know what to think now, darling—Winchell says 'yes' but the doctor just said 'no'"*



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## Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 95-154

several days, bread gives the most trouble. It gets stale in no time, and the person who is particular about his Wiener Semmel, or French *croissant*, or brioche, or who wants crumpets, muffins, Russian *blinis*, Chelsea buns, or even the modest but marvelous *pain-de-ménage*, is just out of luck. The only way to assure yourself of fresh Staff of Life is to bake your own biscuits, a very easy and simple task. Any baking powder or sack of flour you buy will have a recipe for making biscuits. They are made of flour, baking powder, salt, shortening and milk, mixed and sifted, and the milk gradually added.

Before saying a further word about wines, and how to cool them. I want to tell you, like the prudent man I would like the world to think me, that fires should be dead before you leave the place, and courtesy demands that you leave enough wood to start a fire for the next party. Also, some states and counties have to be asked permission to build a fire, and in some wooded counties, you can't get the permission for love or money.

The wine has to be cooled, of course; this is no problem if you have been wise enough to erect your wigwam near a stream, preferably coming from the mountains. In my childhood in the

backwoods of a primitive country, we had no refrigeration of any sort, but we had a stream that ran lazily along the edge of the garden; each morning several bottles of wine—the day's supply—were tied to a tree trunk by the brookside, and submerged in the stream along with some watermelons. Let me tell you that this was a marvelous refrigerating system, the cold taste of that wine—I had to dilute it with plenty of water—and those watermelons still lingers in my mouth. A sensational wine for outdoors and the summer in general is Arbois Rosé, a pinkish wine of course; it comes from the Jura Mountains, is very dry, and tastes like strawberries.

Gewürz-Traminer is another summer wine, very cooling, and still, if you add a bit of soda water, it makes you gay. In fact most Alsatian wines have the same effect, and the flavor and piquancy of these wines goes well with all outdoor feats. I don't enjoy hard liquor at summer open-air functions. I know the Bouché and Fragonard paintings too well not to know what fun is to be had at pastorals, and I don't intend to miss any of it in exchange for "arf a yard o' white satin" as they say in the English Navy. A man should have better things to do at an outing than to get cockeyed. #

## The Death of Herod

Continued from page 39

may speak freely. Two here are my brothers and the third is my father-in-law."

"The old fox is going to the games. They have begun clearing the street and closing the shutters. The Roman chariots will ride up and down for another hour making certain that not a soul is concealed anywhere who may send an arrow shaft to his heart. Then his spearmen will line the street on both sides and they will carry him briskly along in his litter. We have no time to lose. We will attend the games and mingle with the Greeks and get close to him and when we are ... No one would suspect. Jews never attend Greek games. And in so large a crowd ... I am blind but I will lead you. Come, let us hurry. Call the rest."

The seven, dressed in Greek mantles, each with a dagger concealed, were soon on their way to the arena. And the blind Elder was among them.

The blind man pretended he could see and cheered with the crowd during the contests. The seven nudged each other and from time to time moved closer and closer to the place where Herod sat surrounded by his body guard and Roman officers. The blind man kept whispering words of encouragement to his companions, urging them to proceed boldly for now was the time, "the golden chance" as he put it, to free Jerusalem of its cruel tyrant.

Perhaps these words of encour-

agement spoken softly in the Palestine dialect and not in Greek were overheard by one of Herod's men. Or perhaps it was something about their manner which betrayed these seven Jews attending the Greek sports ... At any rate, whatever it was, the seven were suddenly seized when they were only a few paces away from Herod. And the blind Elder was seized along with the rest. The daggers were discovered and they were brought face to face with Herod. Trumpets blew and the games were stopped. A hush fell over the entire arena.

"My life!" cried Herod. "It is not enough that I have rebuilt your temple and allow you to worship freely. It is not enough that I have brought fresh water from the hills into Jerusalem. From ruins I have rebuilt your city and now ... You must have my life besides!"

They stood before him, pale and speechless. The soldiers pinned their arms behind their backs. There was nothing to say.

"Speak!" he cried.

But only the blind Elder had courage to open his mouth.

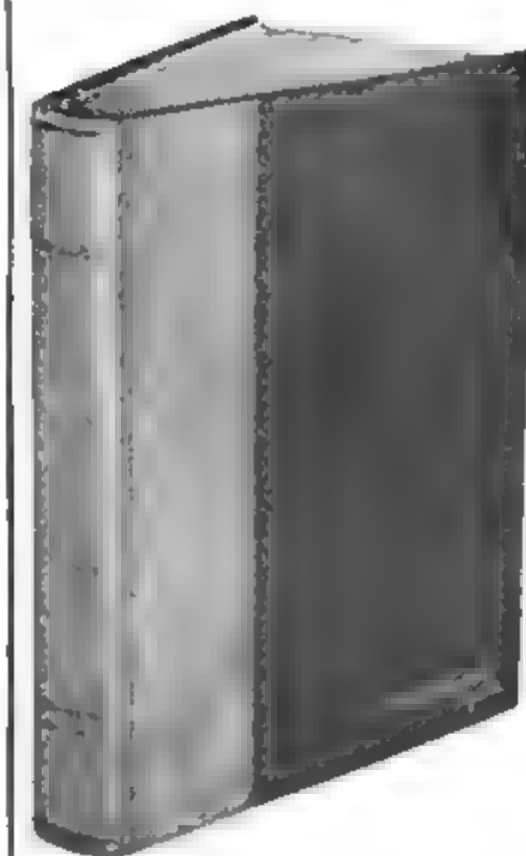
"What becomes of us matters little," he said. "We love our people more than we love our own lives. We have failed, but others may succeed."

"You want me dead!" cried Herod, enraged.

"Yes, dead!" shouted the blind man. A Roman soldier beside him, on hearing these insolent words,

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struck him squarely in the face.

"Then what you desire for others you shall have for yourselves. I will root you out, and your wives and children and kin—all, all! Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe. For such is the law of Moses. Your law! And by your own law shall you be judged."

The seven were taken into a dungeon below the arena seats. And within an hour their wives and children were also taken from their homes.

But for some reason or other the blind Elder was soon removed to Herod's palace. His hands and feet were bound and he was placed on the long marble terrace, here to await Herod's return.

At the same time, while these disturbances were taking place, the council of the Jews known as the *Sanhedrin* was in session in their semi-circular chamber beside the Temple. The high rabbi chosen for his wisdom and his eminence sat in the center of the raised stone dais. At the right sat the "father of the house of judgment" or second in eminence. About them on either side sat the scribes, lawyers and others steeped in Talmud law, beside the lesser rabbis of the Temple and the rabbis of the local synagogues of Jerusalem. All in all, this supreme court and governing council numbered seventy-one.

About an hour after the attempt on Herod's life, some Roman soldiers, rude, and with uncovered heads, entered the chamber of the *Sanhedrin* and demanded the robes of office of the high priest. A deathly silence fell over the room.

"It is not possible!" exclaimed the high rabbi in amazement.

"We have been sent and we shall not return empty handed."

"Herod?" questioned the high rabbi in a whisper.

"Yes."

"He would leave me naked!"

The soldiers did not reply.

"Then lead the way. I will myself bring my robes of office to him so that he may see my face as I deliver them."

Herod was now again resting on his couch. The events of the morning and afternoon had used up his strength. Between the marble columns he could see the red sun setting over the towers of Jerusalem. In a corner was the bound, blind plotter against his life.

The soldiers brought the high priest before Herod.

"I have come to deliver to you what you ask, if it is true."

"It is my wish."

"This is very sudden, sire. And the reason?"

"Sudden!" cried Herod, rising on his elbow. "Life is sudden and death is sudden. The reason?" He pointed with his finger to the bound prisoner in the corner of the terrace. "Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him well. He is the blind Elder, Yochan."

The blind man turned his head in the direction of the voices. He

recognized the voice of the eminent high rabbi of the Temple.

"He is of your people," spoke Herod sharply.

"He is ours," admitted the rabbi.

"Then I will have your robes of office."

"No, no!" cried the blind man, struggling on the floor. "I alone am responsible, no others."

"Yes. You will die. But before you die I must punish you. If you had eyes you could see your beloved rabbi, now humble before me. Come. Your robes!"

"I am wearing them, sire."

"Take them off!"

"They are not mine to give away. They belong to the Temple. I won them with forty years of devotion."

"And in one day you lose them!"

"The Services of our holy days cannot be conducted without them."

"On those days I will lend you the garments."

"No."

"Take them off, I say!"

"Take them off yourself; I cannot."

Herod ordered the soldiers to remove the vestments of the high priest. They took off his great turban first and then removed the golden breast-plate and robes of his high office. He was left standing in his sandals and thin undergarments.

"See," cried Herod to the blind man. "Your high priest is naked before me. This sight should open the eyes even of the blind."

"I see. I see!" shouted the blind man with great emotion. "My mind sees but my eyes are spared the..."

"Place the turban on the Elder's head," ordered Herod.

"No, no!" pleaded the blind man.

The high priest of the Temple stood speechless. No words could he find.

"I want to see how an assassin looks in the dress of the high priest! Put the turban on his head and throw the robe over his shoulders!"

The Roman soldiers did as they were ordered.

But the blind man shook his head and the turban would not stay on. And the robe also he managed, even though his hands were bound, to throw off.

"I hope now you are content, sire, and I may take back my robes of office."

"I will keep them."

"Then I must walk through the streets..."

"Start now!"

"The humiliation before my own people..."

"This is only the beginning. Go, go!"

To add to the rabbi's humiliation he ordered the Roman soldiers to walk before him and beat their drums so that all in the streets would see the rabbi without his robes of office.

The setting sun outlined the towers of Jerusalem with its full red glint. The seventy-year-old tyrant listened closely for any

*Continued at top of page 158*

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## The Death of Herod

*Continued from pages 39-157*

sounds of fresh disturbances but he heard only the distant drums leading away the high priest of the Temple. His turban and robes of office were on the floor beside Herod's couch. The blind man, bound hand and foot, knelt in the corner of the marble terrace.

"This is the end of a full day," spoke Herod. "Speak, blind man, do you like the night?"

"It is welcome, as God gives it."

"Your days are dark anyway."

"The world is dark but man's spirit has a dazzling brightness."

"What can you see without your eyes?"

"I can see all things. In my mind I can see my whole race bending under a heavy yoke. I can hear the groans. And when you speak I see a black toothless mouth in an ugly face!"

"And what else do you see, insolent wretch!"

"I see a king who is dead and the people rejoicing."

"That is what you would wish."

"Yes. I have wished it and we may still succeed. Others will become bold through our attempt and our people will still rejoice."

"There will be no rejoicing. When I die Jerusalem will mourn as it has never mourned before. That I promise you."

"And I can promise you something. Your nights will be haunted by the many spirits of those who are now dead. You will see the proud and great families of Jerusalem in your dreams and you will see your wife and her mother and brothers and all whose lives you have taken. And your own son, you will hear his cries, for his blood drips from your fingers. And when you walk you must step on

the bodies of all the hundreds and thousands you have slain. The streets of your dreams are paved with your dead. And you will be alone and cry out, but no one will come to you. And in the distance you will hear rejoicing—laughter, joy, music, dancing—for as certain as night must fall so the glad light of day must arrive."

"Enough! It is enough!"

"This is the dream you will dream and all your dreams are heaven sent, and must come true."

"Take him away!" cried Herod.

The Roman soldiers took hold of the Elder and dragged him across the terrace.

"The dream will sap your strength!" cried the blind man.

"And you won't be able to rise."

"Away!"

The blind man was thrown into a dungeon below the palace walls. He awaited his end patiently and with a firm conviction that his words might help destroy the already maddened and enfeebled tyrant. He knew of Herod's great belief in dreams, but he knew also that he was hard, cruel, and devoid of conscience. "Would it be possible to implant remorse into such a creature?" he asked himself. But he answered it himself: "No," and many times "no." Soon he fell asleep.

At dawn he was awakened rudely. They had come to kill him.

"Why did you not murder me in my sleep?"

"Because then it might not pain you."

"And you come so early because . . . Because you were ordered?"

"Yes."

"The orders were from him?"

"Yes, they were."

"Thank the Lord." He bared his breast. "He has not slept."

"You are a demon!" cried the soldier, bringing his great sword down upon the blind Elder.

That morning Herod ordered that one member of each family of Jerusalem be arrested and taken to the pit of the open arena. All afternoon men, women and children were brought to this place until almost the entire oval was filled with humanity. The women kept to one end and the men reclined at the other end. They covered their faces with cloth to shield them from the burning sun. At the same time Herod called his officers and spoke with them.

"Last night," he said, "I had a dream, and in this dream . . . It does not matter. I am no longer young and my days are perhaps few. In the event that I should die, I want you to promise me faithfully that the prisoners now in the arena will all be slain. All, all! One from each family in Jerusalem so that no house may be without mourning."

After they promised faithfully to obey his wishes, he gave each of them a present of gold and ordered the young Greek dancing girls to be brought before him. They came through the halls of the palace singing and dancing and jingling their tambourines. Then they bowed before Herod and loosened their garments and began a simple folk dance of their native land.

But Herod remembered the words of the blind man. "You will hear rejoicing, laughter, music, dancing, for as night must fall so the glad light of day must arrive."

"Stop!" he cried. And he ordered the girls sent away.

Fresh disturbances broke out in the market place and in the lower court of the Temple the seventy-one elders of the council appeared before the people and the high priest was among them. Instead of his robes of office he wore mourning.

The entire Roman garrison was needed to protect the gates of the arena where over a thousand prisoners were encamped. The hours of the day were filled with oaths and shouting and the silence of the night was broken by weeping.

At night the mad tyrant raved and he would wake up and cry out to his servants: "Stop the laughter and music. Stop them at once!"

At the end of three days Herod was dead and the soldiers went to the arena to carry out the promise given Herod by their captains. But the entire population of Jerusalem had formed a solid ring about the arena, closely packed, with arms locked, row upon row.

So much flesh, so much blood and bone would have to be hacked through in order to arrive at the gates that the soldiers grew discouraged and hesitated in their duty. Soon they gave it up altogether and retired into the garrison.

Then the gates were broken down and the prisoners brought through the streets in triumph. While the servants in the palace were placing the golden candlesticks about Herod's bier there was such laughter and rejoicing and music from the streets that they drew the heavy curtains across the columns. But even this did not keep out the buoyant and spirited joy.

"Herod is dead!" they cried. And they clapped their hands and laughed and kissed each other. ##

## North by Waterway

*Continued from page 99*

run. Both gunwales are always level. You will see that the shoulder muscles, not the arm muscles, make the stroke. The line of stroke, beginning near enough to the gunwale just to clear the knuckles of the left hand, sweeps back on a perfect parallel to the keel, not following the curve of the stern end. If this one stroke were completed as is, with blade at right angles to keel, your bow would make an arc to the right. But it isn't completed in that manner. From somewhere in the progress of the stroke the wrists make a twist, so that the inner edge of the blade goes to the stern, and the blade comes out of the water outer edge down. This twist, when under way, corrects the swing of bow to the right. In fact, it keeps it from even being born, and the canoe moves forward on a straight line. With blade out of water bring arms back in the swing until the paddle lies again across the gunwales (but not touching) and your stroke is completed.

Now paddle with your canoe bow aimed at a point, and get the rhythm of those full-armed swings.

Play at twisting the blade. You'll find that you can counteract swing to the right by the angle at which you dip your paddle. To steer to the left, put more twist on the blade and, if necessary, push away from the boat a bit. But the technique of paddling is to keep a level keel, and make your turns exact from point to point along shore, without missing a stroke. When racing, you may crook the elbows, reach far forward, lean far back on the paddle. But the straight-arm will reel off the miles and, though painful at first, you'll bless it in the long, long run.

All this, of course, is for calm water without much wind. With a blow coming, shift off your thwart until you are squatting on the bottom, Indian fashion, just back of the middle of the boat. Most of your body is out of the wind, your knees wide apart, and you crouch forward. And now, to heck with the straight-arm stuff! Do anything that will get your paddle into water so you can stroke on the lee side without upsetting. Use your gunwale as a fulcrum for your twists. With that leverage

you should be able to paddle in any direction, wind or no. But if you are still zooming toward the black, jagged rocks, begin praying and slither to the end handiest, and paddle into the wind first on one side, then the other.

In high waves on large lakes you will find the hollows are troughs of safety, with the wind going over even with the wave crests. It's the crest, with its boil of white water, which makes for nervousness. There are times when, if you aimed against wind to plow through the smother at right angles to the roller, that old green devil would feel he was invited for a ride, and he'd clamber over both gunwales in white sock feet. Three such, and you might as well swim for it unless you have a bailing bucket handy. Otherwise follow the troughs. If these are taking you out to sea, and you must go into the wind, quarter into it. This takes balance and timing no end. Here comes a roller, a green mountain heaving at you. Dig in and paddle like hell up that slope. Try to get enough momentum so that you shoot against wind and sky

at the top. The idea is to take the blow of wind and surf against half or three-quarters of the bottom. To do this you are at an angle on the hill, in a swell position for the wind to bowl you over. Hence the umpah! on the blade to push him in the face until the boiling crest has smoked away past your middle, and you can teeter over the knife edge to spank down on the opposite slope. Now you can breathe, until you feel your bow going up the slope again.

Rapids? There's nothing can be printed in type to tell you how to shoot a rapids. Going up, of course, the usual thing is to have a good man in the stern with a sixteen foot pole, steel tipped, to work it against the rocks on the river bottom and push the craft forward. A great help is to have another man hauling on a rope along shore. But the safest way is to take up your boat, and walk around. Going down is a stunt. Even a tiny rapids, so fragile looking and smooth, is all set with cross-cut saws planted thither and yon, and only one tooth is needed to saw your canoe into neatly spaced ribbons. Study

*Continued at top of page 161*





*“Shucks, I’ve always been this way, general . . . when I was a kid it was alarm clocks”*





*“After a year as his secretary, he pulls this typewriting and shorthand stuff on me”*



## North by Waterway

Continued from pages 99-158

just how water behaves when it strikes submerged rocks, so that you can tell what's happening by the green and the white. Some green will carry you over, and then again it won't. Some white, thrown upward from rocks with gigantic force, makes a perpetual boil to carry your craft on a bed of feathers till you can think again.

By now, having mastered the art of paddling alone, you will find that with two of you dipping the blades life is infinitely less complex. Some Indians claim that speed is amplified by both blades breaking water on one side of the canoe. But this puts the stern man to no end of wrist-bending for he

has to twist double to keep a straight line. Be comfortable and paddle on opposite sides. Both blades travel parallel to the keel. Every fifth stroke the stern man angles his blade just enough to keep on the trail, but the old battle of counteraction is gone. Both blades swing in perfect unison.

In passing, the stern man is captain, steersman and navigator, while the bow man is lookout. The bow man can do no end of good steering through rapid water filled with discouraged logs and rocks. Picture yourself in the bow. You're under way, and how! A deadhead looms too suddenly to convey its position by word of mouth back

ast. With your paddle on the left side, say, and in the good old stance of perpendicular to the water, right angles to the keel, you are in a position to swerve the boat right or left with one simple twist. To go right, angle the blade so that its inner edge points toward the bow. The shaft is solid against the gunwale, held rigid. This makes a plane which pushes against the water, and, if your practice fits this theory, off to the right, then, you must go. By holding rigid again, with the inner edge turned toward the middle of the canoe and slightly farther out from the boat, you'll shoot left.

It is wise to practice with your

partner for a spell, and to originate signals for maneuvers. Sloppy paddling wastes time and energy. When one man grows tired of paddling on one side, he can yodel "shift! One, two!" and on the third count the paddles slip over without losing the beat. Again, a stop signal (aw, think up your own!) will bring both blades crashing down, backing water. You can stop a fast canoe (on open water) inside a yard's length. Again, to come to a landing such as a bank or log, the pretty thing is to paddle hard straight for it, swerve just in time and break to a stop so that you waft to the landing and just don't touch it. And there you are! #

## Will Power for Rent

Continued from page 33

customarily guided by one of Bill's assistants, the men in training are setting out on their hikes. The maternity squad, including all tender new arrivals, gets somewhat more than a stroll in a city park, but not much more. Within an hour they are back, drinking their mugs of hot water before plunging into the rest of the therapy. They come in hot; they are cooled off as carefully as if each were as precious as Sea Biscuit. The other men in training get longer walks. A determined man with good heart and lungs can walk four miles an hour on level ground without having to increase his breathing rate—much. Hiking on hills is another kind of effort entirely. Three miles an hour is about as fast as most men care to take it up at Brownsdale. You breathe deeply and often to the astonishment of neglected areas within your rib basket. Fresh air and perspiration are two main ingredients in your miracle.

Putnam County's scenery is superb. One green and rocky hill grows out of another. Because of the beauty rich men own the best hilltops and the best hillsides. At the infrequent gateways you decipher such names, in bronze or stone or paint, as Osborne (Henry Fairfield and William Church), Fish (Stuyvesant & Hamilton), Rhinelander, Fahnestock. Some of the names are those of departed men of distinction but no county name has more magic, more potency, than that of Bill Brown. The private driveways, the bridle paths, the woods trails are hospitably open to the heavily sweated men who stay at Brown's.

You have been out two hours and a half now. The last ten minutes of it you were walking uphill, stopping once or twice for a breather. At the door of the boot room a boy extends a mug of hot water. Three times a day you grasp eagerly for that beverage: when you have completed the before-breakfast session in the gymnasium; as you finish your hike and when you come in from the horseback ride or golf, or handball or tennis.

At Brown's, where a meal is

recognized for what it is—fuel—you eat three times a day, and heartily. But there is no residue for fat because each meal rides tandem with a period of exercise. After the hike and the equivalent of a Turkish bath you have a mid-day dinner; after your horseback ride (or some other outdoor exercise) and another Turkish bath you have supper. After nine hours sleep, more or less, and from five to forty-five minutes in the gymnasium and another Turkish bath, you get breakfast. Day after day you discover your endurance is increasing in a ratio inverse to the shrinkage of your belly. With a steady lessening of discomfort, a steady increase of enjoyment you accomplish more exercise; you walk farther, you stay longer in the gymnasium and you sleep sounder. Coffee? Why not? Two cups if you like. Tobacco? After each meal—for an hour. Only cigarettes are taboo. Bill Brown can't stand the sight of a cigarette. Well then, when does the miracle occur? Actually it has happened before you are aware of it.

The soundness of the method is demonstrated over and over as thin men gain weight at Brown's taking the same exercise, eating the same food as fat men who are losing weight.

When you weigh 200 pounds on arrival and two or three weeks later, having lost perhaps a pound a day, weigh only 186 pounds and have lost two, three or four inches from your waistline you are disposed to brag about it. You are a changed man and you make resolves never to backslide. I well remember the first time I went to Brown's. The late W. O. McGeehan, sporting editor of the *New York Tribune*, observed that I had gotten into such a state that dining car waiters identified my check by writing in the upper left hand corner "fat man." McGeehan said: "Muldoon's training camp is the place for you." But Muldoon had a reputation for ferocity; he deemed it his right, with a voice like the filling of a barrel with potatoes poured from a sack, to call any customer a piccolo player or

worse. Happily, as I sought to make the arrangement, I got mad at Muldoon over the telephone which was, so long as he lived, the only way you dared to get mad at that mighty old man. Thereafter I sought the advice of Wee Willie MacBeth who covered horse racing for the *Tribune*. MacBeth had a paunch that passed through swinging doors of saloons a full stroke of the clock in advance of his kindly face. He caressed his paunch as if it were a pony standing before him and said: "Bill Brown's your man; he could take this off of me if I thought well of the idea." So I went to Brownsdale and I suppose I've been back thirty times in the last nineteen years and always to my great benefit. Sometimes I've stayed two weeks, sometimes a week, more often for no longer than a week end, although that's illegal until you acquire a special status.

I can't see much change in Bill from one year to another. First time I saw him he was a man with blue eyes in a brick red complexion, a white pompadour stiff enough to brush clothing and his belly was flat and hard as a washboard. You may discover for yourself how he looks any night when there is a fight at Madison Square Garden and Commissioner Bill Brown in there, not a yard from the ring on the side where the boxers climb in and out. Bill is that snub-nosed Irishman in the front row with the frost on his hair.

We would be quite an army were all of us to march in a Fifth Avenue parade and not a man but would be grateful to Bill Brown. Bruce Barton is one. In 1924, the first time I ever saw him he was at Brown's filling himself with energy so he might simultaneously carry on all his careers: advertising man, magazine journalist, lecturer, and—in later years—political leader. But it was immediately after our first meeting at Brown's that Bruce Barton went down into the city and out of powers restored to his being through exercise wrote his best-seller, *The Man Nobody Knows*. Up to 1940 there have been forty-two printings of this work.

If you ask me Bill Brown ought to get an "assist" on that one.

Maybe too, he ought to get screen credit for certain great motion pictures directed by John Ford: *The Informer*, *Lost Patrol*, *Arrowsmith*, *The Plough and The Stars*, *Stagecoach* and *Grapes of Wrath*. Anyway, there have been times when one of the naked men in the hot fog of Bill Brown's steam room would be John Ford. Concerning his work he's a modest fellow, but just the same an argumentative Harp ready to take either side of any question and contradict your side so long as he has a bit of wind in his body. He will lead you on merely for the fun of hearing you make a fool of yourself.

Yes, and there's the one whom Bill calls Ed, a fellow with prematurely gray hair, quiet-spoken; he is Edward Stettinius, recent boss of The United States Steel Corporation, now serving on the President's Defense Board, and he has been training at Brown's since he was a lad in college. Some of them are merchants, doctors, lawyers, playboys, clergymen, all manner of men in need of physical improvement. At Brown's you discover that when fat is worked off, the skin shrinks to a nice fit, which is more convenient than the empty sack of Masonic apron that remains after a spell of straight-away dieting.

In the evening if you simply must sneak a cigarette you do, in a little stone summer house from which you are able to look down on the river, and over on the far side is a toy fortress in stone—West Point Military Academy. That is a tough place, too, I hear. But I want to testify that with Bill Brown to counsel and encourage me, with Bill Brown's will power on the job to keep me at my tasks I fancy I could, right now, aged fifty, enter West Point as a plebe (if they waive all examinations) and be sure that as a First Classman four years hence the cadet corps would be spelling out S-P-A-R-K-E-S the way they used to spell C-A-G-L-E. That ought to give you a precise understanding of the way I feel about the will power Bill Brown lets out for hire. #



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## The Labors of Beliak

Continued from page 87

Beliak and whether or not he would risk going below again.

Here was a problem indeed. The pearlers had won first chance at the sunken vessel with a known treasure aboard her, and here the appearance of a giant ray had spoiled everything. Speed was imperative. A delay to hunt and kill the mantas they knew haunted these depths would be fatal. Their only chance for a real coup was to get what treasure there was into their possession at once and depart. Soon the sails of other ships would appear on the horizon, wreckers and scavengers like themselves, who would block their every move. A meager reward in salvage from the owners would be the best they could hope for then.

Three pairs of eyes now watched the black man's face askance. Beliak was obviously in a funk. They listened to his jabber. He saw the dead manta in the stern. He would not dive again and no reward would move him. And while they stood here they were losing precious time.

"He'll dive, by God," said Jeckol, and with one accord they closed in upon Beliak. They snatched him to his feet and manhandled him cruelly, filling him with the fear of death and worse. It was a wanton thing, a disgrace to race and decency. In the end they tied a line about his waist and rushed him overside as from a pirate's plank.

Like a fish Beliak shot downward. There was no alternative, for plainly the white masters had gone mad. He used his eyes alertly as he swam, watching the shadows on the coral bottom through the greenish light that penetrated the depths. Abruptly he doubled and dove beneath the ship's bulk. Something had risen like an inky carpet from the bottom and came flapping swiftly toward him—another great ray; for these creatures always hunt in pairs.

Into the jagged black hole in the bilge the native shot and next moment the outline of the hole was darkened behind him as the creature tried to force its way in. The line at his waist tautened now and without hesitation the black man cast it off, severing the last link between himself and the mad men above. Anything was better than a return to them. But his situation was desperate. To be lost inside the black hold of a sunken vessel was appalling. But outside the manta would be waiting like a tiger at the hole mouth, ready to seize him in the blanket-like folds of its horrible suction maw from which there was no escape.

A great dread weighted Beliak's limbs. Treading water, he approached the hole just as the manta slid cloud-like past the opening again. Any but the most experienced native diver, long used to the depths, would have lost his head and risked all in a desperate plunge outboard. But Beliak did not hesitate an instant. Upward

into the blackness of the ship he swam, groping, feeling his way through half-guessed doors and passages, trusting to blind chance that he would come through a hatchway into the sea above, or at worst, find his way downward again and out the great hole he had seen in the ship's bottom where the manta would not be waiting.

Through the master's cabin he swam, where a heavy chest lay on its side dribbling coins and bright pearls upon the tilting floor. A bulkhead brought him to a sudden stop. He felt about, found a stairway, then felt a solid deck above it. He was beginning to fail now, the precious seconds were passing all too quick and his heart was sending dull hammer-blows throbbing to his head and eardrums. Up the stairway he stumbled and then his head suddenly came out of the water into air.

It was still almost pitch dark. He drew in a great breath, raised his hands into the air space above him and found a solid roof. He had come up beneath the coamings of the hatchway into air which had been caught under the top as the brig settled. It had not yet found its way through the tight cover overhead and was still comparatively fresh, for the ship had only been submerged thirty-six hours. It was highly compressed air and there was not a great deal of it, but it restored his strength immediately. He sat down upon one step, his head and shoulders out of the water, breathing gently and sparingly with an instinctive conservation. Here he would stay for the time being and await what might transpire—with the deathless patience of his kind. White men might do something desperate in such a strait, but not the dark. Perhaps the ray would depart, perhaps the men above would recover from their strange insanity. Something would surely happen. Something always did.

\* \* \*

Up above, the pearlers still watched anxiously for sign of their diver. Beliak had been away from the sloop more than six minutes before they hauled in the line. It came fast and easily enough, but not until the end was in view could they credit the fact that their man was lost, so persistent is human optimism.

"Gone, by God!" said Sydney as they stared at the line. "The sucker was right. Them blasted rays hunt in pairs."

They stood there for a space gazing solemnly and darkly into the depths as if still hoping to disprove the black man's death. They could see the dim outline of coral on the bottom and the drifting shadows of reeds and fish, but nothing like the shape of either man or ray was visible.

For a time no one spoke, but a dull rage was growing in them for it was a heavy blow to the partners. Not that they cared about the person of the diver whom they



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Each jingle must be accompanied by the front panel, bearing the price-mark, of any Burma-Shave carton, tube or jar. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight August 31, 1940. No entries returned. Decision of judges is final. No correspondence possible. All entries become property of Burma-Vita Co. Checks will be mailed to the winners on or about September 30, 1940. List of prize winners on request. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Contest open to all except employees of Burma-Vita Co., its advertising agency, and their families. Subject to Federal, State and local contest regulations.

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- 1 What's the Bedside Esquire?
- 2 What did Sterling North of the Chicago Daily News recently say about it?
- 3 Who is Edward J. O'Brien?
- 4 What literary achievement has Esquire just won for the 4th consecutive year?
- 5 Why is Esquire even better to read than to look at?

(You'll find the answers to these questions on page 11)

believed had gone to his death, but they had lost their most valuable asset in the pearling trade, the best diver they had ever had or were likely to have again. Their business in fact was crimped and their loss gave rise to a reckless courage, a furious determination to realize the fruits of the present venture at any cost.

"If there was another manta about he's likely gone by now," said Jeckol by way of encouragement.

"If there was one!" mouthed Sydney, turning on him with a throttled rage. "Wot d'ye s'pose it was up and took our man awye, a bloomin' mermaid? Don't tell me you're aimin' to dive again?"

"We'll draw lots an' take turns for that," said Jeckol. "Scares you, eh?" he added scornfully.

"You know yourself how thick them rays is this time of year." Sydney's flabby face was like a lump of unset dough.

"We'll not be bilked of everything," cried Jeckol. "The stuff's there and any time now we may pick up the spars of the wrecking crew. We'll bloody well have our rights if there's a bit of starch left in our spines." His bold face held their attention for an appreciable moment.

"I don't like it," said Moy Tom, tonelessly, and very quiet.

"We'll draw lots," Jeckol said. "Short man goes down first, middle man next." He arranged three matches and held them forth in his hand.

They drew and it was Moy Tom who was short man. His moon cheeks remained inscrutable, but Jeckol saw the telltale twitch of eyeballs and the muscles surrounding. Sydney's high degenerate giggle attested his momentary relief from tension.

Jeckol brought forth a loaded rifle and stood it beside the harpoon.

His eyes never left the half-caste's face, a steady pressure of words and downbent gaze. He fastened a line to Moy Tom's waist and handed him a canvas sack.

"Keep your mind on the stuff, never mind thinking of sharks or rays," he counseled. "If you see anything when you come out, jerk on the line and we'll shoot the beggar and drive it off."

It all seemed simple enough with that talk of rifle and harpoon, but Moy Tom searched the depths a long time before lowering himself overside. A minute and a half was as much as he could remain under water, softened as he was by sloth and dissipation. He swam clumsily downward and they saw him enter the hole in the bilge. And that was all, until about a minute later there came a violent jerking on the line, repeated again and again.

They strained over the rail, but all was roil and chaos below. Some grim commotion was taking place, and that was all they could make out.

In silence Jeckol hauled in the line, Sydney with a gaff trying to fight off the twisting shapes that

tugged and tore. Then Moy Tom lay on the deck torn and bleeding from innumerable wounds. He had succeeded. The canvas sack, half full, hung from his waist, miraculously intact. But he was dying now and knew it, and so did the others, but there was nothing to do about it. His liquid eyes held Jeckol's face with a steady depth of supplication, that sprung glance of human terror preceding death. Then his lips curled back in a final spasm of pain and he was dead.

The other two stood looking down at him. Sydney reached for his tobacco, shaking out a smoke with unsteady fingers.

"Bli' me, that's a hell of a way to die," he said. "And the Chinky, he sailed for a good long time with us."

Jeckol grunted indifferently. Already he was unfastening the sack from Moy Tom's waist. Sydney stared at him. "Two-way split now, instead of three," he said. Jeckol swung and looked at him sharply. "Yeah," he muttered.

"Divide 'er now," said Sydney. "We may bloody well have to separate and run for it soon."

"No," contradicted Jeckol. "Lock it up till we're clear of this. We've got no time to be wastin' now."

"Oo, savin' it for our bloomin' salvage cut, I daresay?" snickered the Cockney.

Jeckol grinned back thinly. They needed no explanations, these two; it had been a foregone conclusion that the owners be bilked if possible. But some other thought also glimmered in Jeckol's narrowed eyes as he looked at Sydney whose own bloodshot flickering glance contained a veiled comprehension.

"Come on," Jeckol said sharply. "Up with the anchor, we're losin' the good minutes."

But all at once they had begun watching each other carefully and alertly as cats, and Sydney made no move until he had seen the loot picked up and stowed away in the cabin locker.

As they weighed anchor and set sail they did so working side by side.

Far to the southward the spars of a single ship now appeared — more than an hour away. Time and to spare. Jeckol took the wheel, leaning over it in such a way as to keep an eye on Sydney and the cabin door. Watchful and sullen the Cockney scuttled back and forth carrying out orders.

Abruptly Jeckol called out, "Run up a bit of jib. Looks like that might be the wreckin' crew from Tara."

Sydney climbed reluctantly into the prow. His back was momentarily toward Jeckol, but only momentarily, for he wheeled in quick alarm at a crawling sensation across his scalp. Jeckol, looking at him over the wheel, drawled conversationally, "We'll soon be in the clear. They'll never make us out at that distance. We'll run straight down to Papeete then. Only about seven hundred miles. There's a spot to lie up in with a

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Schenley  
IMPORT

Continued on page 164



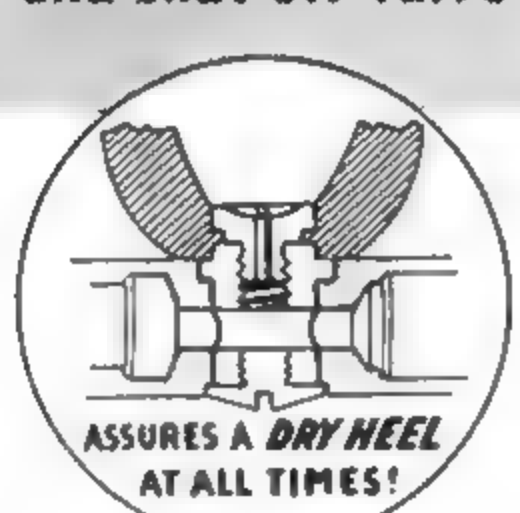
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## The Labors of Beliak

Continued from pages 87-163

few thousand quid. French women there, none o' this island tripe."

"You said it," muttered Sydney. He turned so as to face the other as he unlashed the sail. "Wo't d'ye figure is in the bag, Jeckol?"

"No tellin', but it'll do us pretty for two-three years."

Sydney stood up beside the mast. "We'll divide 'er right away," he said. "We're runnin' 'andsome now, no call to wait—"

"I've been tellin' you just as soon as we're in the clear a bit we'll make the split. The stuff'll keep."

Sydney was of a sudden formidably stubborn and suspicious. "Wo't'd you send me for'ard for? That jib won't give us a knot o' difference in the best weather."

"Every knot counts, you fool. We can't afford to be spotted."

"You tried for a chance at me just now," rapped out Sydney. "Only I didn't turn my back long enough. So we'll just split the stuff right now."

"Go fetch the stuff then," Jeckol said resignedly. "I'll lash the wheel." And then, as Sydney moved forward he said quietly, looking past the other's shoulder: "By God, we're spotted; there's the wreckers."

As Sydney wheeled, a spasm of brutal fury caught and shook Jeckol's bearded features—the thing that had taken hold of him at the first glimpse of the loot. Lips and nose tautened till the bones stood out. He grinned bleakly above a black automatic into Sydney's back-whipping face.

"You asked for it," Jeckol said, and fired once. The Cockney tottered against the rail. A choking sound issued from his open mouth. Then his knees buckled under him and he was dead by the time he struck the deck.

Jeckol lashed the wheel then, with methodical care, and turned toward the cabin and the bag that waited there, the bag whose contents had kept his pulses quickening and a harder light mounting in his eyes for the past half-hour. With thoughts only on the treasure, his hand was on the cabin door when the breath abruptly left his lungs.

Beliak stood just below in the dimness of the companionway, looking up at him, a silent spook-like form still wet with sea water. For more than twenty minutes he had remained crouching in the hatchway of the sunken vessel, while he regained his strength in the life-giving air that had been caught beneath the heavy coaming. In that position, with head and shoulders out of the water, he had been able to hear with the keenness of one submerged in a diving bell. He had heard the lap and swish of water about the wreck and later the splash of Moy Tom's dive. Then had come sounds of a terrible threshing struggle on the surface and a wily thought had entered the native's mind. Out through the jagged hole in the

wreck's bottom he swam, darted fishlike beneath her keel and while the pearlers were hauling in their dying companion he had swarmed up the swinging anchor chain and crept unseen down the dark companionway.

In the tension of that guilt-filled moment he appeared to Jeckol as an apparition returned to confront him from another world—a witness to his crime. He fired wildly three times, and as the black man faded back into the darkness of the hold, Jeckol followed, crying out mightily and emptying his weapon.

Followed a period of complete silence, until a sudden counter gust of wind laid the yawl fairly over on her beam. A figure hurried up from below-ships to unlash the wheel. It was Beliak and in his hand he carried a long, broad-bladed knife of the sort natives use for lopping off the tops of coconuts.

\* \* \*

A week later the pearlers' yawl dropped anchor off a low, palm-fringed coast five hundred miles to the south. It was Beliak who had steered the vessel's course through all those days by stars and set of wind, without benefit of compass, back to his native island of Balbi. His chief mate and supercargo was none other than Christopher Peel, Ph.D., Bot. D., late of Ohio University, U.S.A. Beliak had sought out the one man who had befriended him, in his hour of victory. For the offer of a drink of rum in time of need, Christopher had found himself possessor of a small fortune in pearls for which three men had died, and unofficial master of a two-masted sloop. Wealth enough to free him from the ignominy of life on the Tara beach, as well as to consummate the expedition that had brought him to the Islands.

The zeal of Beliak over his return to his people was only equaled by the zeal of Christopher Peel as the two mariners unloaded their duffle into the waiting canoes of the natives. For Christopher, with carriers at his back, was to head into the unexplored interior of Balbi to complete his vital classification of *Lepidoptera Tropicana* and finish filling his three large specimen cases.

Beliak also had his specimen case. Christopher had looked within and knew its contents: some hundred and fifty pounds of beads, trinkets, tobacco-sticks and flat bottles of lemon extract. Also something else which Christopher had long tried to forget: The smoked-cured heads of Beliak's former employers, Jeckol, Moy Tom and Sydney Nark, artistically shrunken and preserved in their original shades of hair by an art known to the head-hunters of Caledonia. Three pearls of great price which would make Beliak a prophet and a Croesus in his native village to the end of his days. ‡

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## Shocking Suggestion for Hollywood

Continued from page 71

talk; but those moments seldom occur. Of course a bad director of silents would show you a lecturer addressing a crowd and keep the camera on the speaker's face; but a good director would cut away to the crowd at once and make you happy with pantomimed reactions.

Of course the first thing you think of, after you've had your fun, is that you'd never thought of the survival of the movies. The movies don't encourage you to imagine that you'll see them coming down the mountain three years from now; they most certainly insist on your seeing them this week, and make it a social error for you to wait. (That's the long fight between the downtown houses and the neighborhoods, and oddly enough, each type needs the other.) And when you have seen a picture, the producers don't especially want you to ask for it again; they want you to see the next one.

So pictures have to go through a kind of social cycle—like fireplaces and handmade goods and candles. First the newcomer pushes the traditional stuff off the map; you can read advertisements for genuine machine-sewn shoes, and you have heard of radiators pushed into abandoned fireplaces and people being ashamed of "still" using candles. Then, after a time, the abandoned article becomes a symbol of exquisite good taste, or at least of good ancestors, and an apartment without a fireplace lacks a center and you wouldn't dream of dining without candles. In these special cases, we've all become accustomed to using the old (but not to using buggies or kerosene lamps, thank you). In other cases the charm of the antique and the spurious charm of the quaint have made us antiquarians. The tin plates used by my grandfather to stop a hole in the wall where the stove-chimney went through was not beautiful; but you can collect such plates for comedy if you like.

I'm afraid that at this moment it's the bizarre and the quaint which are taking people to see the silents at theatres like the Miami. The true movie-hounds and the archaeologists go to shows at (or sent around the country by) the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art; these films come as entire programs, each illustrating a special, and important, development in the art and business of the movie. They are magnificently presented and, as a matter of fact, they are extremely popular; they run from the beginning through the coming of talk, so they have no axe of silence to grind; and they are not presented for anything but themselves—neither as masterpieces nor as figures of fun.

A second point is that these movies do provide reasonably good entertainment with moments of very fine interest indeed. I inquire, not too meanly, how many books and plays, how many magazine stories of the same period, could stand revival as well? (I was

writing myself, twenty years ago, and some of the results were bound together and I'm none too happy about that.)

Technically, the pictures are, as I suggested, pretty bad; I'm not so sure about other mechanical operations, because some people really like the old phonograph records almost as well as new ones; and there are some old still photographs which remain among the best. The coming of sound and the consequent change in the speed of taking pictures has made the greatest single difference; things look, roughly, twenty per cent more strange than they are.

Could anyone make a silent picture today? Hundreds are being made, with a narrative added on later; but that isn't the same thing. Nowadays, in extra-special, fancy musicals, a sound track is made and your soprano will sing the most tremendous volume of sound while her little mouth barely opens, because they haven't taken her while she was singing hard at all. (You're supposed not to like the looks of her when she utters lofty song—and with fifty years, nearly, of technique behind them, they haven't found a way to let her sing and let you look at something beside her gullet.) But so far as I know, no one has made one of the simplest—and most important experiments in the movies.

It is, of course, to shoot a silent picture—a silent version if you prefer. To shoot it for twenty cents—which in Hollywood means, say, \$5000. You could do it; quickly, with 16-millimeter film if you preferred; a day or two of your actors' time, no more; you'd do it in a terrific rush, but after all, you would do it just for your own information. And you'd get it. First, you'd discover quickly and cheaply whether you had a picture, basically good. Because your silent version, without the quips in the dialogue, would depend on absolute essentials: characters, suspense, action, the human interest which involves common people. Next, if there were anything missing, you'd know that; you'd have seen your show before letting anyone else see it; you'd know the weak spots.

And, best of all, you'd know with exactly how little dialogue you could and should get along. You'd know exactly where every bit was needed and what every line had to do—here to correct a blur in the plot, there to lighten a drab situation with a comic thrust, and further to speed up the action or enhance the charm. And nowhere just to have dialogue because you don't know what else you can use.

For that is what the silent picture still can teach every producer and director: the good and true use of sound. The use of dialogue as, in effect, sound. The balancing of visual and audible effects.

Oddly enough, the movies haven't learned these things yet. #

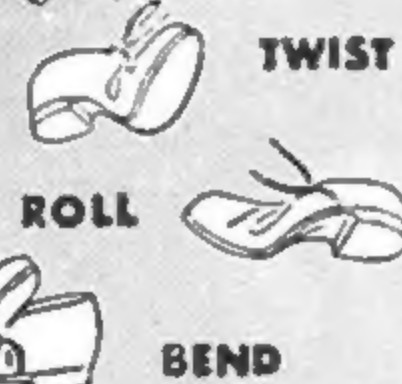
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## Five Dogs and Their Master

Continued from page 78

orphanages. After the bath they were much prettier. I took the muzzle off the dachshund's nose. He didn't bite me. The veterinarian undertook to ship them home while I went to my club to play a few hands of bridge.

I usually stay in the club until dawn. Now some queer kind of curiosity drew me home early. I filled my pockets with lumps of sugar. It was a queer feeling. I had never before taken anything home for anyone other than myself.

When I turned on the light in my room the dogs swarmed around me in the sudden light with wagging tails.

I distributed the sugar and gave milk to the pups. In a dish I put fresh drinking water for them.

The dogs kibitzed while I prepared for bed. In bed I read a little and then I turned off the light on my night table. I forgot to take my sleeping tablet, but there was no use for it. It was a reassuring and amusing experience to watch how the dogs were trying to find a place to sleep in the dark. How they kept on turning around, sniffing, scratching; and how they feel asleep yawning and whining. The darkness was filled with the delicate sounds of their presence. I rather sensed than heard their breathing. I smiled when I noticed that one of my dogs must have been dreaming, because he whimpered nervously, like a man who is having a nightmare.

It was quite late when I was awakened by pressure on my feet.

I opened my eyes. In the semi-darkness of the heavily curtained room my eyes met two shining little dots. It was the dachshund sitting on the foot of my bed. He had climbed up from the floor. He was watching my face. When he noticed that I was awake he began to move gently. He walked over my body and I felt the weight of his small crooked legs on my chest. He dared to come all the way to my shoulder. There he stopped and sniffed my neck and my ear. I felt the timid touch of his cold nose on my skin.

Great God, what I have been missing! There are some men who can sleep with their mistresses, and some with their wives, waking up at each feminine stirring. And there are some who can take their children into their beds and play with them. What a delight that must be! The nearness of even this crooked-legged little cur was inexpressible joy.

While I was having my breakfast the dogs acted like the courtiers of the kings of France at the *lever*. They flattered and crowded in front of my bed. Growling, they intrigued against one another. For them I was the source of grace.

Their characters expressed themselves freely because they had come from the depths, from the most barren poverty. They had not been violated by any kind of artificial education. The raw talents of their natures could find free vent; the lyric warmth of their minds, humors, cunning, and souls.

I looked at them and tried to decide on the names I should give to them. This was splendid entertainment too. There was a spark of divine power in it.

\* \* \*

The five dogs have been with me for weeks. And I know that they are going to stay with me permanently.

I have an awful lot of trouble with them.

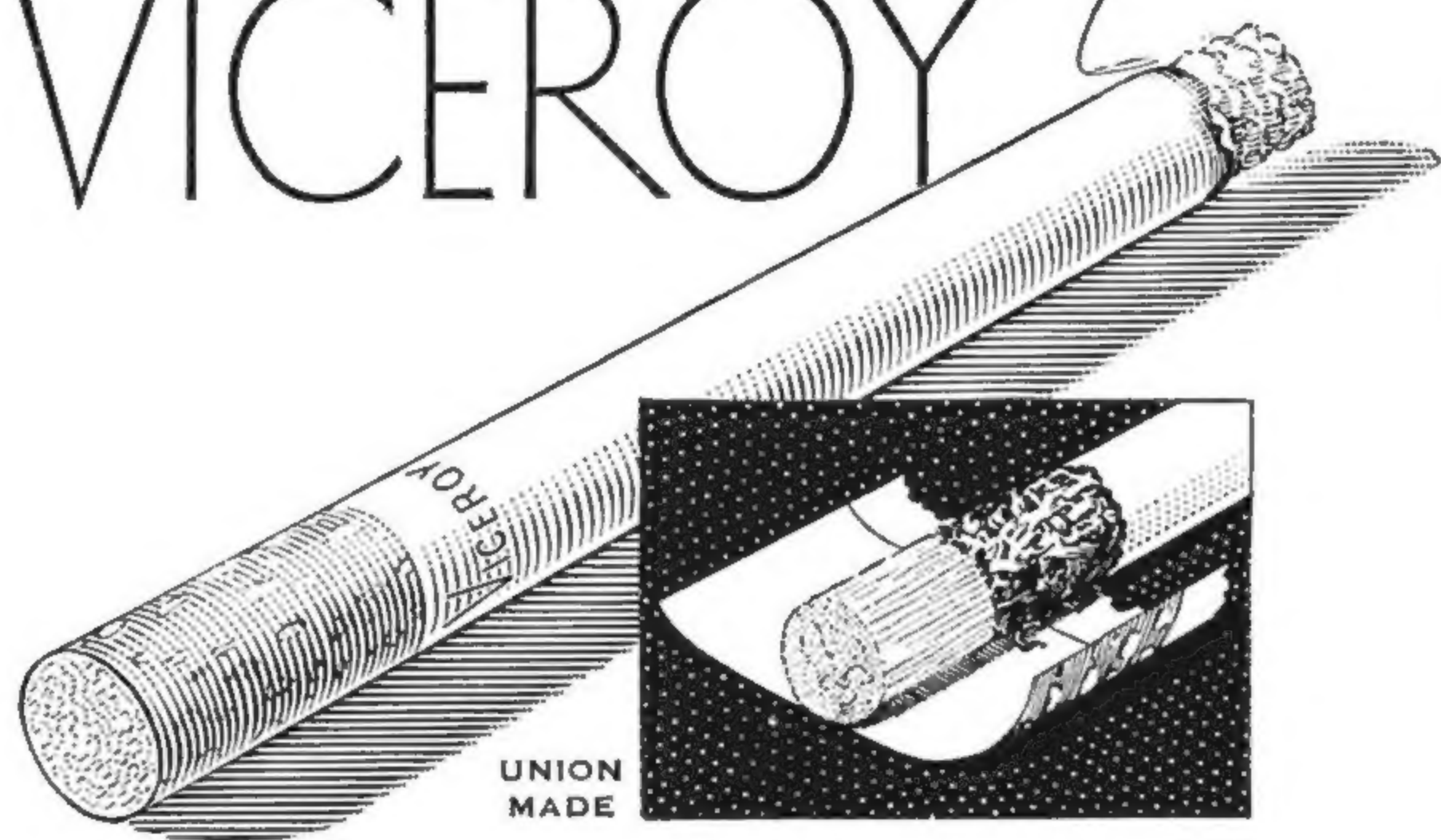
I had been warned that the expense of licenses increases in geometrical ratio with the number of dogs one keeps. What's more, the affair has an unpleasant influence on my tax obligations in general, because according to the logic of bureaucracy he who has five dogs can pay plenty. The chambermaid has served notice on me because she is not willing to clean the parquet after the puppies, who still have not become house broken. I had to smear some ill-smelling ointment three times a day on the collie's sore eyes. The dachshund has bitten the postman, because outside of me he doesn't tolerate anybody in his presence. The bastard has turned out to be in the family way. My family is going to increase then. Already I have been wracking my brains about where to send her for her accouchement, and how much the blessed event is going to cost me.

I am forced to take the five for a walk every day myself. Men look at me as if I were crazy. If I lock them up in the bathroom for the night, at daybreak they start yelping and scratching the door. If they stay in the bedroom, in the morning they jump up on my bed and wake me up, licking my face. All the five of them are becoming more and more impudent. I have tried whipping this one and that one, but it has no effect. They only guffaw at me. They know perfectly well that there is not enough paternal severity in me. If I sit down at my desk to work, they make a fuss. They demand constant attention. They come up to me, sniff at my feet, impatiently prod me with their noses, and put their paws on my knees. My selfish solitude, my entire private life has collapsed.

But it seems to me that there has been no damage done. Since I have been taking charge of them, as far as one can say, I have been happy. ‡

**Next month: With September, William Lyon Phelps, America's best liked book critic, takes over Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf.**

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